★ Aug. 26,1950

THE NEW YORKER

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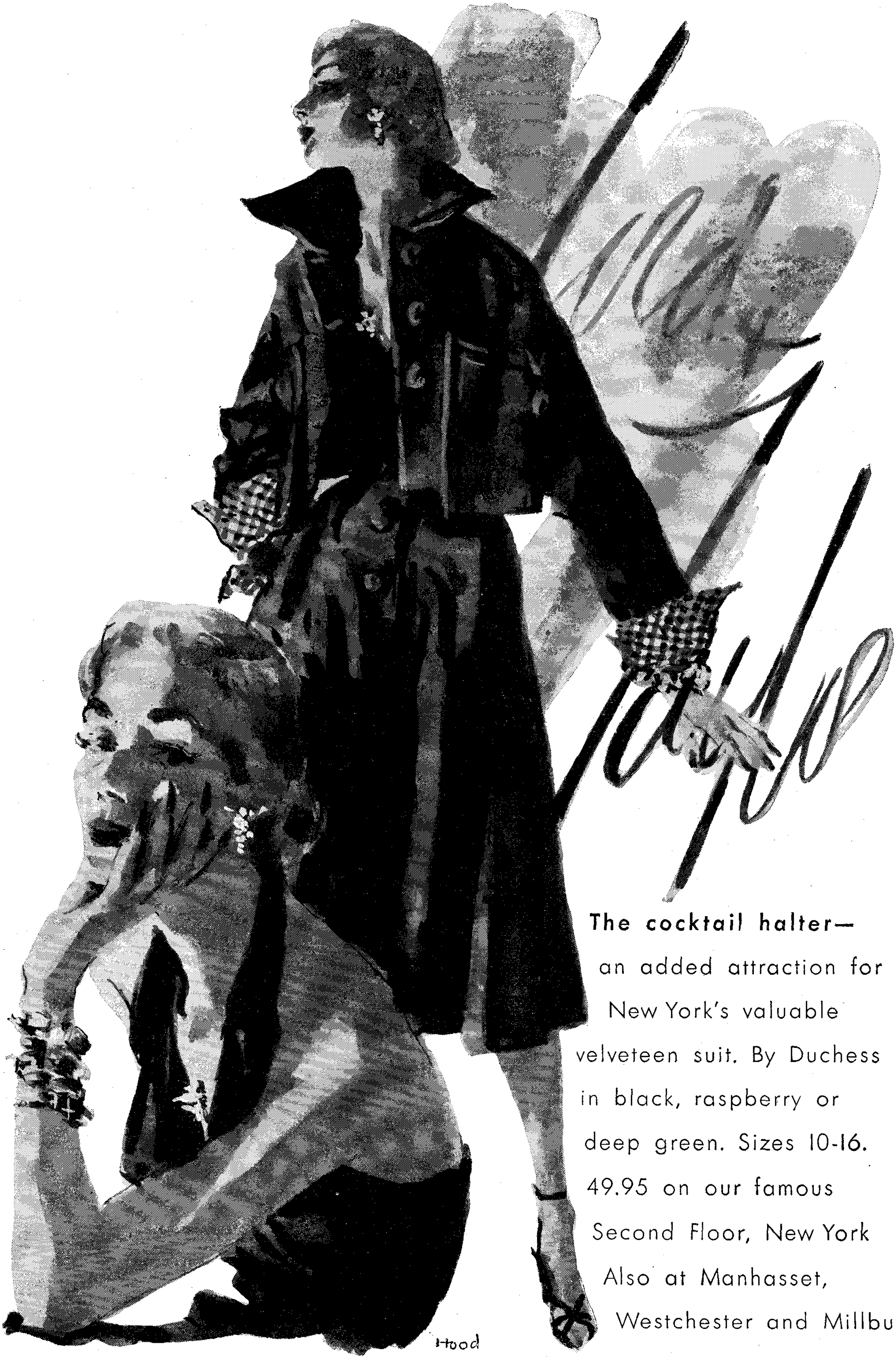

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's play about a rather unorthodox psychiatrist and three of his patients is a strange and sometimes fairly disconcerting combination of comedy and mysticism, but it is often impressive on both levels. Now with Henry Daniell, Margaret Phillips, and Hugh Williams, as well as Cathleen Nesbitt and Eileen Peel. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Happy Time—If you liked "I Remember Mama," you may enjoy this portrait of a gay and irresponsible French-Canadian family, though it is really a far more elementary piece of work. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

The Live Wire—There are some funny things in this new Garson Kanin comedy, about a young heel in an otherwise virtuous colony of actors, but on the whole it seems rather shapeless and incoherent. The large cast includes Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, Pat Harrington, Jack Gilford, and Murvyn Vye. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—Carson McCullers has made her deeply touching novel about a lonely adolescent into an almost equally moving play. Ethel Waters is beautiful to see as a sympathetic old Negro woman, and Julie Harris and Brandon De Wilde are captivating as the young heroine and her even younger playmate. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur is the boy who wouldn't grow up in this handsome and spirited revival of Barrie's fantasy, which undoubtedly still has its enthusiasts. Boris Karloff is Captain Hook, Marcia Henderson is Wendy, and there is some excellent incidental music by Leonard Bernstein. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it has its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** A solid tragedy about a man who has come to the end of his rope. Now with Albert Dekker, who will be replaced by Robert Simon, starting Wednesday, Aug. 30. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Paul Stewart, William Harrigan, and Dick Van Patten patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Consul—Considered separately, neither the libretto nor the score of this unique production, written and staged singlehanded by Gian-Carlo Menotti, amounts to a great deal, but they combine to give Broadway its first successful all-out opera—and a stirring work of art. Patricia Neway and Gloria Lane contribute some noteworthy singing. Bruni Falcon substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—An animated business, more or less based on Anita Loos's quarter-century-old classic, that should please you very much if you don't feel too sentimental about the original. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are prominent in the large and fascinating cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Michael Todd's Peep Show—Six former burlesque comics provide the humor in this scuffle of Mr. Todd's with the theatre, and sex is attended to by a bevy of appetizing girls wearing as little as possible. Bobby Clark directed the sketches; the music includes an offering from the King of Thailand; and the scenery and costumes are the work of Howard Bay and Irene Sharaff, respectively. Only for those who like their entertainment rough and noisy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tickets, Please!—Paul and Grace Hartman are very funny in this revue, but the subordinate performers and their material seem quite a bit below standard. Among them are Dorothy Jarnac, Roger Price, Jack Albertson, Tommy Wonder, and Patricia Bright. No fewer than four people collaborated on the sketches, and five on the lyrics and music. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**kiss me, kate:** Ted Scott and Anne Jeffreys have replaced Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison in this Cole Porter musical. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **south pacific:** Well, it's about this French planter who falls in love with— Sure, you know. Ray Middleton has taken over Ezio Pinza's chores, but Mary Martin is with us still. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **texas, li'l darlin':** The one about the editor of a magazine and a political campaign in Texas. With Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, and Fredd Wayne. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **where's charley?:** Ray Bolger dressed up like Charley's Aunt. Frank Loesser wrote the score. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Borned in Texas—Lynn Riggs' comedy, a new version of his earlier "Roadside," is the third in a series of four plays being produced by Sam Wanamaker and Terese Hayden. The cast, directed by Mr. Wanamaker, is headed by Marsha Hunt and Anthony Quinn. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Sept. 2.)

The Medium and **The Telephone**—A double-bill theatre-in-the-round production of Gian-Carlo Menotti's operas, with Zelma Watson George, Edith Gordon, and Paul King. Directed by Mr. Menotti. (Arena, Hotel Edison, 234 W. 47th St. PL 7-1093. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

Abingdon—Thursday, Aug. 24: "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: "The Corn Is Green." Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 28-29: "Claudia." Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 30-31: "The Vinegar Tree." Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2: "The Male Animal." (Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Va. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Saturdays and Friday, Aug. 25, at 2:30.)

Beverly—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Brian Aherne in "Dear Brutus." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): To be announced. (North Shore Playhouse, Beverly, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinée Wednesday at 2:45.)

Cape May—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Nigel Bruce in "Yes, M'Lord." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays at 3.)

Chatham—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "See How They Run." Wednesday through Saturday, Aug. 30-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "The Man." (Monomoy Theatre, Chatham, Mass. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Clinton—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "The Drunkard." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Fumed Oak" and "The Respectful Prostitute." (Music Hall Summer Theatre, Clinton, N.J. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40.)

Cohasset—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Valerie Bettis, Blanche Yurka, Helmut Dantine, and Sam Wanamaker in Strindberg's "Crimes and Crimes." (Cohasset Playhouse, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Coonamessett—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Laraine Day in "Angel Street." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Hildegarde in a song-and-piano recital. (Falmouth

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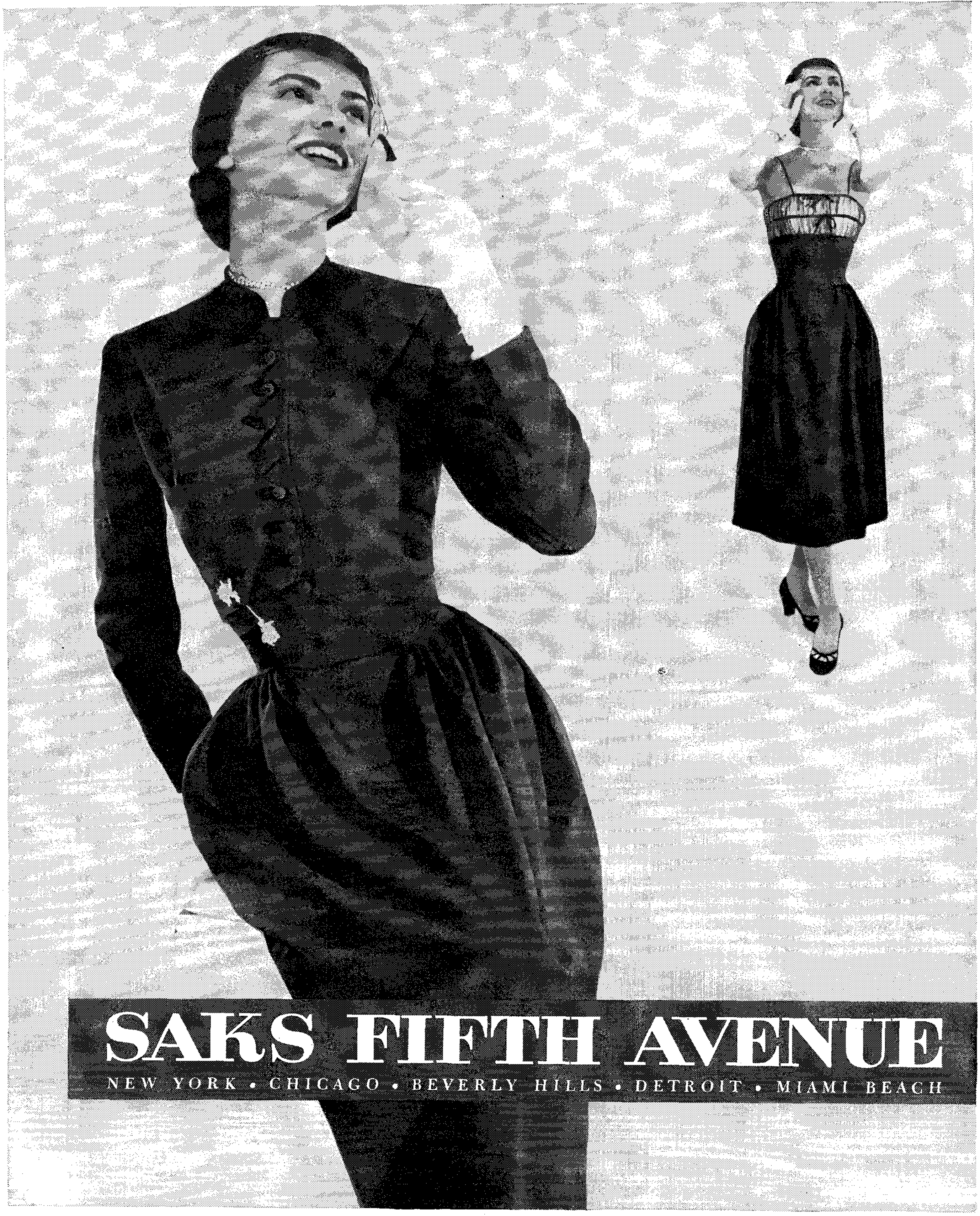
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WENCZEL

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Playhouse, Coonamessett-on-Cape Cod, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Danbury—Through Sunday, Aug. 27: "Rio Rita." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "The Desert Song." (Melody Fair, Danbury, Conn. Nightly at 8:30.)

Dennis—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Sylvia Sidney in "Goodbye, My Fancy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Francis Lederer in "The Silver Whistle." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:30.)

East Hampton—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Jean Parker in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Fay Bainter and Ian Keith in "Sunshine for Sarah." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:45. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Fayetteville—Through Saturday, Aug. 26 (final performances of the season): Nancy Carroll and Glenda Farrell in "Clutterbuck." (Country Playhouse, Fayetteville, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinée Saturday at 2:45.)

Fitchburg—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Edward Arnold in "Apple of His Eye." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "Born Yesterday." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:20.)

Guilford—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "You Have to Be Crazy," a new comedy. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "Private Lives." (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesday and Fridays at 2:40.)

Hyannis—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "The Merry Widow." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "Show Boat." (Cape Cod Music Circus, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lambertville—Through Sunday, Aug. 27: "Hit the Deck." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: "The Chocolate Soldier." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Mahopac—Through Sunday, Aug. 27: "The Two Mrs. Carrolls." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 29.-Sept. 3: "The Enchanted." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45.)

Marblehead—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Kay Francis in "The Web and the Rock," a new play by Lester Cohen, based on Thomas Wolfe's novel. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Joan Blondell in "Happy Birthday." (Marblehead Playhouse, Marblehead, Mass. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40. Matinée Wednesday at 2:40.)

Matunuck—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Vicki Cummings in "Private Lives." Starting Monday, Aug. 28: Jane and Betty Kean in "Clutterbuck." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Millburn—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "Naughty Marietta." Starting Monday, Aug. 28: "Apple Blossoms." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mountainhome—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Basil Rathbone and Meg Mundy in "The Winslow Boy." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "The Vicious Circle," a new play. (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mount Kisco—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Mady Christians in "Yes, My Darling Daughter." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Westchester Playhouse, Mount Kisco, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

Moylan—Thursday, Aug. 24: "The Cherry Orchard." Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: "Nathan the Wise." Tuesday, Aug. 29: "The Cherry Orchard." Wednesday, Aug. 30: "The Quick and the Dead." Thursday, Aug. 31: "Nathan the Wise." Friday, Sept. 1: "Thunder on the Left." Saturday, Sept. 2: "Uncle Vanya." (Hedgerow Theatre, Moylan, Pa. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30.)

New Hope—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Lionel Stander in "Born Yesterday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Ilka Chase in "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Newport—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Florence Reed in "The Circle." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "The Velvet Glove." (Casino Theatre, Newport, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Norwich—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Nancy Walker in "On the Town." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." (Norwich Summer Theatre, Norwich, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ogunquit—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Imogene Coca in "Happy Birthday." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Jean Parker in "Light Up the Sky." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

Olney—Through Sunday, Aug. 27: Burl Ives in "Knickerbocker Holiday." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3: Judith Evelyn in "Angel Street." (Olney Theatre, Olney, Md. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Pawling—Through Sunday, Aug. 27: "Little Women." Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 29-Sept. 3 (final performances of the season): "Goodbye, My Fancy." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2:30.)

Peterborough—Through Saturday, Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): "On the Town." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8:40.)

Provincetown—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "Much Ado About Nothing." Starting Monday, Aug. 28: "The Snob." (Provincetown Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30.)

Saratoga—Through Saturday, Aug. 26 (final performances of the season): Franchot Tone in "The Second Man." (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40.)

Sea Cliff—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Gale Sondergaard and Herbert Berghof in "Barefoot at Canossa," a new play. Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "Kind Lady." (Sea Cliff Summer Theatre, Sea Cliff, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30.)

Skowhegan—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "Light Up the Sky." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: "A Goose for the Gander." (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30.)

Smithtown Branch—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "Of Sugar and Spice," a new musical. Starting Monday, Aug. 28: "Lady in the Dark." (Old Town Theatre, Smithtown Branch, L.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40.)

Stockbridge—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: "January Thaw." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: Zasu Pitts in "Post Road." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Westport—Through Saturday, Aug. 26: Eve Arden in "Over 21." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2: J. Edward Bromberg and Fritzi Scheff in "My Fiddle's Got Three Strings," a new play by Arnold Schulman. (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:40.)

Woodstock—Through Sunday, Aug. 27: "Saint Joan." Monday through Saturday, Aug. 28-Sept. 2 (final performances of the season): Leo G. Carroll in "Once an Actor," a new play by Rosemary Casey. (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Nightly at 8:45. Matinées Thursdays at 2:45.)

Note—Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: Ted Shawn and La Meri with their companies, and Ruth St. Denis. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Sept. 1-2 (final performances of the season): Anna Istomina, Leon Danielien, La Meri and her company, and the Theatre Dance Group. (Lee, Mass. All at 4 and 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music and other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Jules Lande's band is spending the summer in the subterranean but pleasant Garden, where it plays for dancing every night but Sunday.

Astor Roof, Broadway at 44th St. (CI 6-6000)—On this lofty and ample plateau, the dance music of Xavier Cugat's jolly minstrels. Closed Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays for cocktails in the Palm Court, except Sundays, and, except Saturdays and Sundays, for dinner on the Cascades Roof, where Dr. Sydney Ross, a local prestidigitator, passes a few miracles. The Roof will close for the season on Friday, Sept. 1. No dancing anywhere.

Bossert, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn (MA 4-8100)—The Marine Roof, a crow's-nest far above New York Harbor, is open for dinner and (after nine) dancing to the music of Bob Collum's band. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—In this restless cavern there's Gigi Durston, a noticeable work of art, intoning her ballads; Will Jordan and his bull's-eye impersonations; and Stuff Smith, stroking his jazz violin and leading a rather noisy quartet. The row starts around nine. Cliff Jackson is, as always, the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Billy Rose's reminiscences of early New York café life as it probably never was. The most entertaining mementos are Walter Dere Wahl and the Rigoletto Brothers. W. C. Handy and Harry Armstrong, ancient and heartwarming, are also around. Noble Sissle and Billy Banks are the bandmasters. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A famous wayside inn with a palm garden, a small bar, and some interesting old Michael Arlen characters. Chauncey Gray's orchestra

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing. Closed Sundays.

New Yorker, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—The Terrace Room again has an ice show at dinner and supper, looking like all other ice shows but demonstrating how much can be done with a cake of ice, a dozen pairs of skates, and six pairs of beautiful legs. Jean Arlen has the best pair of each. Bernie Cummins' big band, happily, is softer-voiced than most. Peter Kent's orchestra helps out. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's orchestra plays for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing in the elegant Café Pierre. Bernice Byres sings and Pancho Pistolas plucks at his guitar from six on.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a rapturous idealization of "Wien, Wien," has (after eight-thirty) Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's music tinkles in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour. No dancing. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Teddy Powell's lush and lyric dance music. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Roof, handsome and serene and débutante, where the dance orchestras of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz lope steadily along, hour after hour. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra is on tap in the Café Lounge at dinner and supper. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—In the Café Rouge, from dinnertime on, Jan Garber's orchestra provides the background for the guests' setting-up exercises. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Junior guys and dolls making hay while the moon shines. Suzy Mulligan, the house doll, carols once in a while. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band supply the customary dance music.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—Every night, except when the angels are weeping, there is dancing under the trees and the stars from seven on. Inner nourishment, too, after a fashion.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A gilded cage with a good deal of wing space. Bernice Parks, who sings at late dinner and at supper, isn't quite in tune with the surroundings, or with Emile Petti's orchestra, either. Panchito's rumba band is also on deck.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Fran Warren, a recording artist with the overtones of a recording angel, sings at dinner and supper on the Starlight Roof. Griff Williams' and Mischa Borr's dance bands work in alternation. On Sundays, no show, but Mischa Borr's band plays until midnight.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): After nine every evening but Sunday, Eadie and Rack, seated mostly at their twin pianos, conduct a lively series of at-homes for light-sleeping Thespians. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The bubbly and inviting dance music of Eddie Davis after eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio plays, too. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Felix Romaine's tableside violin from dinnertime on, and Ernie Warren's trio later in the evening. Sundays, Nancy Reed's piano is the only obbligato to the small talk. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Subdued piano and fiddle after nine-thirty for a not especially subdued audience. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborhood level, with furious indigenous dances by both cast and clients. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Bob Downey and Harold Fonville are again playing double piano, as well as accompanying the ballads of Jack Kerr and Marion Paige. Hazel Webster, of course, is still the solo pianist. Antique movies on Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this busy bit of 1960 décor, Rudy Timfield's dinner and supper piano. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, up over the tumultuous Show Spot bar, Mabel Mercer sings her one-of-a-kind songs about the love life of the moderns. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Spivy is back in her Swiss chalet, which has a nice hot-weather terrace, to sing her night-blooming ballads. Charles Kingsley is at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA,** 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): Laurie Brewis starts his transatlantic piano repertory at eight. Closed Sundays, and closes Saturday, Sept. 2, for the Labor Day weekend. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Jimmie Daniels, flanked by three of his lifelong co-workers—Mae Barnes, who can single-throated shout down the walls of Jericho; Norene Tate, singing and playing piano; and Garland Wilson, playing piano and clowning—takes off around ten-thirty. The room will close Saturday, Aug. 26, for a ten-day recess. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Don Abney's piano from six to twelve, except Sundays.

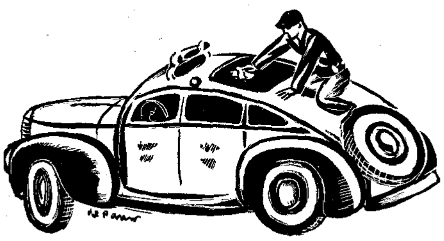
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The major trimming for the lackadaisical prancings of the Copa girls is Betty Reilly, quite a girl herself, who sings with considerable verve. Dancing by the customers, too. . . . **RIVIERA,** Fort Lee, N.J. (Fort Lee 8-2000): Billy Daniels, casting ditties left and right in the course of his walkathon; Jack Cole, a bundle of nervous energy, and his ballet dancers, going through a series of gyrations that would probably turn out to be Significant if there were program notes. Pupi Campo's and Walter Nye's orchestras are on the gliding bandstand.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, emptying his fabled horn of plenty to the rousing accompaniment of Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Ralph Sutton, and sometimes Mr. Condon. On Tuesdays, visiting firebrands compound the chaos. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's Dixieland band, with Andy Russo on trombone, is working here. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey, Tommy Benford, Pops Foster, and Dick Wellstood, experimenting with their pet brand of mechanical therapy. Don Frye plays piano while they're out wiping their brows. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY,** 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, Aug. 30, Louis Armstrong, a very great man, jingling his pennies from heaven—Jack Teagarden, Earl Hines, Barney Bigard, Cozy Cole, and Arvell Shaw. Closed Mondays. . . . **PARK SHERATON,** Seventh Ave. at 55th St. (CI 7-8000): Joe Bushkin's trio, revolving high above the bar on a flying saucer, is definitely the life of the party in the big Mermaid Room. All quiet Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Through Wednesday, Aug. 30, Lennie Tristano, whose bop piano sounds much better than bop; Dizzy Gillespie, who frequently seems to be playing a dentist's drill; and Harry Belafonté, a young man with a voice. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night rigadoons. On Aug. 25, a fine how-do-you-do involving Wild Bill Davison's band (Red Allen, Edmond Hall, George Wettling, and Frank Signorelli) and Oran Page's outriders (James P. Johnson, Freddie Moore, John Kirby, Vic Dickenson, and Omer Simeon.) . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): More Friday-night fun in a boiler factory for the youngsters. Aug. 25, the chief thunderers will be Big Sid Catlett, Big Chief Russell Moore, Willie the Lion Smith, Gene Sedric, Kansas Fields, Eddie Barefield, and Joe Thomas. Dancing.



IN THE COUNTRY

Dancing—**GLEN ISLAND CASINO,** New Rochelle, N.Y. (New Rochelle 6-6500): Gene Williams' orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **CHANTICLER,** Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): Bill Cooper's orchestra; closed Mondays. . . . **BOWDEN SQUARE,** Southampton, L.I. (Southampton 788): Irving Fields' trio, except Mondays.

Dinner—Places to dine (without dancing, unless noted) while out motoring—**BETHPAGE, L.I.:** Beau Sejour (Hicksville 3-0091); closed Tuesdays. . . . **CLOSTER, N.J.:** Closter Manor (Closter 5-0277); closed Mondays. . . . **COLD SPRING HARBOR, L.I.:** Mooring-on-the-Sound (Cold Spring Harbor 998). . . . **CONGERS, N.Y.:** Jean's (Congers 8-6178); closed Mondays. . . . **CROTON FALLS, N.Y.:** Massé's (Croton Falls 7-8560); closed Tuesdays. . . . **DANBURY, CONN.:** White Turkey Inn (Danbury 3-2726); closed Mondays. . . . **DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.:** Old Drovers Inn (Dover Plains 2781). . . . **EAST HAMPTON, L.I.:** Sea Spray Inn (East Hampton 475). . . . **EAST NORWICH, L.I.:** Rothmann's Inn (Oyster Bay 6-0266). . . . **FISHKILL, N.Y.:** Boni's Inn (Beacon 167). . . . ¶ Gertrude Hart's (Beacon 979). . . . **GARRISON, N.Y.:** Bird and Bottle (Garrison 4-3342); closed Tuesdays. . . . **GLENWOOD LANDING, L.I.:** Swan Club (Roslyn 3-0037); dancing every evening except Monday. . . . **HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.:** Cruiser Club (Hampton Bays 342); closed Tuesdays. . . . ¶ Canoe Place Inn (Hampton Bays 150); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **HARTSDALE, N.Y.:** Tordo's (White Plains 8-0597). . . . **LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.:** Mori's (Great Neck 2-3600); closed Tuesdays. . . . **NEW HOPE, PA.:** Tow-Path House (New Hope 3784). . . . **NORWALK, CONN.:** Silvermine Tavern (Norwalk 6-2588). . . . ¶ Stirrup-Cup (Norwalk 6-5044); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . ¶ Jolly Fisherman (Norwalk 8-3246). . . . **PORT WASHINGTON, L.I.:** Miramar (Port Washington 7-1829); Ralph Strain at the piano after ten, except Tuesdays. . . . **POUND RIDGE, N.Y.:** Emily Shaw's Inn (Pound Ridge 4-9371); closed Mondays. . . . **RIDGEFIELD, CONN.:** Hearthstone Outpost Inn (Ridgefield 1120). . . . ¶ Stonehenge (Ridgefield 232); Peter Walters at the piano, except Mondays. . . . ¶ Fox Hill, on Route 7 between Ridgefield and Danbury (Ridgefield 870). . . . **ROSLYN, L.I.:** Blue Spruce Inn (Roslyn 3-3300); closed Mondays. . . . **SMITHTOWN, L.I.:** Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016); closed Tuesdays. . . . **SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.:** Round Hill (Huntington 1371); closed Mondays. . . . **SYOSSET, L.I.:** Stockholm (Syosset 6-1798); closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Villa Victor (Syosset 6-1706). . . . **TARRYTOWN, N.Y.:** Tappan Hill (Tarrytown 4-3031); dancing on Friday and Saturday evenings. . . . **WAPPINGERS FALLS, N.Y.:** Wendover Farms (Poughkeepsie 8100); dancing on Saturday evenings. . . . **WESTBURY, L.I.:** Westbury Manor (Westbury 7-2184). . . . **WESTHAMPTON BEACH, L.I.:** Dune Deck (Westhampton 1400). . . . **WESTPORT, CONN.:** Red Barn (Westport 2-3971). . . . **YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N.Y.:** Croton Heights Inn (Yorktown Heights 2-4090); closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Fridays.)

GALLERIES

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by George Grosz, Doris Lee, Fletcher Martin,

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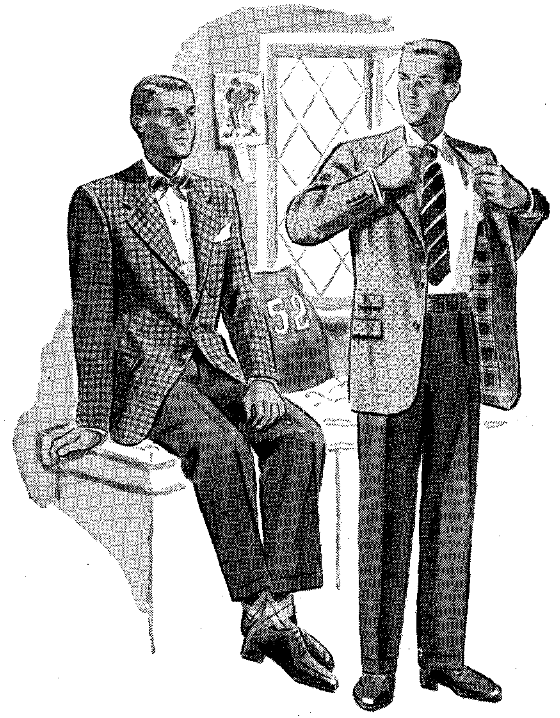

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and others; through Sept. 1. . . . **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: Works by nineteenth- and twentieth-century Americans, from Winslow Homer and Albert Ryder to Jean Liberte, Sol Wilson, and John McCoy; through Sept. 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: A nicely varied collection of canvases and sculptures by Philip Pieck, Beatrice Cuming, Joseph Konzal, Ellis Wilson, and others, plus a group show centered on 57th Street scenes and personalities. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30; through Aug. 31. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57th St.: A pleasant lot of oils and other works by such gallery artists as Paul Klee, Maxwell Mays, and Lucius Crowell; through Aug. 31. . . . **HACKER**, 24 W. 58th St.: Prints by Stanley William Hayter, Karl Schrag, Seong Moy, and others; through Sept. 2. Open Saturdays, 9 to 1:30. . . . **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings by the gallery's group, including William Baziotes, Robert Motherwell, and Adolph Gottlieb; through Sept. 1. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Contemporary painters, among them John Sloan and William Kienbusch, in a showing of oils; through Aug. 31. . . . **LEVITT**, 559 Madison Ave., at 56th St.: The third part of this gallery's seasonal retrospective, with works by Everett Spruce, Virginia Berresford, José de Rivera, and others; through Sept. 15. . . . **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Oils and water colors by Childe Hassam, John Twachtman, Leon Kroll, and other Americans of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries; through Sept. 1. . . . **WELLONS**, 43 E. 50th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Gaston Lachaise, Henry Lee McFee, Paul Manship, William Harnett, and others; through Sept. 30. Open Saturdays.

LANDSCAPES—A small selection of French, Dutch, and English scenes, with examples by Courbet, Ruysdael, Constable, artists of the Barbizon school, and other famous exponents. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Sept. 5.)

PRINTS—An exhibition spanning the past half century. Artists of several countries are represented, among them Renoir, Picasso, Rivera, and Hayter. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10; through Oct. 21.)

TIBETAN ART—Religious art objects, including images, masks, sacrificial daggers, and paintings. (Brentano's, 586 Fifth Ave., at 47th St.; through Sept. 1.)

THE WOMAN IN FRENCH PAINTING—As seen through the eyes of painters of the more or less ascetic sixteenth century, the frivolous seventeenth and eighteenth, and the Impressionistic nineteenth. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Sept. 29.)

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Recently acquired American Indian, pre-Columbian Mexican, and Egyptian material. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Sept. 4.)

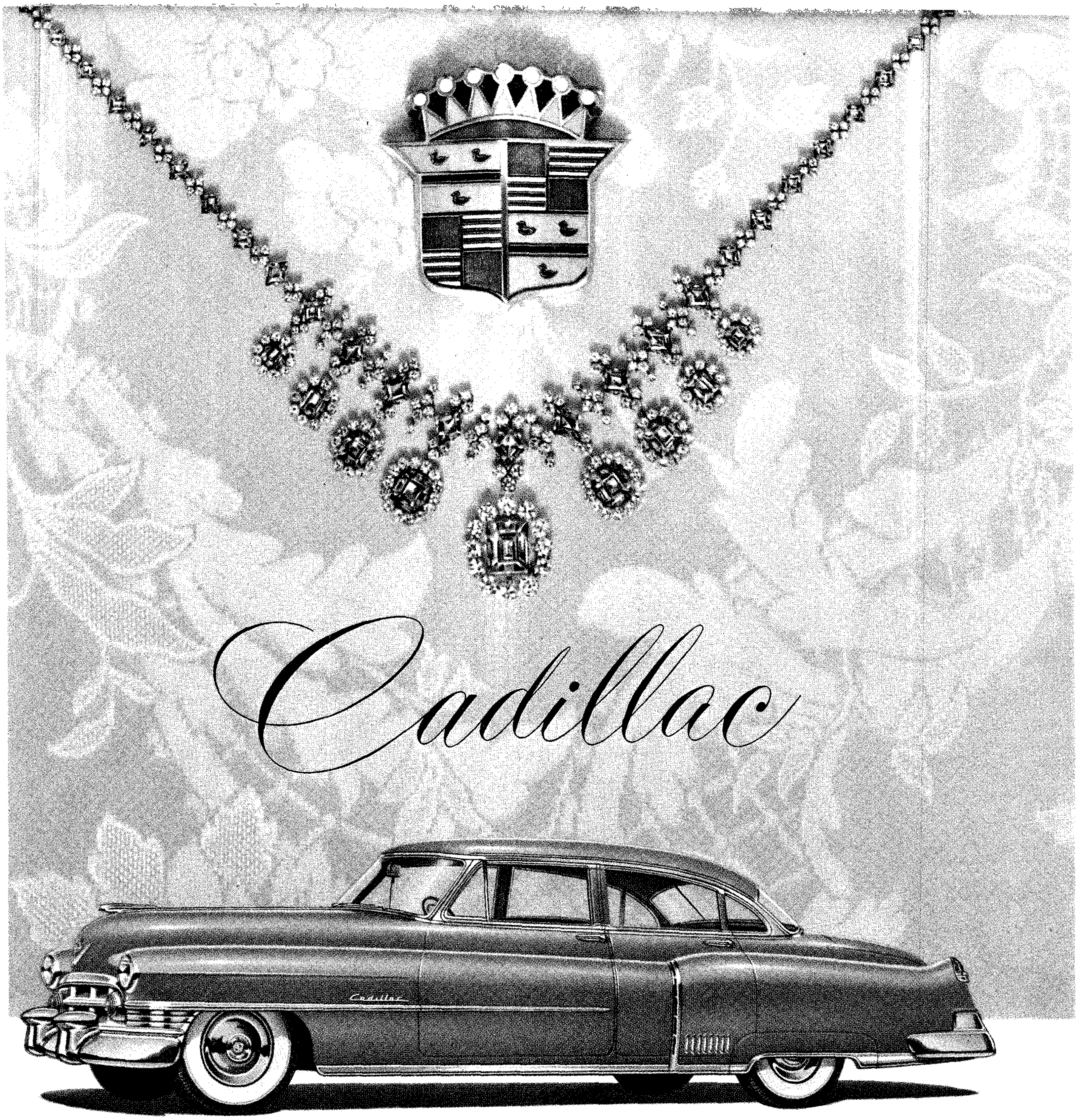
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition taken from the permanent collection of American paintings, drawings, and prints, and covering, roughly, the last fifty years. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Oct. 29.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A display of works from the Museum's collection opens on Aug. 30. . . . ¶ In the Museum garden (entrance at 4 W. 54th St.), a one-story house, designed by Gregory Ain; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A showing by the Museum's regulars, among them Hilla Rebay, Josef Albers, and Alice Mason, as well as by some Europeans who are new exhibitors here. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through Oct. 13.)

IN THE COUNTRY

ANDOVER, MASS. Addison Gallery of American Art: Student work from a number of art schools and universities throughout the country. Weekdays, 9 to 5; Sundays, 2:30 to 5; through Sept. 24. . . . **CANAAN, N.Y.** Berkshire



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Art Center: John Marin, William Thon, Julian Levi, and others. Daily, 3 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . DENNIS, MASS. Cape Arts Center: Chiefly water colors and gouaches by such artists as Karl Knaths and Sol Wilson. Weekdays, 9 to noon, 1:30 to 4:30, and 7 to 9:15; through Aug. 31. . . . EAST HAMPTON, L.I. Guild Hall: Twelfth annual exhibition by Guild Hall members. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 3 to 6; through Aug. 30. . . . ESSEX, CONN. Essex Art Association: A group showing by local artists. Daily, 1 to 5; through Sept. 10. . . . GLOUCESTER, MASS. North Shore Arts Association: Gordon Grant, Henry Gasser, Anthony Thieme, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through Sept. 17. . . . HYANNIS, MASS. Cape Cod Art Association: Elliott Orr, Xavier Gonzalez, and others. Daily, 10 to noon, 2 to 5, and 7 to 10; through Sept. 9. . . . KENT, CONN. Kent Art Association: Twenty-second annual display of members' work. Daily, 2 to 6; through Sept. 4. . . . MANCHESTER, VT. Southern Vermont Artists: A group exhibition that includes work by Reginald Marsh, Ogden Pleissner, and Norman Rockwell, as well as by a number of children. Daily, 2 to 9; starting Aug. 26. . . . MYSTIC, CONN. Mystic Art Association: Robert Brackman, Jacques Maroger, and others. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . NORWALK, CONN. Silvermine Guild of Artists: "Religion in Art," a group show; through Aug. 26. Starting the next day, the Guild's first regional showing. Daily, except Tuesdays, 1 to 6. . . . OGUNQUIT, MAINE. Ogunquit Art Association: Thirtieth annual exhibition of paintings. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 1 to 5:30; through Sept. 4. . . . PITTSFIELD, MASS. The Berkshire Museum: Sculpture by Daniel Chester French. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5; through Aug. 31. . . . PROVINCETOWN, MASS. Provincetown Art Association: French and American moderns, including Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and André Lanskoy. Daily, 10 to 10; through Sept. 4. . . . ROCKLAND, MAINE. William A. Farnsworth Art Museum: Oils, water colors, and drawings by about forty artists who have worked on Monhegan Island, among them George Bellows, Reuben Tam, and Milton Avery. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through Aug. 30. . . . ROCKPORT, MASS. Rockport Art Association: Stow Wengenroth, Gifford Beal, Ted Kautzky, and others. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30; Sundays, 2:30 to 6; through Sept. 17. . . . SALISBURY, CONN. George Baer Gallery: Paintings by "The Eight," among whom are Luks, Prendergast, and Sloan, along with work by such younger artists as Karl Schrag and William Kienbusch. Weekdays, 10 to 5; through Sept. 5. . . . SOUTHAMPTON, L.I. Parrish Museum: Local professional artists. Mondays, 2 to 5; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Thursday evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 3 to 5; through Sept. 10. . . . NOTE: Around a hundred original drawings by the late Helen E. Hokinson will be auctioned off at the Wilton, Conn., Congregational Church fair on Saturday, Aug. 26, at 11, 2, and 4. The drawings will be on exhibition Friday, Aug. 25, from 10 to 10.

MUSIC

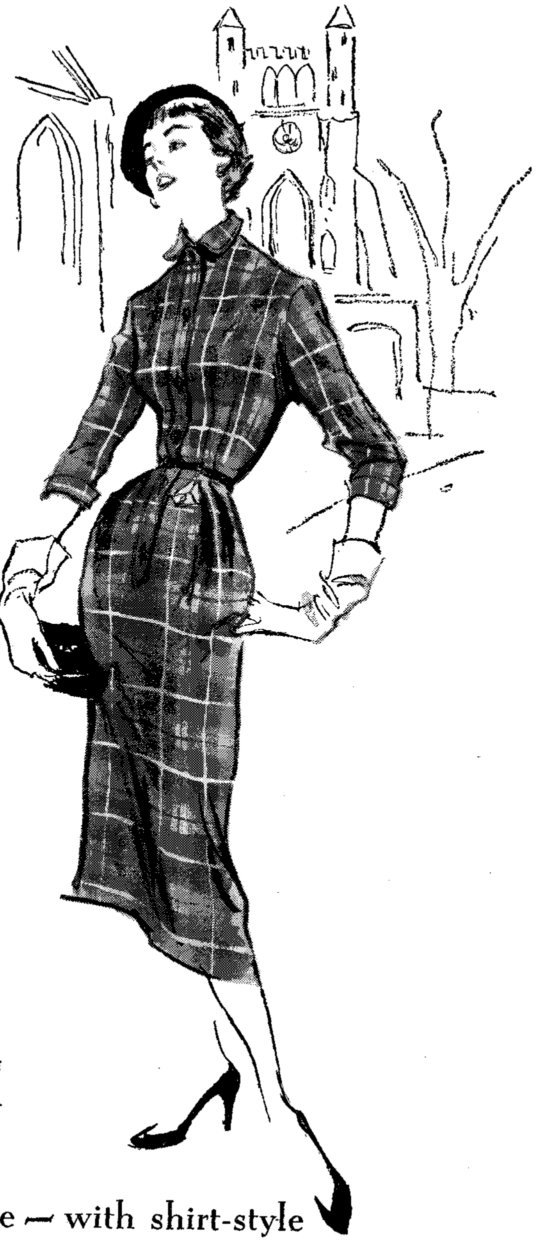
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Playing in the Roxy Theatre, a place more accustomed to the crackle of popcorn bags than to Prokofiev. Dimitri Mitropoulos will conduct programs of about forty minutes each between motion-picture showings for two weeks, starting Friday, Sept. 1. Eileen Farrell, soprano, will also appear. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th St. CI 7-6000.)

IN THE COUNTRY

NEW HAVEN POP CONCERTS—Harry Berman conducting the New Haven Symphony Orchestra, with Robert Merrill, baritone. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 8:15.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Alan Carter conducting the Vermont Symphony Orchestra, with Stell Andersen, piano. (Manchester, Vt. Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2.)

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL OF CHAMBER MUSIC—Leonid



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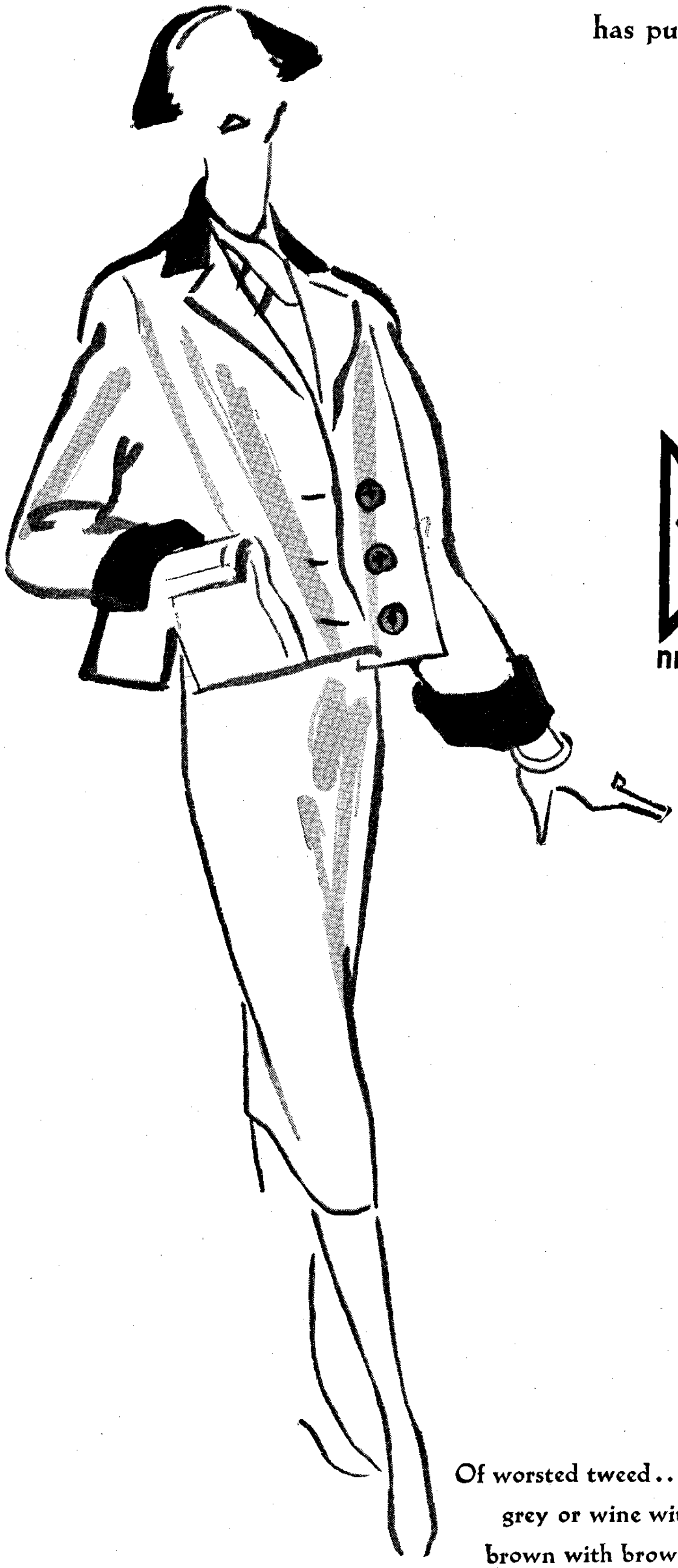


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hambro, piano. (South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 27, at 4.)

Berkshire Quartet—A series of chamber-music concerts. (Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4; through Sunday, Sept. 10.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Detroit, Thursday, Aug. 24, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 25, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Sunday, Aug. 27, at 2:05, and Monday, Aug. 28, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday, Aug. 29, at 1:30 (doubleheader), and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 30-31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Boston, Thursday, Aug. 31, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Giants, Friday, Sept. 1, at 8:30, and Saturday, Sept. 2, at 2.

Golf—U.S.G.A. Amateur Championship. (Minneapolis Golf Club, Minneapolis. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

Horse Show—Warrenton Horse Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday through Monday, Sept. 2-4.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—BOSTWICK FIELD, Westbury: National Twenty-Goal Tournament, final, Aug. 27. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Aug. 28, through Saturday, Sept. 16. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:45 and 1:25.) . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS: Daily at 2:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Saratoga Cup, Thursday, Aug. 24, and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26.

Tennis—Davis Cup Matches, United States vs. Australia. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. Friday through Sunday, Aug. 25-27. Tickets may be obtained at Spalding's, 518 Fifth Ave., at 43rd St.; the U.S.L.T.A., 120 Broadway, at Wall St.; and the West Side Tennis Club.) . . . ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Singles and Mixed Doubles Championships. (West Side Tennis Club. Monday, Aug. 28, through Monday, Sept. 4.)

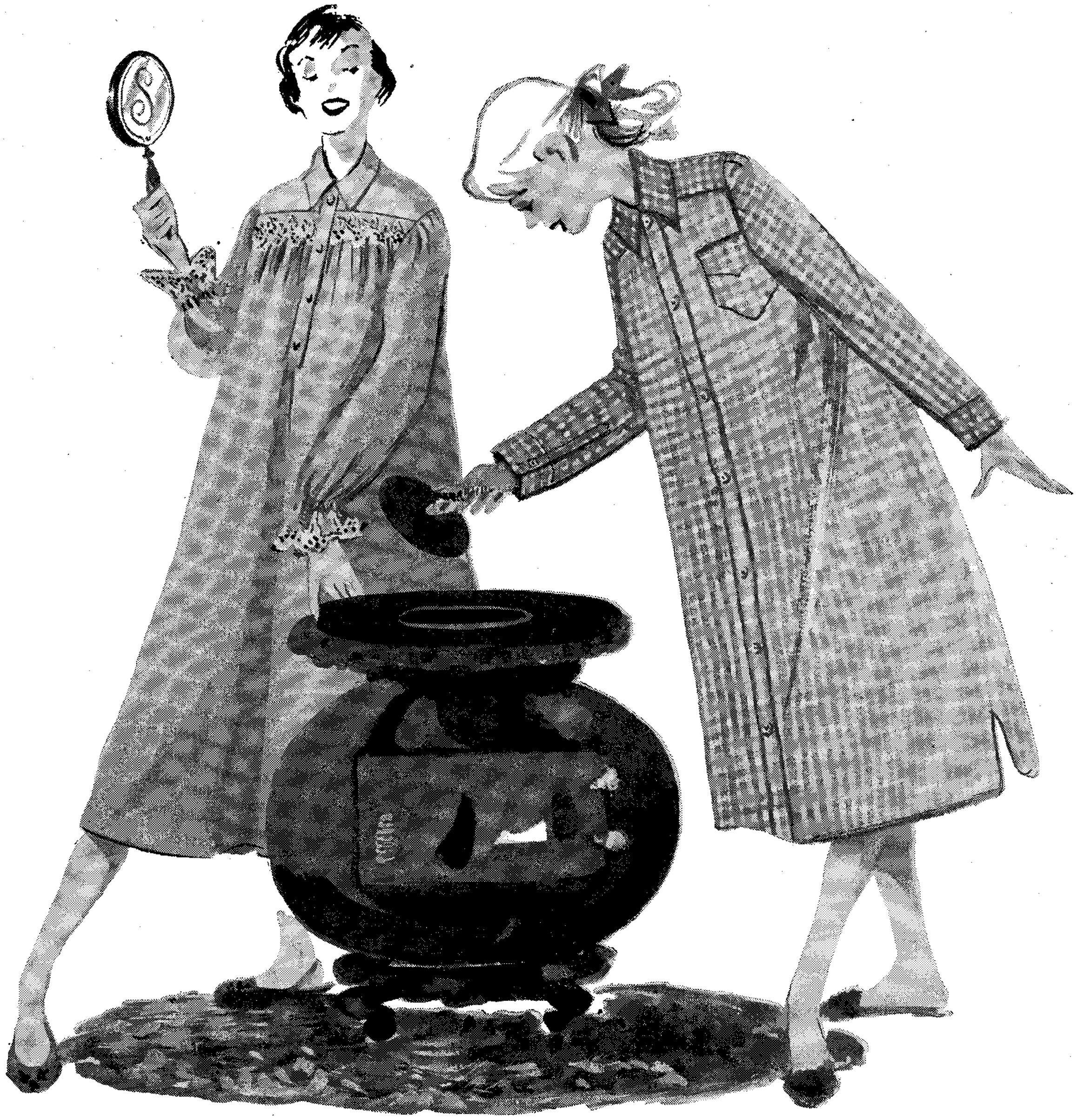
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Sept. 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 7:03, and Fridays and Saturdays at 6:49 and 7:03.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Daily at 8:15; through Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8:40; through Monday, Aug. 28. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, and various commissions of the Economic and Social Council. For tickets, call Fieldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success. Incidentally, questions about the United Nations can be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 535 Fifth Ave., at 44th St., MU 7-0877.

Hayden Planetarium—The August show is called "A Trip to the Moon." Starting Friday, Sept. 1, there will be a new show, "Autumn Skies." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Transatlantic Liners—Caronia: Sails Thursday, Aug. 24, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Liberté: Sails Friday, Aug. 25, at 4 P.M. . . . ¶ Media: Arrives Saturday, Aug. 26; sails Friday, Sept. 1, at 3:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Queen Mary: Arrives Monday, Aug. 28; sails Wednesday, Aug. 30, at noon. . . . ¶ Nieuw Amsterdam: Arrives Friday, Sept. 1.



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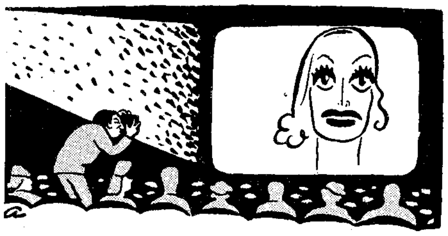
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



Annie Get Your Gun—A faithful translation to the screen of the spirited musical comedy about Annie Oakley, for which Irving Berlin created all kinds of good tunes. Betty Hutton may be a little too jittery as Annie, but Keenan Wynn, Louis Calhern, Howard Keel, and J. Carrol Naish are right on the target. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting Aug. 30.)

The Fallen Idol—A brilliant English job about a small boy's muddled attempts to prevent his hero, a butler, from being charged with the murder of his wife. Bobby Henrey is marvellously apt as the boy, and Sir Ralph Richardson is impeccable as the butler. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 24. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Aug. 29.)

No Way Out—A serious, quite moving, and often overly tense study of color prejudice in a county hospital. Sidney Poitier is memorable as a young Negro doctor. Richard Widmark is memorable, too, as a Negro hater and one of the meanest and craziest men in the world. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

The Red Shoes—A stylish ballet is the chief asset of this long-drawn-out English picture, which deals with life among the dancers. With Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Leonide Massine. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th, CO 5-8215. Showings are at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Sunset Boulevard—An overstuffed piece of Hollywood luggage, all about an aging star of the silent screen and her futile attempts to stage a comeback. Gloria Swanson is fine as the disappointed lady, but she's fairly well smothered by her material. With Erich von Stroheim and William Holden. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Third Man—A fast melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Alida Valli. A Carol Reed-Graham Greene collaboration that has its moments. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Aug. 24. . . . ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-9350; through Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Aug. 25-28. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Aug. 26-29. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; Aug. 27-29.)

Three Little Words—Fred Astaire's dancing—with a splendid assist from Vera-Ellen—and some nostalgic songs by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby help make this a diverting musical. Red Skelton and Keenan Wynn are on hand, and funny, too. (State, B'way at 45th, LU 2-5070.)

Treasure Island—They're all here—Long John Silver, Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Black Pew, and the rest—in as lively a production of the wonderful old tale as you could hope to see. Produced by Walt Disney, in England, with Robert Newton, Bobby Driscoll, Basil Sidney, and a large cast of assorted cutthroats. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Romance in Genoa, with Jean Gabin registering an excellent performance as a Frenchman whose charm overwhelms a handsome lady and her growing daughter. Isa Miranda and Vera Talchi are superb as the ladies involved. A French-Italian production. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

The Winslow Boy—A competent adaptation of the Terence Rattigan play about a father's struggle to clear the name of his son, unjustly accused of theft. An English film, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Robert Donat, and Margaret Leighton. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

The Affair Blum (1949)—A German film depicting the effect of Hitler's racial nonsense on Munich in 1926. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 27.)

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—Remarque's grim description of what the common soldier was up against in the war to end wars. Louis Wolheim and Lew Ayres. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242; through Aug. 29.)

The Baker's Wife (1940)—A Rabelaisian French film, with Raimu. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; through Aug. 28, tentative.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 29.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through Aug. 25.)

The Eagle (1925)—That old curio with the celebrated romantic team of Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 25-28.)

Fame Is the Spur (1949)—An English film that follows the fortunes of a politician patterned after Ramsay MacDonald. With Michael Redgrave. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 28.)

Four Steps in the Clouds (1948)—Something about a farmer's daughter and a travelling man. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 26.)

Harvest (1939)—A French pastoral piece, with Fernandel. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 29, tentative.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 30.)

Louisiana Story (1948)—Robert Flaherty's poetic chronicle of Cajun life on a Southern bayou. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 24.)

Movie Crazy (1932)—The venerable Harold Lloyd commotion. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 25-28.)

Nanook of the North (1922)—More Flaherty—this time the documentary of the daily life of an Eskimo family on Hudson Bay, now embellished with a very good spoken commentary. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Aug. 24.)

The Scoundrel (1935)—Noel Coward, Julie Haydon, and Alexander Woollcott in the Hecht-MacArthur legend of a phantom publisher. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Aug. 30.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Good music and a dash of psychiatry. An English picture, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Aug. 27-28.)

Symphonie Pastorale (1948)—Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar in an adaptation of the André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor. A French picture. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Aug. 29, tentative.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—An English film about some Scots with and without whiskey in wartime. With Basil Radford. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Aug. 28-29.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Aug. 27: "Top Hat" (1935), with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. . . . ¶ Starting Aug. 28: Four silent films of great actresses of the past, including "La Dame aux Camélias," with Sarah Bernhardt, and "Vanity Fair," with Minnie Maddern Fiske. (Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Edge of Doom," Farley Granger, Dana Andrews, Joan Evans.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
THE RED SHOES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Through Aug. 30: "The Petty Girl," Joan Caulfield, Robert Cummings.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Aug. 24: "Abbott and Costello in the Foreign Legion."
From Aug. 25: "The Desert Hawk," Yvonne De Carlo, Richard Greene.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Torch," Paulette Goddard.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
Through Aug. 26: "Rigoletto" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi; and "Pagliacci" (in Italian), revival, Beniamino Gigli.
Aug. 27-28: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), Enzo Mascherini; and "Elisir d'Amore" (in Italian), revival, Tito Gobbi.
From Aug. 29: "My Widow and I" (in Italian), Vittorio De Sica, Isa Miranda.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
TREASURE ISLAND.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
SUNSET BOULEVARD.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through Aug. 29: "The Furies," Barbara Stanwyck, Wendell Corey.
From Aug. 30: "Fancy Pants," Bob Hope, Lucille Ball.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
NO WAY OUT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Stella," Ann Sheridan, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
THREE LITTLE WORDS.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye," James Cagney.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Our Very Own," Ann Blyth, Farley Granger.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Difficult Years" (in Italian).

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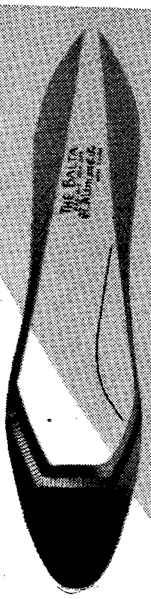
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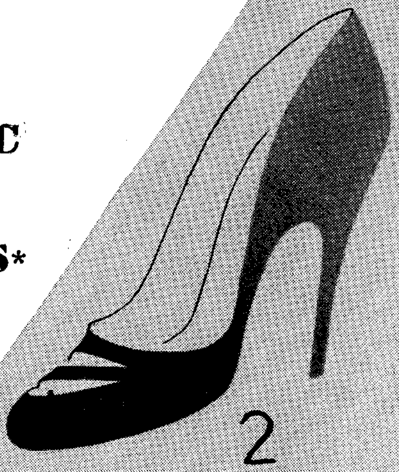

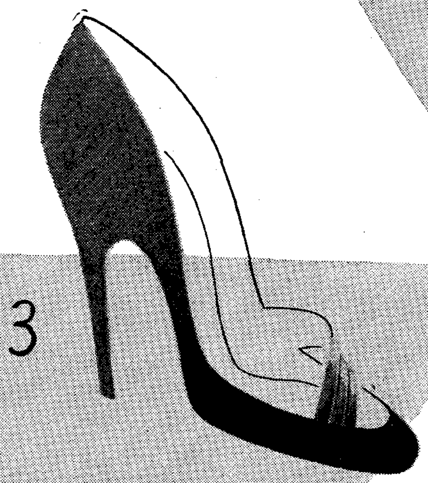

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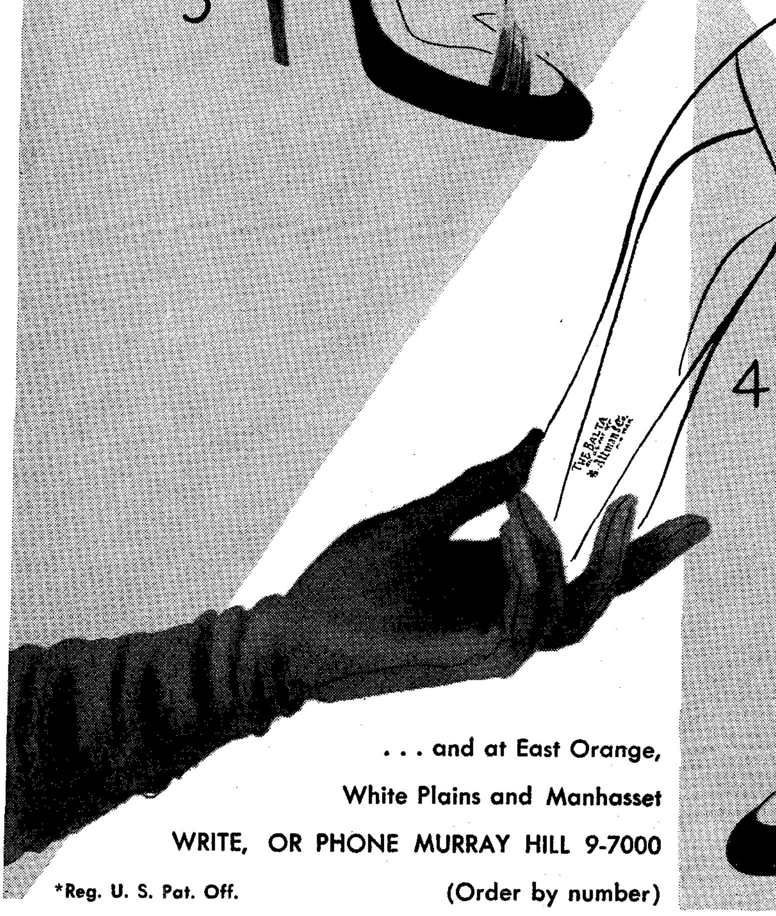
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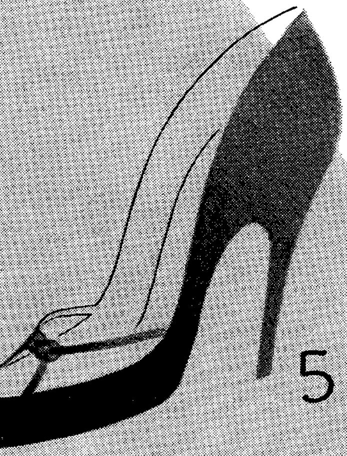

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON a sunny morning last week, we went out and put up a swing for a little girl, age three, under an apple tree—the tree being much older than the girl, the sky being blue, the clouds white. We pushed the little girl for a few minutes, then returned to the house and settled down to an article on death dust, or radiological warfare, in the July *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, Volume VI, No. 7.

The article ended on a note of disappointment. "The area that can be poisoned with the fission products available to us today is disappointingly small; it amounts to not more than two or three major cities per month." At first glance, the sentence sounded satirical, but a rereading convinced us that the scientist's disappointment was real enough—that it had the purity of detachment. The world of the child in the swing (the trip to the blue sky and back again) seemed, as we studied the ABC of death dust, more and more a dream world with no true relation to things as they are or to the real world of discouragement over the slow rate of the disappearance of cities.

PROBABLY the scientist-author of the death-dust article, if he were revising his literary labors with a critical eye, would change the wording of that queer sentence. But the fact is, the sentence got written and published. The terror of the atom age is not the violence of the new power but the speed of man's adjustment to it—the speed of his acceptance. Already bombproofing is on approximately the same level as mothproofing. Two or three major cities per month isn't much of an area, but it is a start. To the purity of science (which hopes to enlarge the area) there seems to be no corresponding purity of political thought, never the same detachment. We sorely need, from a delegate in the Security Council, a statement as detached in its way as the statement of the scientist on death dust. This delegate (and it makes no difference what nation he draws his pay from) must be a man who has not adjusted to the age of dust. He must be a person who still dwells in the mysterious dream world of swings, and little girls in swings. He must be more than a good chess player studying the future; he must be a memoirist remembering the past.

WE couldn't seem to separate the little girl from radiological warfare—she seemed to belong with it, although inhabiting another sphere. The article kept getting back to her. "This is a novel type of warfare, in that it produces no destruction, except to life." The weapon, said the author, can be regarded as a horrid one, or, on the other hand, it "can be regarded as a remarkably humane one. In a sense, it gives each member of the target population [including each little girl] a choice of whether he will live or die." It turns out that the way to live—if that be your choice—is to leave the city as soon as the dust arrives, holding "a folded, dampened handkerchief" over your nose and mouth. We went outdoors again to push the swing some more for the little girl, who is always forgetting her handkerchief. At lunch we watched her try to fold her napkin. It seemed to take forever.

As we lay in bed that night, thinking of cities and target populations, we saw the child again. This time she was with the other little girls in the subway. When the train got to 242nd Street, which is as far as it goes into unreality, the children got off. They started to walk slowly north. Each child had a handkerchief, and every handkerchief was properly moistened and folded neatly—the way it said in the story.

In a Wheat Field

ALL activities in St. Paul's Chapel were lately suspended for the rest of the summer to permit the making of extensive repairs and improvements, and shortly before the shutdown we arranged to stop in and have a talk with the acting vicar, Father Robert C. Hunsicker. We arrived during the evening prayer service, which traditionally begins at 3 P.M., and sat down in a straight-backed red plush pew at the rear, finding the blue ceiling and the white and gold of the walls cooling after the bright hotness of Fulton Street. A pamphlet on the pew cushion proved to be a brief history of the building, and we subsequently learned from it that St. Paul's is a chapel of Trinity Parish, is the oldest public building in Manhattan, and is the only local church now standing that was built before the Revolution. It was begun in 1764 and completed two years later, its site being a wheat field on the outskirts of town that afforded a fine view of the Hudson and the wooded Jersey shore beyond. Later, parish buildings began to encroach on the churchyard, and this led to the chopping down of a large elm, which, in turn, led to the composing, by a poet named George Pope Morris, of the poem "Woodman, Spare That Tree." The chapel was designed by Thomas McBean (or possibly just Bean), a pupil of Gibbs, who had been a pupil of Wren, which is undoubtedly why it so closely resembles Gibbs's famous St. Martin-in-the-Fields, in London. George Washington worshipped in St. Paul's when he was Commander-in-Chief and for two years when he was President. Between those times, when the British were occupying New York, Admiral Lord Howe, Major André, and the Duke of Clarence, who later became William IV, attended services there. In 1789, one of the earliest commencements of Columbia College was held in the chapel, with Washington, Adams, most of Congress, and Governor Clinton in attendance.

After the prayer service, we established contact with Father Hunsicker, who is youthful and tall, and he took us on a leisurely tour of the chapel. The present renovation, he told us, is its third major one. "Luckily, few permanent changes have been made over the years," he said. "The Royal Governor's pew and the President's pew once had posts and canopies, and those are gone. Nowadays, the Royal Governor's pew is reserved for the governor of the state, and the President's isn't used at all." We learned (through later inquiry) that Father Hunsicker might as well have said the same of the Royal Governor's pew. The last time it was used was in 1916, when Governor Whitman sent a representative to the services marking the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the chapel; the representative sat in it. The President's pew is large and square, is fenced with dark oak, and has a narrow, cushioned bench running along two sides. It used to have direct access to the outside, by way of a private door. Father Hunsicker pointed to three white pews at the front of the nave, to the right, which he told us are now reserved for visiting clergy. "All the pews were like that to begin with," he said. "Then the American Victorians made the first changes, in the late eighteen-thirties and forties. They put in the dark-wood pews to make the interior more gloomy, and took down the fourteen Irish Waterford cut-glass chandeliers, which burned candles, and installed stern gaslight fixtures. They also replaced the original clear glass in the windows with baroque colored glass, making the interior even darker. I'm afraid the Victorians weren't to be trusted with the interior of a chapel." The second renovation of the church came in the nineteen-twenties, and it was, in part, a return to first principles. A search was made for the original chandeliers, which, except for one in storage, had been given to churches upstate. Some of them were regained without cost and some had to be bought back. All were wired for electricity and reinstalled. Milky-tinted glass replaced the baroque windows. The Victorian pews were considered more practical, and were retained.

The purpose of this renovation is to reinforce the building wherever necessary, to fireproof it wherever possible, and to put everything in apple-pie order, modernizing discreetly, without changing the appearance of anything. The eight columns supporting the vaulted ceiling of the chapel are the trunks of English oaks, concealed by decorative wooden shells. The shells will be removed and the oaks tested for dry rot. Wooden stairways in the steeple are to be replaced by steel stairways; the electric clock in the spire is to be switched from D.C. to A.C.; the organ is to be rebuilt and enlarged; four gas lamps on the iron gates of the present churchyard, facing Broadway, are to be wired for electricity; a wooden statue of Saint Paul, above the Broadway entrance, is to be touched up; and much of the marble flooring of the chapel will be relaid. Father Hunsicker pointed out that the side aisles are in much worse condition than the center aisle, and attributed this to the general modesty of churchgoers. Early or late, entering or leaving, he told us, most St. Paul's parishioners go up and down the side aisles, on tiptoe.

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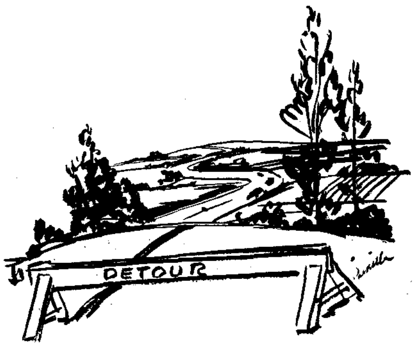
INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The menu of Amando's, a restaurant in Havana, lists Pouched Eggs, Sirlion Stake, Shot Meet, Lamd Chops, and Allocater Pear.

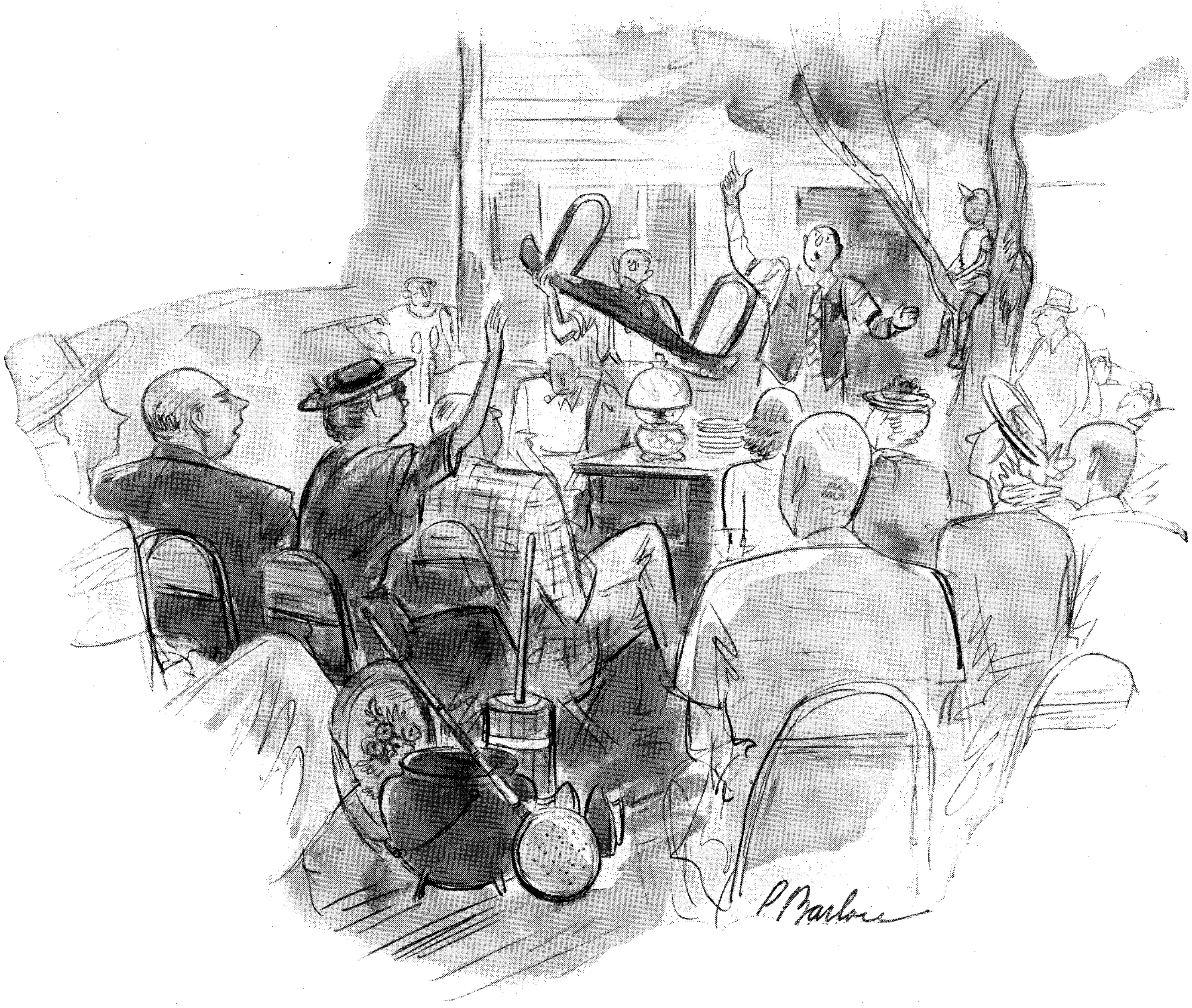
Big Problem

NO matter how elegantly turned out a man may be, he's apt to show up on a television screen looking as if he'd bought his suit at the going-out-of-business sale of a misfit-clothing parlor, and about the only way to avoid this fate is to patronize a tailor with a thorough grounding in electronics—such a man as Paul Korman, who has a tailoring shop at 441 Madison Avenue and specializes in outfitting male television actors. We called upon Korman in his shop the other day, with the idea of separating him from some of his trade secrets, and found him standing bemused among bolts of suitings and racks of unfinished suits, a round-faced, blue-eyed man, with a small, neatly tailored mustache. He invited us to have a seat and assured us, in self-depreciation, that he doesn't know everything there is to know about television dress. "It's a big problem, a tough problem," he said with what we took to be relish. "The day has long since passed when a television director can hire an actor and ask him to report for duty in just any old sack suit he happens to have in press. If the proper attention isn't paid to an actor's clothes, he's sure to ruin the show."



Korman has spent many hours in the WOR television studios, experimenting with the telegenic properties of various weaves and colors of cloth and styles of suits. "What we look for is a well-defined outline," he told us. "Even when an actor comes in here and says that he's going to be playing the part of a sharp character, we steer him away from tweeds and cheviots. They come through fuzzy. Then we have to worry about what the cameras do to color. We used to think that dark suits were best, because they provided the most contrast with the actors' faces, but it turned out that they absorbed too much light. Dark blue is absolutely taboo on TV. Most of the ordinary grays look hazy, but weak shades of green give an impression of cool, pleasant gray. Fellow came in here a while back and said he wanted to appear on a show in a gray suit and white shirt. I made him a suit in a pasty shade of green, almost a pistachio, and told him to wear a light-blue oxford shirt with it. He came out on the screen looking just the way he wanted to look, but I warned him, 'Don't wear that rig outside the studio. And if you ever *do* wear it, don't tell anybody where you got it!' "

Korman doesn't sell accessories, but he gives his TV clients advice about them. For example, he tells them that a narrow-striped tie may be effective in everyday life, but not on TV. "It bleeds," Korman said. "The colors run together. You must avoid sharp contrasts in small areas." He has to be careful not to give an actor with a minor role a suit that stands out above the star's. "We always ask, as subtly as possible, about the other characters in a scene and how big a part our client is playing," Korman said. "Then, if he's got a minor part, we sell him on the idea that it isn't smart to wear a suit with the same tonal quality as the lead's. That word 'tonal' is what gets them. TV is like anything else—you can't outdo the boss and stay in business." On certain shows, some performers have special reasons for not wanting to dominate the scene. Walton and O'Rourke, a team of puppeteers,



"Now, Martha, don't you think you could just rest on your laurels?"

• •

are clients of Korman's, and for them he provides suits so unobtrusive that while the puppets are going through their acts, no one notices Walton and O'Rourke. Still, the suits aren't *too* unobtrusive; when the show is over and it is time for Walton and O'Rourke to take their bows, they look intact rather than like dangling, disembodied heads and hands. Korman has also learned to cut the lapels of a jacket according to an actor's height. "Peaked lapels make an actor look much taller on TV," he said. "Without peaks, maybe he's a shrimp; with peaks, he's Gregory Peck." Korman is particularly proud of a suit he ran up for Frank Waldecker, an announcer on WOR-TV, who tended to get fidgety and hide his hands in his coat pockets whenever a camera was turned on him. "There was only one way to break that habit," Korman said. "I made Waldecker a suit without pockets—just flaps. Straightened the poor fellow out in no time."

High Rank

AN American couple who gave their address to French friends as c/o General Delivery, Glenville, Connecticut, have received a letter addressed to them "*chez Monsieur le Général Delivery, Glenville, Connecticut, U. S. A.*"

Here to Stay

WE went into the Doubleday bookshop at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-second Street the other day, intending, in our innocence, to buy a book, and found all the clerks busy selling Silly Putty, a gooey, pinkish, repellent-looking commodity that comes in plastic containers the size and shape of eggs. The shell of the egg is in two equal sections of different colors (various color combinations are offered); you pull them apart and there is the Silly Putty. We watched a demonstration of a few things that can be done with Silly Putty, and recalled a party we attended back in 1944. General Electric gave it to introduce to the press and public silicone, a freak substance its chemists had produced in the course of experiments in synthetic-rubber making. G.E. called it "bouncing putty;" it not only bounced like a rubber ball but stretched like taffy, and flew into a hundred pieces when hit by a hammer and then went right back together again. Well, Silly Putty is on the order of bouncing putty—for which, as far as we know, G. E. has never found any general practical use—but is being promoted on a purely recreational basis. It not only bounces when rolled in a ball and stretches like taffy but can be modelled into various nonpermanent shapes, and if pressed flat against comic strips, it picks up the pictures, in color. If tugged at quickly, it breaks in a brittle way; if left alone, it sinks into a disinterested heap.

After absorbing the elementary facts about Silly Putty, including the price—a dollar an egg—we sought out Mr. Lee Weber, the manager of the bookshop, to ascertain the mysterious link between it and Doubleday. He told us that Silly Putty is the most terrific item the Doubleday shops have been privileged to handle since "Forever Amber." "Normally, we only handle books and phonograph records in our New York shops," he said. "We first heard of Silly Putty when our St. Louis shop, which has a toy department, stocked some eggs and had a sensational run on them. We got hold of Peter Hodgson, a New Haven man, who was responsible for turning them out, stocked them, and in the past month have sold over ten thousand eggs." It is Mr. Weber's opinion that Silly Putty is the biggest novelty of 1950. The Doubleday clerks seem to have a compulsion to toy with the stuff, he told us, and are always glad to demonstrate it. The eggs come in regular pasteboard egg crates containing a dozen each, and people often buy a dozen at a time—at no reduction in price. Compulsively picking up an egg, Mr. Weber opened it, took out the putty, rolled it into a sphere, and ricocheted it off an unabridged dictionary. "We sell the eggs mostly to men who claim they're buying them for their children," he continued. "Actually, Silly Putty is a fine toy for adults. We don't recommend giving it to children under seven, in any event. They may get it in their hair or swallow it. It's not toxic, though. A man came in the other day and said that his little boy had swallowed his Silly Putty two days before and was feeling fine."

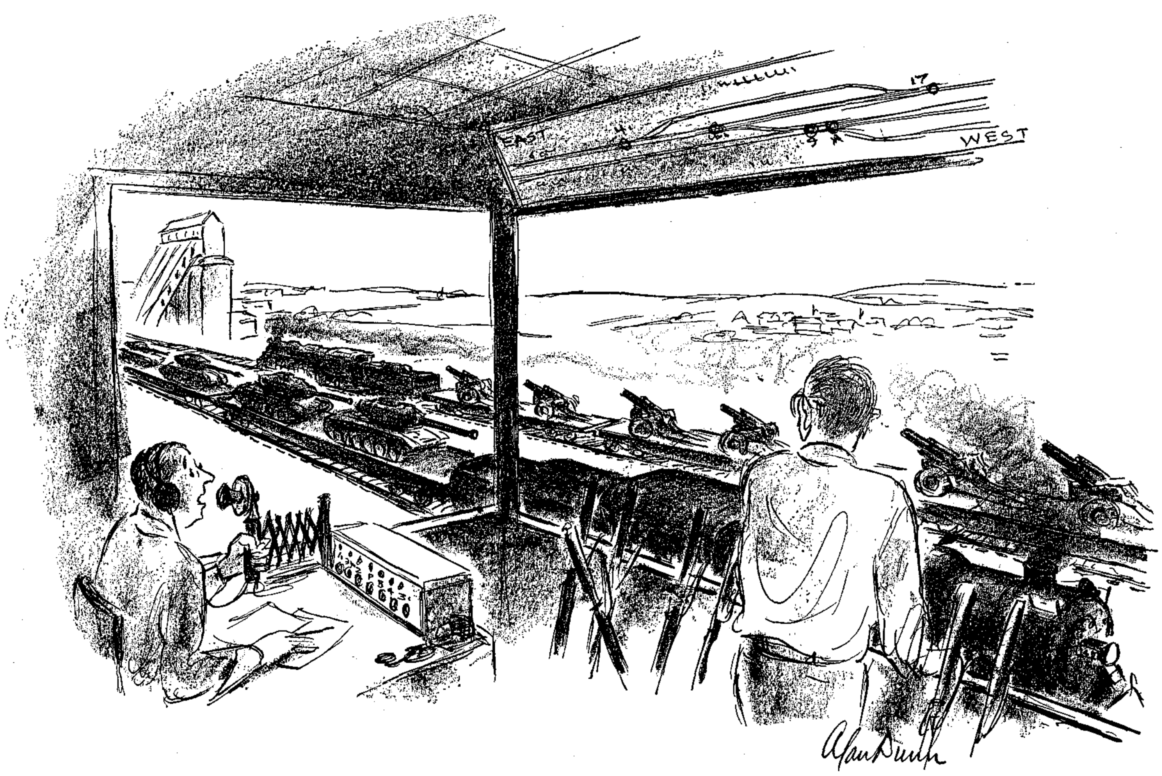
After leaving Doubleday's, we got in touch with Hodgson, the manufacturer, who agrees with Weber that Silly Putty is a dish for adults. "It means five minutes of escape from neurosis," he said. "It means not having to worry about Korea or family difficulties. And it appeals to people of superior intellect; the inherent ridiculousness of the material acts as an emotional release to hard-pressed adults." About a year ago, Hodgson told us, he happened to pick up a blob of silicone that a chemist had left at the house of a friend of his. It fascinated him, and stirred his commercial imagination. "I figured that maybe I wasn't the brightest guy in the world," he said, "but at least I was thirty-eight, and if I got a bang out of it, other adults would. I arranged with some chemical engineers in Schenectady to turn out a few trial batches for me. When we got just what we wanted, I patented the name Silly Putty and was ready to go into business. That was last spring, around Eastertime. Easter eggs being so unimaginative, I decided to combine my putty with Easter and give them both a lift. The stuff costs me seven dollars a pound, or almost as much as bar silver; that's why I can only sell an ounce of it for a dollar. We've started making it in thousand-pound lots and hope to get the price down." We asked Hodgson what he believed the future of Silly Putty to be and he had an emphatic answer. "It's here to stay," he said, and cited a number of practical uses for it. Hospital patients can use it for therapeutic hand exercises. A New Haven surgeon works out with it every morning before operating. It is a perfect furniture leveller; you just stick some of it under the short leg of a jiggly table and there you are. Hodgson told us that he buys his eggshells from a plastic company, that he has orders on hand for a quarter-million putty eggs, that he now has a staff of ten workmen and expects to increase it to thirty soon, and that by Labor Day his output will be great enough to fill, belatedly, a large order from Macy's toy department. "We'll sell a million eggs by Christmas," he said.

Addendum

FELLOW tells us about a budding housing development he drove by in Westchester the other day. Near the roadside stood one lone, brand-new, strikingly modern house bearing a banner proclaiming it open for inspection and, below this, a sign reading, "This is not the front of the house."

Ad Astra per Aspen

A DEMONSTRATION of the Container Corporation of America's new color-harmony manual, held last week in the Terrace Room of the Plaza, found us listening to the words of Walter P. Paepcke, Container's founder, erstwhile president, and present board chairman, and prime mover in the sporting and cultural renaissance of Aspen, Colorado, a once-thriving silver-boom town that fell into desuetude in the panic of 1893. "My name is Paepcke," Mr. Paepcke began. "It's a difficult name—I just learned how to spell it myself recently." He went on to say that Container's packaging activities had got it interested in color, and hence the manual, which is intended



"They say it's all right—one's European arms aid, the other's Korea."

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to bring scientific precision to paint mixing, which contains nine hundred and forty-three movable hexagonal lacquered cellulose-acetate color chips, and which sells for $125, and observed, "A box is a hideous thing at best." This, coming from a man whose company, we knew (for we had just examined Container's most recent annual report), last year sold a hundred and fourteen million dollars' worth of paper boxes, weighing six hundred and seventy-three thousand tons, struck us as such a novel observation that we later buttonholed Mr. Paepcke, in the hope of eliciting a further expression of his viewpoint. It was forthcoming.

"I've been very depressed about the state of the world for some time," Mr. Paepcke said. "Too much attention is riveted on the concrete and too little directed toward philosophy, ethics, and, if you please, the spiritual. Businessmen have tended toward overspecialization. Who were the richest people in the Age of Pericles? No one knows. Who were the great businessmen in the time of Elizabeth? I can give you four Addisons to one eighteenth-century businessman. A great paradox exists in America: The businessman looks down his nose at the educator, yet gives his children to him to be educated; he dislikes the artist, yet the ladies of his family spend a great deal of their time under the influence of writers, musicians, and so forth. A few years ago, when I was in South America, government officials there asked me why our government sent down entertainers, like Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as ambassadors of good will. 'Why don't you send your philosophers?' they asked." Mr. Paepcke, a resident of Chicago, believes there is a vast, unsatisfied hunger for culture in this country, especially in small cities, and that some of his Aspen activities may help a little to satisfy this. He first set eyes on Aspen when he drove into the town with his wife several years ago. "I was impressed with the place's opportunities for physical recreation—its fishing streams, wild game, and skiing facilities," he said, "and by the fact that it had an opera house. I thought it would be interesting to have a renaissance there, and make it a spot where plumbers, bakers, carpenters, and so on could come and live. To provide an economic base, some friends and I attracted the tourist trade by taking over the old Hotel Jerome and renovating it, by turning old houses into hotel cottages, and by installing tennis courts, swimming pools, and a ski lift—the longest in the world."

The cultural side of Aspen's rebirth got under way in 1947, when Robert M. Hutchins, chancellor of the University of Chicago, advised Mr. Paepcke that 1949 was the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Goethe, and suggested that it be celebrated in Aspen. "I was astonished," Mr. Paepcke told us, "but Bob persuaded me that it made sense, because, one, Goethe was not a nationalist; two, was a disbeliever in specialization—he built roads and was an administrator and a botanist as well as a poet, dramatist, and composer; three, believed in the dignity of the individual, as opposed to the power of the state; and, four, it would be a good idea to have people make an off-the-beaten-track pilgrimage rather than celebrate the event in some big city." Paepcke helped arrange a three-week Goethe Festival ("lectures by Albert Schweitzer and Thornton Wilder, concerts by the Minneapolis Symphony, and a little fishing on the side") and he has followed that up this summer with an eleven-week cultural do (he hopes to make it an annual feature) involving Great Books seminars, conducted by Mortimer Adler, Karl Menninger, and Clare Luce, and concerts and recitals, by the Juilliard Quartet, Isaac Stern, etc. Paepcke is president of the Aspen Company and a director of the Aspen Skiing Corporation. These organizations have spent over a million dollars on Aspen, and since Paepcke's arrival its population has risen from four hundred and fifty to a thousand. He would like to see Aspens all over the United States. "If we could have hundreds of small cities giving pleasure and enjoyment to their inhabitants, we'd have more intelligent citizens and voters," he said. "In big cities, you rarely know much about the men you vote for, or vote against, except through the papers. That's delegated thinking, and I don't think much of it."

Primate's Progress

A MAN who gets around in law-enforcement circles came upon the following entry on the police blotter of a South Shore Long Island town and thoughtfully copied it off for us: "Sheriff's office, Riverhead, reports via telephone be on lookout for two organ-grinders with two monkeys. One monkey wearing blue suit bit a woman in Southampton. If apprehended, hold monkey in blue suit for Southampton Police. Monkey last seen in Westhampton and believed heading west in an automobile."

THE HOUSE OF SUMMER

THE afternoon was hot as it can be only in August on the island—all the breath sucked out of the air, and the sun burning a sky that was neither gray nor blue, even the ocean behind the dunes at the end of the road resting at last. Cathy MacTavish could feel the hot tar of the road through her sneakers, and the sun like a fever on her cheeks and at the nape of her neck, where her brown hair was caught in a rubber band. Her striped jersey stuck to her slight shoulders. It might be Africa, she thought, and wondered if Oliver would think so, too. Oliver was thirteen, two years older than she was. He was the eldest of the Beresford children, and often the world he saw was simply the world around him.

Cathy brushed stray bangs and an imaginary pith helmet back from her forehead, and then Africa vanished, for beyond a tall russet hedge she saw the Beresfords' house, with its slope of dark mansard roof and three proud chimneys.

She could not have said just when the house had become so important to her; it had been before Oliver came there for the summer—perhaps even as far back as May, when she had detoured that way going home from school on her bike and had seen men putting up the screens. After that, she had cycled past it every day, until it had become her special mission to see the mowing machines roar like metallic insects across the springing lawns, to watch the gardener rake the salt-caked leaves from the flower beds and trim the hedges with his long-armed shears. She would coast past quite innocently, pretending not to watch but taking in every detail, from the freshly raked gravel in the drive to the ruffled curtains in the black upstairs windows. Somehow, this house, so white and tall, with morning-glories twined around the great pillars of the porch, had become her own. All spring, she had watched it come to life, and she had suffered silent jealousy the day her father, who was the island plumber, went up to turn the water on.

The Beresfords had come during a driving northeaster, and perhaps it was just as well that Cathy had missed their moving in. It would only have reminded her once more that the house was not truly hers. It belonged to Mrs. Beresford, who (Oliver had later explained to her) was not his real mother. He and his real mother, whose name was Linda, and Bianca and Peter, his sister and brother, lived in Los Angeles. This second mother he called Isabelle, and she lived with Mr. Beresford and the baby, Hugh Jr., who was only a half brother, whatever that might be. This summer, Oliver and Bianca and Peter had come to visit in the house, and Cathy, whom Oliver had hailed as she rode past on her bike one morning, had been there almost every day.

CATHY turned in to the half-moon drive that led to the house. Oliver was nowhere in sight. He had asked her to go crabbing, but that never meant that he would wait for her, or that when she found him, they would go crabbing. She went up the pink brick steps and gave their whistle—one short, one long, like a quail—and stood there crushing the wet velvet skin of a petunia between her fingers.

On the far side of the porch, where no sunlight fanned from between the pillars, a long-legged bassinet stood, under its wings of gauze. Beside it, the baby's nurse dozed, her pointed chin on her chest. Her hair, which might have been a yellow-gray wig but which Oliver had proved was real, was awry. Cathy tiptoed close and peered through the net. The baby's face was mottled red-and-blue. Despite the heat he wore a blue sweater and cap, and his tiny arms waved in protest, the feathery fingers curved. There was a warm, sour-milk smell under the hood of the basket. "Isn't he a lamb, though?" cooed Nurse, suddenly awake, like a watchful dog. "The lamb of the world!"

"He's so weak," Cathy breathed. She couldn't bring herself to say "sweet," which was what her mother always said about babies. Once, Cathy had seen this one naked, sun-bathing on Isabelle's lap, livid and blind, weaving its arms and legs like something that had lost its shell—like a crayfish or a crab. How could people moon so? And they all did—even Mr. Beresford, his light eyes creasing with kindness when he looked at it—all except Oliver.

The baby belched, and a little stream of yellow ran from its mouth. Cathy moved back. "Where's Oliver?" she whispered.

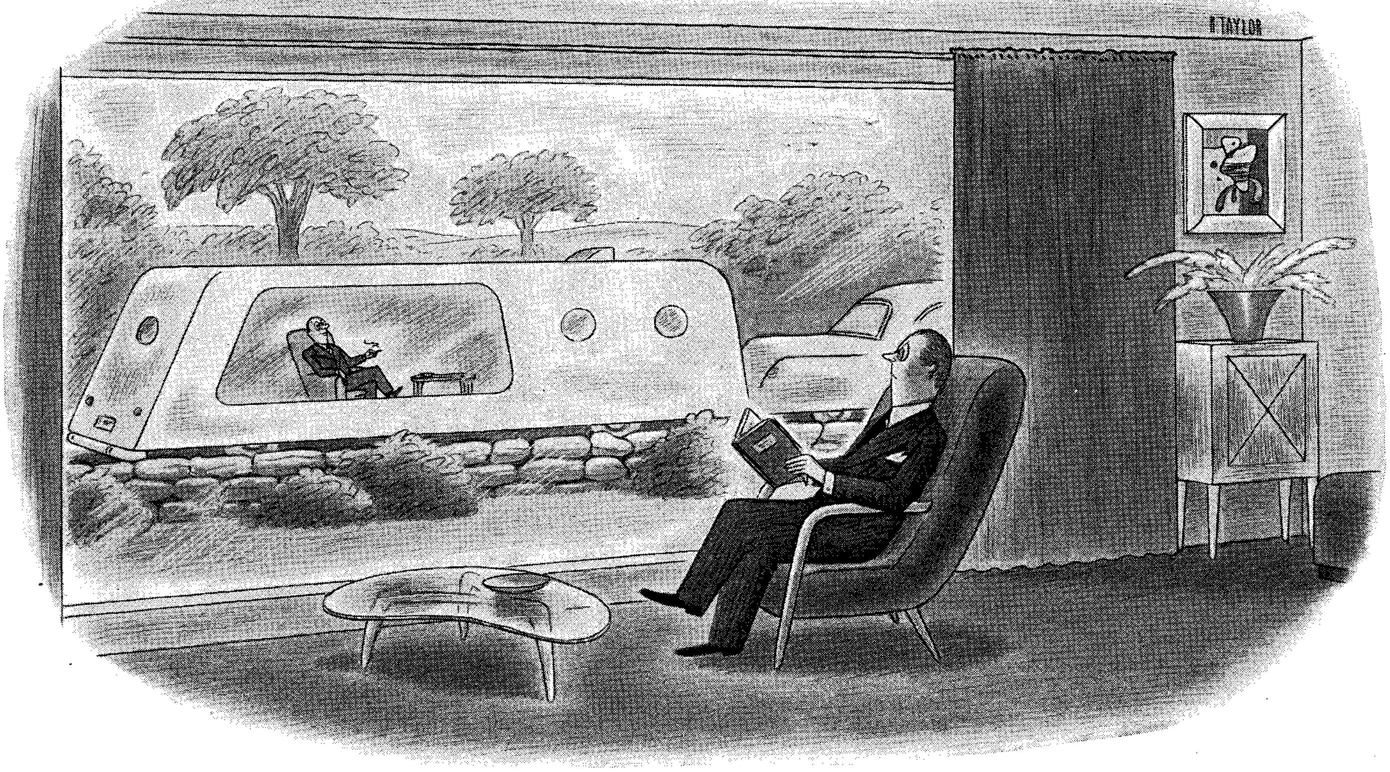
Nurse closed her eyes, and her thatch of hair settled more definitely on her head. "Humph!" she said. "That one! Always underfoot when you don't want him, never in time for lunch. If I were you, I'd forget about His Majesty and content myself."

Cathy slipped away to the door. It was unlatched. (At home, her mother kept the front door locked, to be opened only for company or for strangers asking their way through the village.) She stepped inside and crossed the gleaming floor of the hall. High overhead, the chandelier swung its net of diamonds. The light rippled on it, as if someone had passed just before her.

"Oliver!" she called. "Oh, Oliver!" Her voice spiralled up the stairway. Somewhere a board creaked, a shade flapped. The house was alive, but no one answered. She ran into the playroom. Once, it had been a winter conservatory. The floor was of blue and black tiles. A marble mermaid cupped her hands in a niche in the wall, but her fountain was dry and her plants and ferns had been replaced by some misshapen wicker furniture. Checkers were strewn on the cushions of the chairs. Oliver had taught Cathy how to play, showing her the moves and moving for her, with the result that sometimes, in the end, he had been forced to vanquish himself, which was hard for him, because he always won at games. Not that he was more adept than any of the rest of them. Peter was more graceful and Bianca quicker, but it mattered most to him.

Here in the playroom, the grownups held their parties. Cycling home from the beach, Cathy had often seen cars lined up in the drive (the same cars she had seen earlier parked at the Beach Club), and lanterns strung, still unlit, like paper blossoms along the porch. She could imagine the dancing—the ladies, in pale chiffon and tulle, floating, floating around the straight, white-trousered men, dancing across the icy pond of the hall or through the doors that led into the garden and the night.

The playroom was empty now, but surely someone had just left, for the phonograph was going, the turntable



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revolving without a disc, quite helpless, with only the faint whirring of machinery to show its life. She did not turn it off. She slipped out of her sneakers to feel the icy surface of the tiles. They were disappointingly gritty, as always. Carrying her shoes, she waltzed a bit as Bianca had taught her, elbows akimbo, out of the playroom, across the hall, and into the broad back of Nellie, the colored maid, who was brushing sand into her dustpan. "Excuse me," murmured Cathy.

Nellie seemed not to mind; apparently she was used to such buffetings. "Sand," she said. "If she'd only make them shake out their shoes before they come into the house!" Her dusky face shone with perspiration, and she beamed at Cathy's bare white toes.

"Have you seen Oliver?" Cathy asked.

"Seems like I seen him going down toward the cove this morning." Cathy bit her lip and stooped to put on her sneakers. "Other hand, it might have been yesterday." Nellie gathered up broom and pan and shuffled off across the shimmering hall. "They come and go so fast," she added. Days or people? wondered Cathy.

THE dining room was panelled oak, and dark. Brocaded drapes at the windows smelled faintly of mildew, and as Cathy entered they stirred as if someone before her had brushed a finger across their gilded folds. Who? On one end of the table, between the silver candelabra, someone had thrown a book face down, the pages splayed like the crushed wings of a bird. On the other end, glasses and plates were set out, and a tray of bottles. She heard talking in the kitchen and pushed through the door with its diamond eye.

"Damn, there goes another nail! Oh, hell and damnation!" Isabelle stood at the sink, holding a hand, fingers outstretched, over an enamel pot of clams she had been opening. Cathy, who was not allowed to swear, whose parents rarely raised their voices and never used "words," decided she had better announce her presence.

"I'm sorry," she said.

Isabelle swung around, her full orange skirt belling out. "Oh, it's you, Cathy. I thought for a moment you were . . ." She placed the wounded finger between her bright lips, and whoever it was that Cathy might have been had passed out the back door and across the kitchen garden and slipped through the low brown brambles of the yew. "I suppose," Isabelle mumbled around her finger, "I suppose you're looking for Oliver. Well, don't ask me. I'm the last person to know anything around here. He and his father went off this morning after these clams, and now, when I could use some help, I can't find them, and my hands will be ruined for the party. And Mrs. M. won't touch sea food—gives her a rash." Isabelle gestured toward the back porch, where the cook, pea pods and peas in pots at her feet, was rocking, fanning herself with a sheet of comics.

Cathy stepped hesitantly toward the sink. "Can I help?" she asked.

"Mercy, no!" Isabelle swung back to work. Her full breasts were only half covered by a brown kerchief, knotted in back, and her shoulder blades moved smoothly under her tanned skin. "You'd cut yourself, and the knife is rusty, and your parents would never forgive me." The blade made a chalky screech on a shell. "By the way, tell your father one of the east-bathroom faucets needs a washer. It drips, and the noise drives me frantic. Of course, Hugh could fix it, but he won't." She offered Cathy a clam—a limp, marbled creature, in its fluid.

Cathy shook her head. It made her feel queasy just to look. Isabelle must have noticed, for she smiled. Her smile did not come into her eyes. It was the smile of someone who was thinking of something else; it was just on her lips, for politeness. "You might ask Bianca about Oliver," she said. "Sometimes he tells her where he's going. But then, even if she could, she might not tell you. She's in one of her moods, and this one has lasted a week, and she won't go out of the house—just mopes. Do you have moods?”

Cathy said she supposed she had. She moved her feet like checkers across the squares of the linoleum on the floor.

“Of course,” said Isabelle, tilting her head back and swallowing the clam. “Everyone has moods. The thing is to know when you’re having one. Then they can’t hurt you. But Bianca—I can’t remember what it’s like to be eleven. What *is* important to you, Cathy?”

Cathy wanted to duck out, but there was no escaping Isabelle’s troubled eyes. “This house,” Cathy murmured, and then, seeing a shadow of surprise on Isabelle’s face, she tried to explain. “I love this house.”

“Naturally. It’s so beautiful . . .” Isabelle broke off, and then went on. “When I was very young and came here to visit my grandfather, I used to think, If only this house were mine! And now I’m older and it belongs to me, and it’s just like any other house.”

Cathy watched her holding a clam shell on the narrow, upturned palm of her hand and thought, She’s not really talking to me.

“You could live without this house,” Isabelle said. She clenched her fingers on the shell.

“Well,” said Cathy, “I like the dunes, and my bike, and trees.”

“Hugh doesn’t know what it’s like,” said Isabelle softly, seeming to whisper to herself. “When he feels time rushing, he takes a drink or does something violent. But I go clutching at people and parties that never—” She dropped the shell in the sink. “People,” she said briskly. “You haven’t mentioned them at all. Aren’t they important?”

Cathy considered while she watched Isabelle arrange the opened clams in circles on a large white platter. There were Mother and Pop, but they hardly counted. For the rest, there were teachers, different every year, and friends, too, always changing. There were all the summer people, whose houses she had never entered, except this one. “I don’t know,” she said. “People don’t matter much.”

“Ah,” cried Isabelle. “That’s where you’re wrong. People are the most important thing in the world.” She placed the last clam in its niche. “And money, too,” she added, carrying the platter out through the pantry.

CATHY waited until the minute hand of the clock above the hooded range had moved one whole minute. Then she went up the back stairs to the servants’ wing and along the hall to the children’s rooms. A certain diffidence kept her from entering the boys’ room. She glimpsed the green light of a tree against the window, and Oliver’s lumpy bed. He never made it up, as he was supposed to. Bianca’s room had yellow roses on the walls. She was lying across the bed, naked except for pink satin panties. Her yellow hair fell over her face. She was fixing her nails, and the smell of polish was sickly sweet. Cathy ventured across the threshold.

“Where’s Oliver?” she asked, swinging on the doorknob as if it made no difference where Oliver was, for with Bianca it didn’t do to act as if you cared.

Bianca didn’t even turn her head. “I don’t know and I don’t care,” she sang. “Can’t you see I’m busy?”

Cathy moved on. At the foot of the attic stairs, she paused. “Oliver,” she said, whispering so that Bianca wouldn’t hear. She looked up and saw Peter sitting on the top step, his light eyes piercing and cruel under the fringe of tow hair.

“Take one step and I’ll slug you,” he said. There was a fishing knife between his knobby knees. Peter was not old enough to be of any use. He either followed you about like a puppy or hid and defended himself. Now he brandished the knife. “I heard the cicadas last night.”

“So what?” asked Cathy.

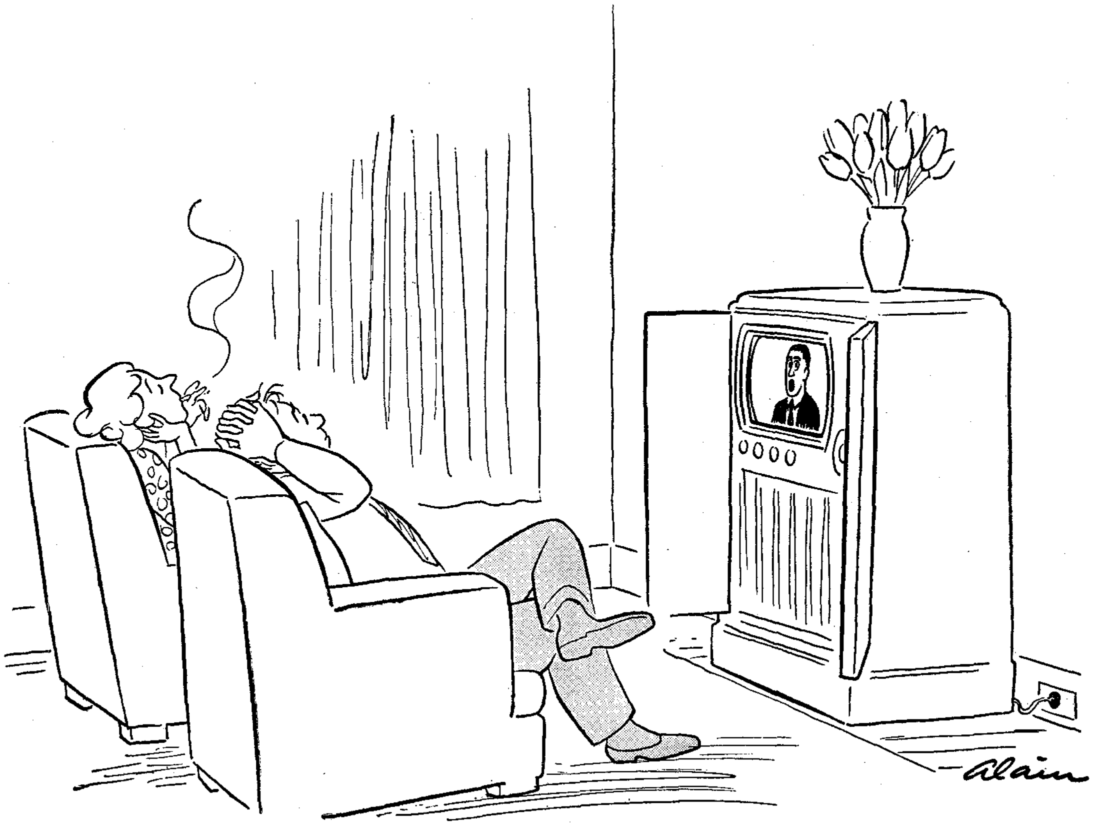
“Well, when you hear the cicadas, it means three weeks till frost, and we’ll be going home.”

“But you are home,” Cathy said. “This is your home, silly.”

“It is not. The other is my home, where my dog is.”

He was impossible. Cathy sighed and went on down the hall. The door of the master bedroom was ajar, and she could see a mirror reflecting rose-sprayed bolsters and an angle of sunlight. An image she could not recognize flitted across it. Then the sunlight went out. Cathy shivered.

The way to go down the circular staircase was slowly, like a queen with a jewelled diadem, one hand glancing the balustrade, and yards of skirt tumbling behind. When Cathy reached the landing, she saw Oliver’s father standing directly beneath her in the hall. He was fastening his tennis racket in its frame. She could see the blond hair, not too thick, fin-



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ger-streaked over his narrow head, and the tip of his nose, and his wide, round shoulders under the white T shirt. Mr. Beresford had a loud, sudden voice, which made her uncomfortable. She did not speak, but when she tiptoed onto the next step, it creaked, and immediately he was staring at her with his pale-blue eyes.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "For a moment, there, I thought you were the ghost."

"Ghost?" she echoed. The gown and the diadem fell away, leaving her quite naked.

"That's right." Mr. Beresford laughed enormously. "Any house over twenty years old has a ghost." He reached up and covered one of her feet with his thick red fingers.

"Have you seen it?" Cathy asked, trying not to feel his hand.

"No, but I've heard her coming down these stairs, wearing sandals with very high heels—so you know she will trip. That's what happened, of course. She was running to meet her lover and she fell. Can't you see her lying there, her skirts spread out and the pearls scattered like shells in the pools of blood?" He pointed to the floor, where Cathy saw nothing but a blue reflection of the glass fan above the doorway.

"You're teasing," she said, not wanting to believe.

Mr. Beresford looked along the darkening hall toward the dining room and frowned impatiently, as if he remembered something he should have done or should be doing. He shook his head. "Sometimes I think she lives in the bathrooms, and never turns the water off tight and keeps spilling powder on the floor," he said gently. It sounded funny, but his face was not funny, so Cathy couldn't laugh. "And who do you suppose took my fishing knife out of my kit after I locked the storeroom door?"

"Peter," said Cathy, before she realized she had been startled into betrayal.

"I'll fix him!" roared Mr. Beresford, and he was off on long, angry legs, his white duck trousers flapping.

CATHY wondered if Oliver had ever seen the ghost. She must find him soon; the afternoon was wasting. She went into the library—not that she expected him to be there, but because it was her favorite room. The gold hands of the grandfather clock were at a quarter to four, and just above them, on a crenulated sky, the new moon showed a yellow curl. A draft stirred ashes in the fireplace. Footsteps approached. The ghost was following her. She fled to a window, but the screen was fastened. She could not unhook it now without being heard, and she pressed against it, hidden by the linen drapes, desperate as a butterfly flattened against the underside of a leaf.

She moved the curtain slightly and saw Mr. Beresford come into the room, carrying an amber glass. First he closed the door. Then he sat down and put the glass on a bamboo table beside his chair, reached for a newspaper that was on the table, and opened it across his knees.

Now, thought Cathy, I am the ghost watching him. She turned away till her nose was against the rust-smelling screen, and looked out across the garden with its fringe of marigold and feathery candytuft. Beyond the hedge, she could see the ribbon of road going down to the dunes, and two cyclists shooting past under the billowing gray sky. It would storm soon, and the heat would break. Oliver claimed he could hear thunder before it left Sands Point if the wind was right, but now Cathy could hear only the clock and something she thought might be Mr. Beresford breathing over his paper.

Suddenly, she heard the library door brushed open. High heels tapped across the floor, and Cathy peered out again. Mr. Beresford did not even look up to watch Isabelle coming toward him in a white sleeveless dress. He lifted his paper, and from where Cathy stood she could see him shut his eyes behind it, as if he knew exactly what would happen. She drew back into safety once more.

"Hugh!" said Isabelle. "Haven't you changed yet? They'll be here soon."

The paper rattled and slapped against the table.

"You don't have to make a face like that," said Isabelle.

A chair screeched on the floor. "What face?"

"You know perfectly well."

Ice clinked in a glass. "You're imagining things."

"Don't try to fool me." There was such hatred in Isabelle's voice that Cathy forgot her danger and stared. Isabelle and Mr. Beresford faced each other, so close they could hardly help touching, and yet they did not. In their white clothes, they seemed to float like circus statues against the pale-green walls. “Obviously, I’m not imagining a thing,” Isabelle was saying. “You’re not dressed. You haven’t lifted a finger all day to help me, and now . . .” She swung away and walked around the room as if she had lost something, brushing her blood-tipped fingers along the mantel, opening cloisonné boxes. “And now, when I make the smallest request, you look surly.”

Mr. Beresford held out a crushed pack of cigarettes, and she plucked one as if it were something nasty. She lit it and breathed the smoke in deep. Her brown neck was stretched tight. “I know you never wanted me to have this party. You made that clear. You don’t want me to do anything or be anything.” He was holding one of her arms now, just above the wrist, where the golden bracelets fell together, and Cathy saw how his fingers pressed into the skin.

“I want to know why,” said Isabelle. “Why do you take such perverse delight in spoiling my pleasure?”

“Are parties your pleasure?”

“If you’d been cooped up and swollen for nine months, you’d want to be out and around people again.” The bracelets jangled, and her voice was higher now. “But you never know how the people around you feel. Look at your children!”

Mr. Beresford let Isabelle’s arm fall as if it were the arm of a doll. “I know,” he said. “They’re not happy. I can’t make them behave.”

“And what are you going to do about it?”

He spread his hands helplessly. “They’re yours, too, you know.”

“Oh, no, they’re not!” Isabelle cried. “Linda’s poisoned them against me, so they run wild, with whomever they choose. Do you realize whom Oliver’s spent most of the summer with?”

“My God!” Mr. Beresford burst out. “She’s a harmless little thing.”

Cathy tried to close her ears. She shut her eyes and hunched her shoulders.

“But you have to think of other things,” Isabelle was saying. “People talk. MacTavish’s Cathy!” The name, linked backward, trembled like a golden arrow. “She’s cute, but wait another summer or two and she’ll be a wise little chippy like the rest of them.”

“Oliver has some sense.”

“Like you? It took you ten years to see through Linda, and you’re still paying for it.”

There was a crash and crackle of breaking glass. “You make me sick!” said Mr. Beresford. “And if you think I’m going to entertain your friends, you’re crazy.” His feet made heavy sounds across the floor, and the door slammed, and then another door slammed, far off.

The room still trembled. Isabelle was crying. Cathy had never heard a grown person cry before—that strange, caught-up breathing. After a while, she looked out and saw Isabelle pick up the broken glass and carry it away.

CATHY was free. She opened the screen, stepped to the sill, and jumped into a bed of candytuft. Across the lawn she raced, avoiding the treacherous croquet wickets, skirting the gardener with his barrow of weeds. “She’s going to be some storm when she breaks,” he grumbled, but Cathy hardly heard him. She ran through the back gate and down the path to the cove. Her feet jogged along the catwalk over the swamp and stepped into grasses awash with the wind. She pushed through and walked onto the silty beach. Oliver was dragging a net over the edge of his boat in the dark-brown shallows.

“Hi!” he called.

Cathy waited, sucking a blade of grass, while he poled the boat to shore and jumped out beside her. “Look!” He pointed to a big tomato-juice can, where the crabs he had caught writhed formlessly.

“Why didn’t you wait for me?” she demanded, staring at him—at the square shape of his face, and his hair, matted and dark with salt, at the tiny pink slits of nipples on his smooth brown chest, and the silver buckle of the belt that held the jeans over his hips.

“You found me, didn’t you?” he said.

“You should’ve waited.” She bit her lip, feeling unaccountable tears rising. Tentatively, she shoved one fist—turned, as he had taught her—against the dark cave under his ribs.

“You want to get tough?” he mocked, parrying her blow. She grabbed his shoulders with all the sharp strength of her fingers and butted in with her head. They struggled against each other, arms locked and legs twisting. She could feel his laughter, and her hatred became a sharp pain; she used her hands like claws, and then his arms were iron bands and she smelt the salty, sour smell of his body, and it made her feel sick.

“For Chrissakes, stop biting,” he said. “You’re fighting like a girl, just like a lousy girl.”

She stopped then, and he let her go, but he knew she had not been playing, and he got into the boat and pushed off from shore, farther and farther, the water making a silence between them.

Cathy went back across the swamp. She passed the house, white and tall behind its hedges, without really seeing it. She walked along the road while the wind came up stronger from the ocean, her head bent and her hair loose and tumbled into her eyes. Leaves blew upward from the tops of the elms. Summer was ending.

Her knuckles stung where she had scraped them on Oliver’s buckle. She sucked the blood. It gave her a feeling of closeness to herself. All over the island, under the moving gray walls of the sky, the cicadas were singing, and now she heard another sound, far beyond Sands Point, that might be thunder coming, or the end of the world.

—NANCY CARDOZO

•

I MUSED BY RITZ’S BOWERY RILL

Five little ducklings
  Swimming at the Ritz,
Heedless of the chucklings
  Of the exquisites;

Fat little lumpkins
  In the Ritz pond,
Waggling their rumpkins
  Before the beau monde!

World-famous beauties
  Gurgle with glee:
“Such little cuties!
  Qu’ils sont gentils!”

But change is incessant;
  The ducks on the mere
Become adolescent
  And then disappear.

The headwaiter, truckling
  Before the gourmet,
Urges roast duckling—
  Spécialité.

Ah, *lex est perire*,
  The poet admits.
The dictum so dreary
  Applies to the Ritz.

—MORRIS BISHOP

GUESS AGAIN

George Martin opened the refrigerator door and stared sleepily at the cold, gleaming shelves of food. He saw a glass of orange juice, which his wife had squeezed and left for him, but the thought of orange juice made his mouth water unpleasantly. Briefly, he considered opening a can of tomato juice, but that produced the same reaction, so after a moment's hesitation he closed the door and went to the stove and turned on the gas under the coffee. Maybe it was those soft-shelled crabs I had last night, he thought. Maybe I shouldn't eat soft-shelled crabs any more. That would be a hell of a note. Sourly, he watched the coffee jitter and steam, then turned off the gas and poured out a cupful, which he took to the dining room.

He sat down, lighted a cigarette, and glanced at the front page of the morning paper. The cigarette tasted tinny, and after one drag he crunched it out in his saucer. Then he saw a piece of yellow paper lying under the already opened mail. At the top of it was written "Jokes," in the erratic printing of his nine-year-old son, Walter, and below that were ten questions, none of which was followed by a question mark. The first three were:

1. Why does a doctor have to keep his temper
2. What is it everyone has seen and will never see again
3. What question do you have to answer "yes" to

The rest were more or less the same, and Martin put the paper aside and took a sip of his coffee. Silly goddam thing, he thought. The juvenile sense of humor. He remembered his son's buying a joke book a few days before, and it occurred to him that somebody was probably making thousands of dollars from children who spent their allowances for collections of ancient and unfunny riddles. A racket, that's all it was. He remembered the first joke he had ever heard—the one about the newspaper that was black and white and read all over. That was probably still floating around in the joke books. God, what a way to make a living!

He finished his coffee and stood up, then picked up the list of jokes and read the first three again. None of them was familiar to him, but he knew that the answers were simple and probably involved puns. He dropped the list, shrugged, and went to the closet for his hat. The hell with it, he thought. I've got other things to worry about.

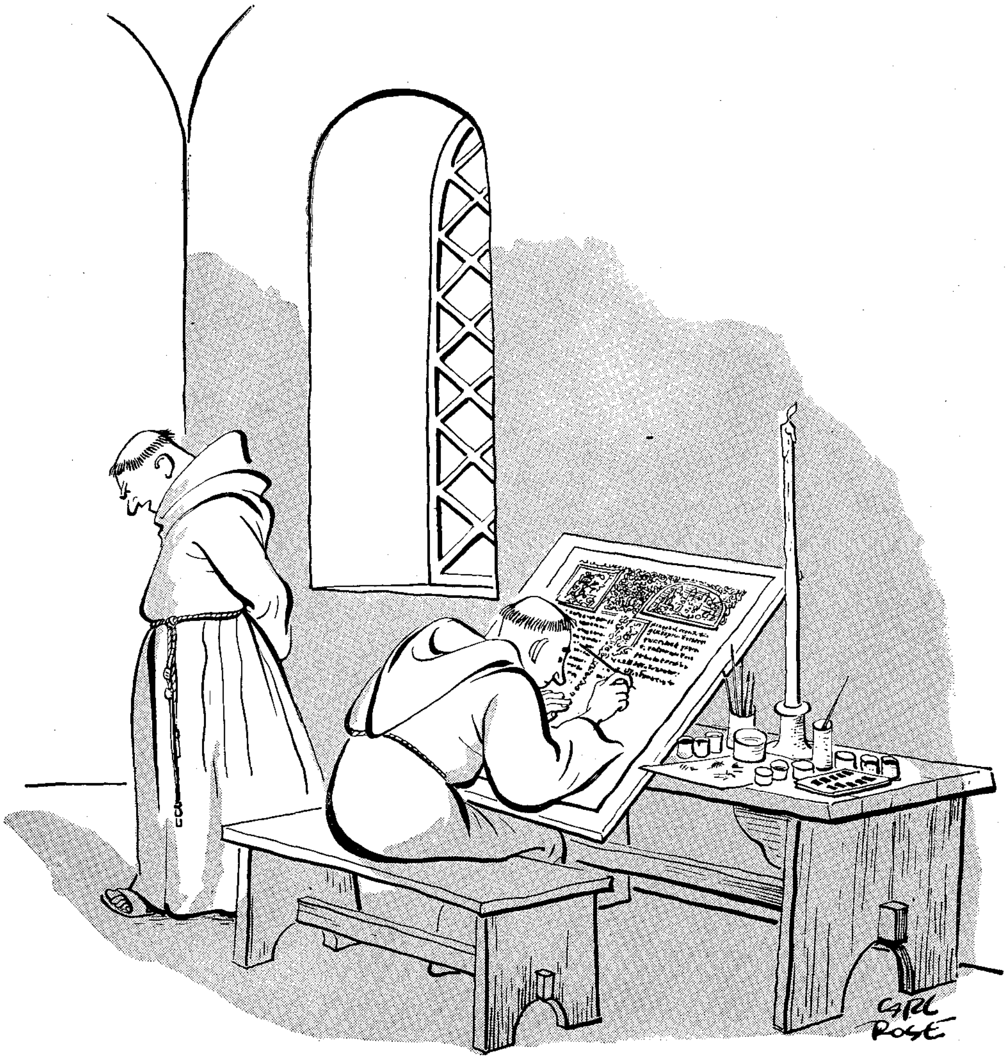
Martin was a copy writer in an advertising agency, and on this particular morning he was supposed to deliver the copy for an important, and wavering, account. As he sat at his desk in the office, with his previous false starts and a clean sheet of paper in front of him, he ran over in his mind the precepts for, and the questions to be answered in, good advertising copy. Have a short introductory paragraph and a catchy head. Where is the product promise—in the copy or in the head? What does it do for YOU? Is there anything new about it? Can you phrase the head as a question? Madam, why aren't you wearing a Form-Eez? Why does a doctor have to keep his temper?

Cut it out, he told himself. Never mind the doctor. Why do most women prefer Form-Eez? Have YOU tried Form-Eez? Have you SEEN Form-Eez? You can't see a Form-Eez. What is it everyone has seen and will never—God damn it! He stopped and stared out the window.

All right, he thought, let's get this over with. Why *does* a doctor have to keep his temper? It must be easy. There's a pun in it somewhere. Hemostat something that disagreed with him. No, that doesn't answer the question. If he doesn't keep his temper, the patient's scalpel fly off. Possibly. No. If he gets mad at your disease, he can't curette as quickly. No. Too technical. Anesthetic . . . Anesthetist . . . He shouldn't lose his temper anesthetist absolutely necessary. No. He who gets medicine no shape to work. Maybe.

Martin got up and walked over to the window. He stared blindly at the glass for a few minutes while his mind groped through all the medical terms he knew. Forceps, suture, ligament, diagnosis, prognosis, measles, tonsils, adenoids—adenoids why a doctor *doesn't* lose his temper—resection, dissection, amputation.

The head of the copy department



"Period. New paragraph."

looked in the door. "How you coming, George?" he asked.

Martin turned and looked blankly at him for a moment. "Oh," he said, finally. "Oh, it's coming. I'll have it, all right. Just have to polish up a couple of things."

"Fine," said the head of the copy department. "I hope it's good."

"It will be," said Martin.

"That's the ticket," said the head of the copy department, and left.

Martin went back to his desk and the sheet of paper. The name Form-Eez looked only vaguely familiar to him. He lighted a cigarette and tried to concentrate on his work, but his mind was still full of medical terms. Madam, is your abdomen in prolapsus? Slip into a Form-Eez. Dropsy sufferers everywhere endorse— Why does a doctor— He lighted another cigarette and locked his hands together until the knuckles cracked. Come on, he snarled, for the love of Christ *stop* this. Pay attention. If I could only get *one* of those goddam things. They're simple. They're for kids. They're like ABC. He tilted his head back and stared at the ceiling through the film of smoke from the cigarette in his mouth. Like ABC. The patients won't wait interne for an ill-tempered doctor. That was it. That was *it*, by God! He took a deep breath, smiled broadly, and started to work.

Martin worked through the lunch hour and around three o'clock took his finished draft into the copy chief's office. "Here it is, Mac," he said. "It took longer than I thought. There were several gimmicks had to be ironed out."

Mac took the copy in silence and started to read it. "Wait a minute," he said as Martin turned to leave. "Just want to see what your kicker is."

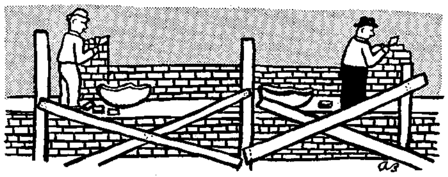
Martin paused and waited nervously while Mac finished reading the copy.

Finally, Mac put the paper down. "Couple of things here," he said. "For one thing, you seem to be asking a lot of questions. 'Why can't you see a Form-Eez' 'What is it a svelte woman must have?' " He looked down the page. " 'Why is support important?' " He looked up again. "You ought to be more declarative—more positive. I shouldn't have to tell you that. Also"—he looked back at the copy—"also, you seem to have left out the product promise."

"The—" Martin leaned forward.

"The product promise. The slogan, 'Even your best friends won't know you're wearing one.' " He handed the copy back to Martin. "I think you'd better clean it up," he said.

Martin took the copy and went back to his office. His stomach, empty from skipping lunch and upset from too many cigarettes, began to bother him. He felt dizzy and he couldn't organize his thoughts in any constructive pattern. He stared at his copy, then at the opposite wall. What has everyone seen, but— He slammed the desk with his fist and stood up. He walked around his desk once, then sat down and lighted a cigarette. Carefully, he crossed all the questions out of his copy and interlineated, "You can't see a Form-Eez because it is scientifically designed to . . ." "Support is important, because . . ." He crossed out the "because" and tried to think of another word. "On account of." He crossed that out. Because, because, because. It began to sound like a crow call. He tore up the paper and took a clean sheet from his desk drawer. "Medically speaking," he began, "there is no excuse for . . ." He tore that sheet of paper up.



Finally, at a quarter past five, he finished the copy and took it to Mac's office. His eyes felt hot, and the palms of his hands were wet, and he leaned against the wall while Mac read his latest effort. If he doesn't like it, the hell with it, Martin thought. That's all I'm going to do.

Mac finished reading and looked up. "I guess that'll do," he said without expression. "There are a couple of changes, but I'll make them." He stared evenly at Martin. "You can run along," he said.

When Martin got home, he went straight to the bar and made himself a drink. The liquor burned his stomach, but after a while a warm glow spread over him and he relaxed slightly.

THE OUTLANDERS

The Channel moon went down, as ignorance,
They say, looks down before the eye of light.
We watched upon the deck from dawn to noon
And Dover passed the left and stared at France.
The sunken relics of the war, upright,
And spars bright orange, like the shoots of June
Sprang up as though the plough had scratched that field
That swelled and wrinkled, ebbed, and gaped, and healed.

A boding mood, a summer of the vein,
Had stopped us all like Venus on her shell;
We called ourselves serene but did not sleep.
We looked at Belgium with a kind of pain;
Her hotels swam in light, a part of Hell
Whose windows flare, whose people suffer, weep,
Endure in cells of silence—or was God
The awe before which not a fly could nod?

The captain watched us from the bridge bent out,
Charon's bloodshot orbs of bead his eyes.
It was as though he took our obolus
For transport to the shade. We sank in doubt,
Pale penitents of our temerities,
In groups along the rail. Blank over us,
The wind made spiral plans, the sky glared blue,
We felt the tressilation of the screw.

The distance, like a shopman's Christmas light,
Made bastard prodigies of sights we knew.
The land drew in, we ventured up the Scheldt:
Columbuslike, we proved our guess was right—
The world was round—but like the wandering Jew,
Were half at home; half of what we felt
Was new world doubt if good or guile were there
In all the level stare that met our stare.

—Andrew Glaze

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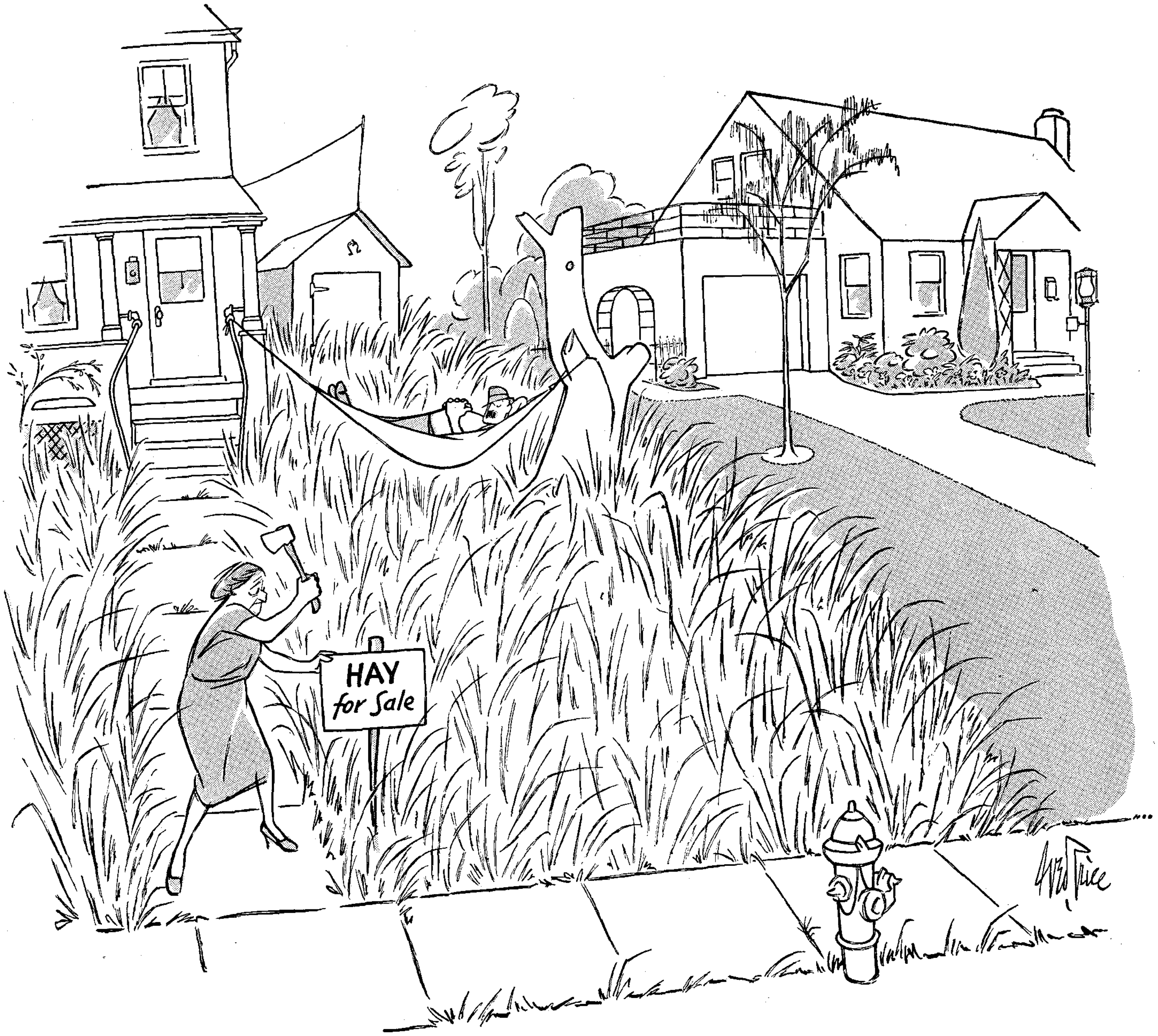


* * *

His wife came into the room, kissed him on the forehead, and sat down.

"Would you be a lamb and make me a drink?" she said. "I'm exhausted." She put her feet on the coffee table and leaned back.

"Oh?" he said. "Did you have a tough day at the Colony?"

She looked at him wide-eyed, but he avoided looking at her and got up and went slowly to the bar.

"I wasn't near the Colony," she said icily.

"Oh," he said.

"What's the matter—" she began, but just then Walter came into the room and hurled himself into a chair.

"Hi, Pop," Walter said.

"Hi," said Martin. He gave his wife her drink, then sat down. She continued to look at him during the silence that followed.

"Hey, Pop," Walter said. "Want to hear a joke?"

"No," said Martin.

"Why does a doctor have to keep his temper?" Walter went on, not listening.

"I know that—" Martin began, but Walter cut him short with "Because if he doesn't, he'll lose his patients."

Martin closed his eyes and ground his teeth together. Something fell inside him.

"And what has everyone seen and will never see again?" Walter continued, parrotlike. Martin was quiet, and Walter said, "Yesterday." Martin began to tremble.

"And what question do you have—" Walter began, but Martin interrupted him.

"Never mind," he said. "Never mind. I don't want to know."

"I have a whole book of them, Pop," Walter went on. "You can look at the book if you want to." He started to say something more, but the look in Martin's eyes made him stop.

"Some other time, maybe," his mother said. "I don't think your father's in the mood for jokes today."

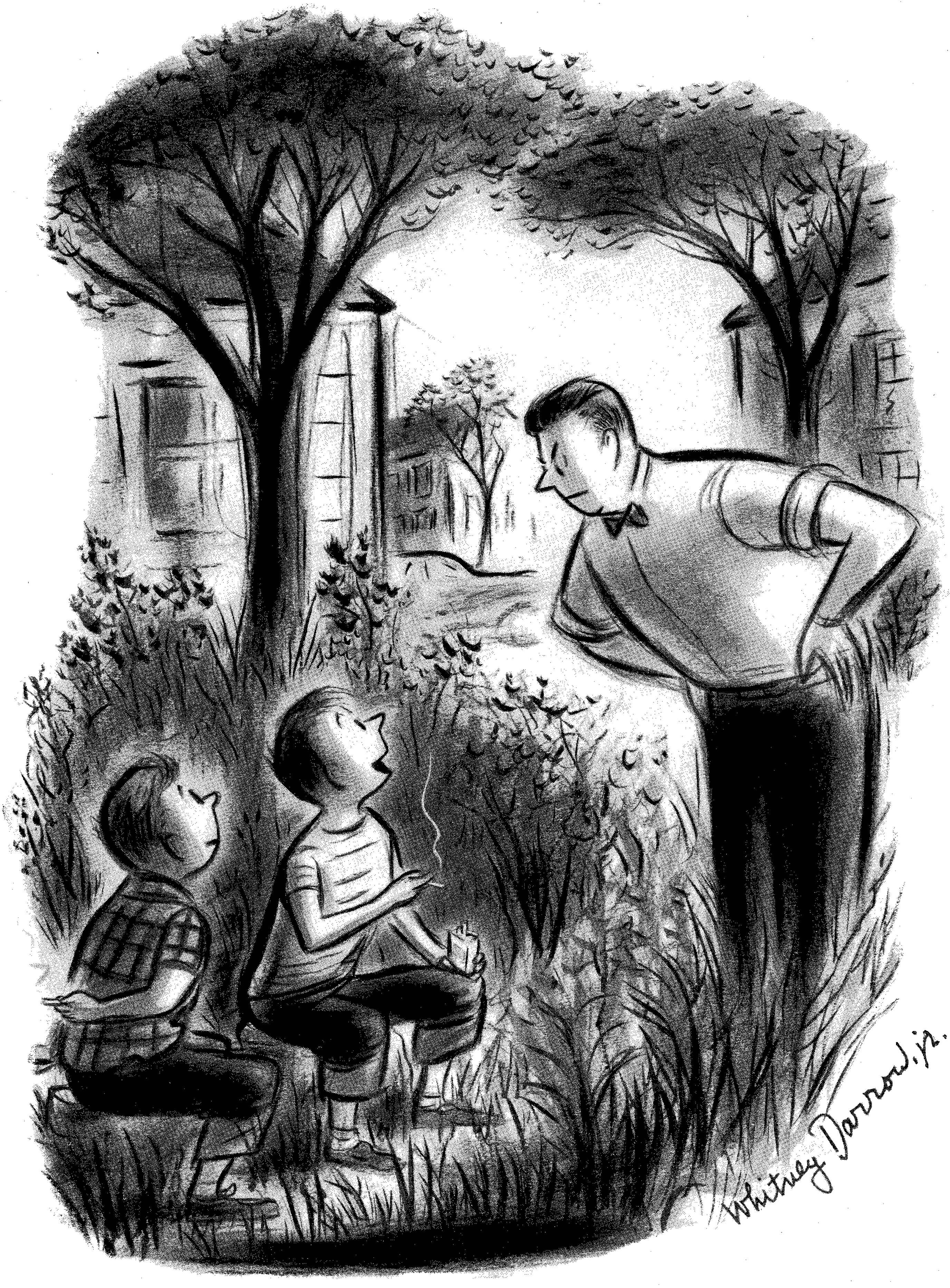
—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

* * *

So we've looked up the recipe and are giving it to you today . . . and a delectable sounding dish it is! And good for summer meals too, for the first cooking can be done ahead of time.

Spread one cup of dry white ice in a shallow pan, place in a fairly hot oven of 375 to 425 degrees F. and bake, stirring occasionally until golden brown.—*Boston Herald.*

That's one of those dishes where the further ahead of time you do them, the better.


Whitney Darrow, jr.

"But gee, Pop, they say the doctors all smoke 'em."

PROFILES

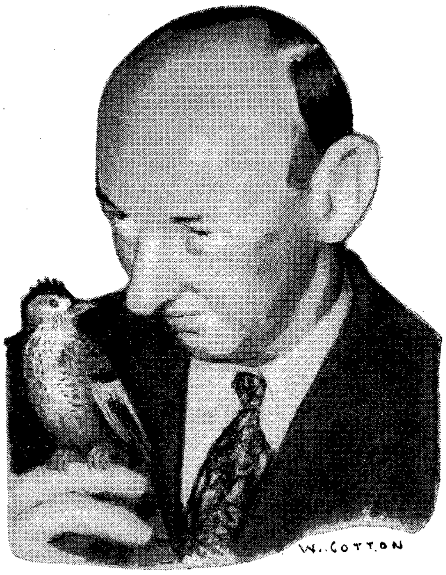
CURATOR GETTING AROUND

Dr. Sidney Dillon Ripley II is, at thirty-six, one of the country's outstanding authorities on, and collectors of, birds of the Far East. He probably knows more about Indian birds than anyone else outside India. Although he holds the sedentary-sounding titles of Associate Curator of Zoology at the Peabody Museum of Natural History at Yale University and Assistant Professor of Zoology at Yale, he is a migrant, rather than a resident, ornithologist. Since 1936, when he graduated from Yale, he has spent nearly two-thirds of his time outside the United States, tirelessly pursuing birds. He has acquired birds by hand, net, trap, shotgun, slingshot, purchase, barter, gift, and deputy, in New England, the Galapagos and Marquesas Islands, Tahiti, Samoa, the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, the Dutch East Indies, Japan, Ceylon, Malaya, India, Burma, and Nepal. He has studied bird skins in most of the natural-history museums of America, Asia, and Europe. To help him feel at home on his travels, he has joined, in addition to some fifteen other social clubs and ornithological or zoological societies, the British Ornithologist's Union, the Conseil International de la Chasse, the Bombay Natural History Society, the Siam Society of Bangkok, the Himalayan Club, and the Zoological Society of India. Unlike most ornithologists, he is an aviculturist as well, and a distinguished one. He is a director of the Avicultural Society of America, and his assemblage of living waterfowl, quartered on a five-acre, wire-fenced bird preserve he owns in Litchfield, Connecticut, has been pronounced by Jean Delacour, of 995 Fifth Avenue and Clères, France, the Society's vice-president and the grand panjandrum of bird-keeping, the choicest such colony in the Western Hemisphere.

Birds are important to Ripley, and he does not like to see them sit, or perch, below the salt. The fact that ornithology, like archeology and butterfly-collecting, has often served as a cover for espionage and other extraterritorial political activity constitutes, in his opinion, a regrettable subordination of the affairs of birds to those of men and a distasteful violation of the rules of proportion. He has done his best to restore the balance. Ripley is as patriotic as the next ornithologist or aviculturist, and he has functioned with airy competence both as a political observer and as a secret agent, but in so doing he has on occasion reversed the politics-and-espionage-through-ornithology formula. He once posed as a man of considerable political influence in order to gain access to an extremely esoteric birdy terrain in the Himalayas. During the war against Japan, he took advantage of his position as chief of the Office of Strategic Services' Secret Intelligence branch in southeast Asia to make an avifaunal survey of Ceylon. "I thought about birds all during the war," he has said. Some time after the end of the conflict, he contributed to *Animal Kingdom*, the bimonthly bulletin of the New York Zoological Society, an article entitled "Souvenirs of Ceylon," which started off:

> One of the pleasantest things that happened to me during the late unlamented War was to be stationed for nearly two years in southeast Asia with headquarters in Ceylon. Besides being one of the really beautiful islands of the world, Ceylon boasts a multitude and variety of birds, most of which I had never had the luck to see before. Even during my first few days in Colombo, a pleasant but definitely citified town, I began to see strange birds.... Nearly every garden has its pair of barbets.

Ripley, who was attached, as a civilian, to a military unit of the South East Asia Command, and whose duties included training, equipping, briefing, and sending into Java and Sumatra four Indonesian spies, all of whom were eventually killed, as well as dispatching behind-the-lines undercover men to assist guerrillas in South Burma, Malaya, and Siam, went on to report the sighting of such creatures as purple sunbirds, seven-sisters babblers, white-breasted kingfishers, scops owls, paradise flycatchers, and a variety of storks and herons. During his Ceylon tour of duty, he got to see, often from jeeps, nearly every one of the two hundred and forty species and subspecies of birds that are either migratory or year-around residents of the island. Their habits, in some instances, he noted, differed from those described by earlier ornithologists. "*Muscicapa sordida* and *Zosterops ceylonensis* occur at only 1800 feet, far lower, in the former case, than previously known," he reported in *Spolia Zeylanica*, a scientific journal published at irregular intervals



Dr. Sidney Dillon Ripley II

by the Colombo Museum. "In the case of *Zosterops*, *Gracula*, and *Dissemurus*, formerly sympatric forms (i.e., closely related forms which occupy mutually exclusive habitats), are now found occupying overlapping ranges. Whether this is a totally new condition, or whether more extensive collecting has simply revealed something which has existed previously is not easy to determine, but the weight of evidence of previous authors (Legge, Wait, etc.) indicates that the former is the case." Ripley likes to think well of his fellow-ornithologists, past and present, and he breathed happily when he came to the conclusion that *Zosterops* and *Gracula* had moved, rather than that Legge and Wait had erred. He can be severe, however, when the occasion demands. Of *Pellorneum albiventre*, a small brown babbler confined to southeast Asia, he once wrote in *Ibis*, the British Ornithologist's Union quarterly:

> *Pellorneum albiventre* is a link between the two currently recognized genera of *Pellorneum* and *Malacocincla* (see Delacour 1947).... In shape and size and plainness of colour pattern, *albiventre* resembles the species *Malacocincla tickellii* more closely than any species of its own genus, but Delacour (*loc. cit.*) feels that the absence of rictal bristles and the narrowness of the bill place *albiventre* in *Pellorneum*. It is an arbitrary decision at best.

On another occasion, in *The Auk*, the American Ornithologists' Union quarterly, he observed, of a subspecies of Malaysian cuckoo:

> Riley (Proc. Biol. Soc. Wash., 51: 96, 1938) named a race, *minor*, from Borneo, on the basis of "averaging a lighter gray on the head, throat, and chest; the size smaller in comparison with *sumatranus*." The measurements of eight specimens, in-

> cluding the type of *minor*, fall within the range of measurements of *sumatranus*. . . . Birds from Peninsular Siam tend to agree with Bornean specimens in being very slightly paler gray on the head and throat. They are also in agreement in falling within the smaller range of measurements expressed in the series. However, considered by themselves, Bornean birds will not uphold the name *minor*. Even by lumping them with upper Malay Peninsula specimens, a difficult feat from the zoogeographical point of view, there is too much overlap in size and color to allow this separation.

Ripley himself has been caught off base—head, throat, chest, and all. In 1945, in *The Auk*, he published a paper on the barbets of the world that omitted several species and prompted a colleague to write him, "In your haste, you have exterminated a number of species." Ripley reinstated the missing birds in a subsequent, corrective report. He thinks that his war activities may have distracted him and caused the lapse.

In order to join the O.S.S., Ripley quit an assistant curatorship of birds in the Smithsonian Institution. In 1943, shortly after taking his first good look at the birds of Ceylon, he asked his old office to send him some collecting equipment on a *quid-pro-quo* basis that would entitle the Smithsonian to any birds he might acquire. The Smithsonian sent him trays, a shotgun, skinning tools, and so forth. He thereupon proceeded to supplement his avifaunal survey with a shotgun sampling, undertaken by himself and several natives whom he engaged, that yielded four hundred and thirty-two specimens. These included a *Picus chlorolophus wellsi*, or small green woodpecker, which he laid low in Kandy one afternoon in 1944 while tidying himself up for a cocktail party that was being given by Lieutenant General Raymond A. Wheeler, the American Deputy Supreme Allied Commander on the staff of Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, head of the South East Asia Command. At the time, Ripley was living, and shaving, in a palm-leaf hut a hundred yards from the site of the cocktail party, an outdoor affair. He caught sight of the Picus while in mid-lather. Dressed only in a bath towel, he grabbed his gun, rushed

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out, and banged away. His towel fell off, and as he ran up to retrieve the bird, he noticed a number of officers and ladies, Martinis in hand, peering at him over some tea bushes that separated him from the festivity. He joined them a few minutes later, and modestly advised Mountbatten, who had greeted him a trifle coolly, that the Picus, though up to then unrepresented in his collection, was not unknown to science.

Ripley's civilian status, together with his arresting presence—he is six feet three and a half and looks like a rather worldly pelican—enabled him to mix easily with high-ranking officers, and in the main his relations with Mountbatten were cordial. "Ripley's previous contacts and experience, and his imagination, resourcefulness, energy, and tenacity, made him very useful to us," Major General William J. Donovan, who was the head of the O.S.S., has since said. Ripley's energy and tenacity, however, are usually concealed by a languid and lackadaisical air, and this at times deceived some of his British associates in the South East Asia Command, particularly lower-level Military Intelligence agents, who distrusted the United States' intentions in the area to begin with and would have been suspicious of any American who, dressed in civilian garb, went around prattling constantly about birds. Even a few high-echelon, public-school-bred English officers, taking Ripley for the eccentric country-squire type with which they were familiar, tended to underestimate him. Visiting New Delhi in the fall of 1943, Donovan was permitted to peek at some British secret reports on Americans in India. One of these, signed by a colonel, read, "Ripley is not important. He is simply a gilded bird hunter."

If Ripley was aware of this attitude toward him on the part of some elements in the British forces, he didn't let it deflect him from his birdy leanings. During his two years in Ceylon, while diligently keeping Washington informed of military and political developments in the region, he collected several birds that, unlike the Picus, *were* unknown to science. One of these, a bulbul, or thrush, he named *Microscelis ictericus guglielmi*, after General Donovan. He notified Donovan of this fact via secret pouch. "I always suspected you were giving me the bird," the General wrote him jovially, "and now I know it." Escorted by Ripley, Donovan visited the *guglielmi* in the Smithsonian a year or so ago, and gazed at it with approbation.

ON two occasions, Ripley's assumption of political cover to go after elusive birds has helped him wangle his way into Nepal, an ornithologically imposing independent kingdom on the southern slope of the Himalayas but one so inhospitable to foreigners that no Occidental had ever been permitted to collect birds in its hinterlands. In the winter of 1947, fresh from a bird-collecting tour of India sponsored by Yale and the Smithsonian, Ripley was staying in New Delhi with a friend, George R. Merrell, then United States Commissioner to India and now Ambassador to Ethiopia. He confided to Merrell that he had an ambition to collect birds in Nepal. The Nepalese avifaunal setup, he explained, is unusually attractive since, thanks in part to an abundant rainfall and the resulting large supply of insects, the palisade of the Himalayas stretching into the country harbors an immense quantity of birds so contentedly stuffed with caterpillars and crickets from one end of the year to the other that they never bother to migrate. Ripley also pointed out that the bird picture in Nepal is of extraordinary consequence, for the topography is so plentifully and sharply ridged by great rivers and gorges, and has so great a variation between its highlands and lowlands, that somewhere in the country a dramatic break occurs in the fauna, so that widely differing forms of the same species are found. He had reason, he said, to suspect the existence in Nepal of *Ophrysia superciliosa*, an Indian mountain quail of which no specimen had been reported since 1876, and of which only eight examples, taken in the eighteen-forties, were known—one in the American Museum of Natural History and the rest in the British Museum. Merrell listened to his house guest sympathetically. He soon brought Ripley together with Colonel Daman Rana, Nepal's Consul General in India, at a lunch at the American Legation. Merrell knew that Ripley had recently dined with Jawaharlal Nehru, who was already quite a power in Indian affairs, and he also knew that Colonel Rana was interested in furthering a commercial treaty between India and Nepal. Merrell introduced Ripley to the Colonel as a great friend of Nehru's. Ripley made some complimentary remarks about the birds of Nepal and expressed a strong desire to remove some of them, in the interests of science. The Colonel looked blank. Ripley switched adroitly to a discussion of the local political situation, slipping in occasional references to his friendship with Nehru. The Colonel's eyes brightened. Not long afterward, he passed along Ripley's ornithological request to the Prime Minister of Nepal, Maharajah Sir Padma Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana. Padma, whose family had run Nepal for more than a century, replied that a visit would be in order, and that Ripley could have permission to roam around within a fifteen-mile radius of the capital. Ripley was not entirely satisfied with this invitation, because of its geographical limitations. Nevertheless, regarding it as an opening wedge, he went to Nepal, accompanied by Edward Migdalski, his taxidermic assistant at the Peabody Museum, who had gone along with him to India.

In Nepal, Ripley and Migdalski were put up in a government bungalow. "It was sparsely furnished," Ripley

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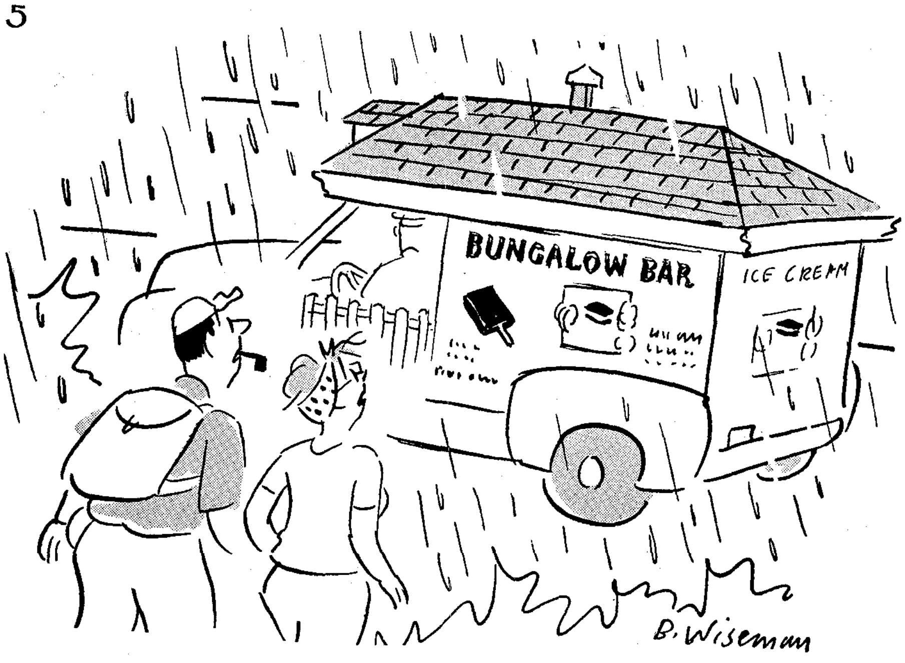
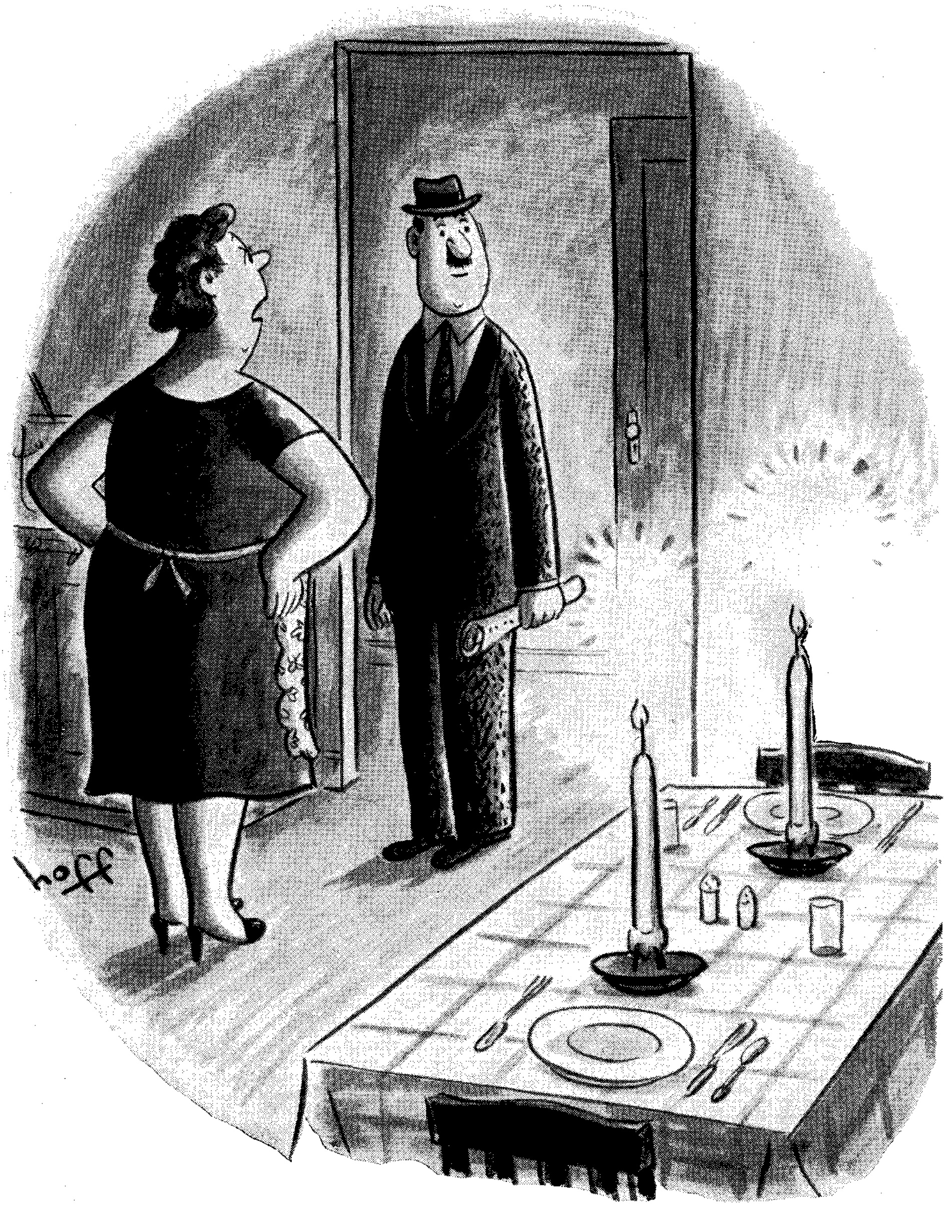


says. "I had hopes of visiting the hinterlands later, so I at once complained about the furniture, for the purpose of enhancing our prestige. In the Orient, you know, you have to impress people in a social way. What's bad taste here is often essential there." Ripley got an extra sofa, and, at an audience with the Prime Minister, presented a memorandum asking if he might come back in a year or two and move about more freely. He then launched into a discussion of Nepalese birds, and was about to take up the subject of *Ophrysia superciliosa* when he realized that the Maharajah, much in the manner of Colonel Rana, was looking at him with a glazed expression. He quickly shifted to a political discussion, well bolstered with allusions to important friends of his in the American and British governments, and to his acquaintanceship with Nehru. The Prime Minister listened attentively, then conferred with a general who was in attendance. The general turned to Ripley and said it would be O.K. for him to come back later with an expedition and visit the interior. Ripley pulled a silk scarf out of his pocket and gave it to the Prime Minister, who looked startled (Ripley later learned that the P.M. is always supposed to give the first present when he grants a foreign visitor an audience) and sent an attendant out of the room. This man returned with two jewelled kukris, or Gurkha knives, which the Prime Minister gave to Ripley. Ripley and Migdalski stayed in Nepal a month, keeping within the fifteen-mile limit and, with the help of less-restricted native collectors, acquired six hundred birds and small mammals, which were divided between the Smithsonian and Yale. They failed to get an *Ophrysia superciliosa*.

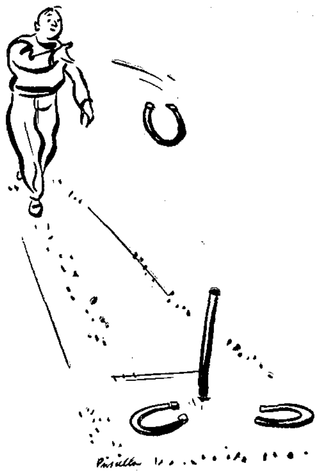
Some doubt was cast on Ripley's plans for a second, and much more extensive, Nepalese trip a year or so later, when Padma was succeeded as Prime Minister by Maharajah Sir Mohun Shamsher Jang Bahadur Rana. By this time, Ripley, whose Yale schedule permits him to spend every other year on research and work in the field, had secured the sponsorship of the National Geographic Society, Yale, and the Smithsonian for his expedition. In the summer of 1948, he received word from Mohun that he and his party would be welcome in Nepal but that only the lowlands would be open to them. "Nepal was twelve thousand miles away," Ripley says. "A great distance when one has something delicate to negotiate. So I thought it best to go there and talk it over face to face." Accompanied by Migdalski, two recent Yale graduates, and a couple of *National Geographic* photographers, Ripley arrived in Nepal in the fall of 1948. He was relieved to find an unusually large and well-furnished bungalow placed at their disposal. He called on the new Prime Minister and told him that he was deep in an ornithological study of the entire Indian region and that a failure to include a comprehensive account of the birds of Nepal would make a regrettable lacuna in his work. Mohun observed impassively that he didn't know much about birds. Ripley cleared his throat and said that many of his friends, among them Mr. Nehru, regarded his enterprise as a valuable one, and that, in a way that was difficult to assess, it might carry a certain political weight. He had, he reported truthfully, written Mr. Nehru about his previous pleasant stay in Nepal. The Prime Minister's expression softened. He told Ripley that he and his companions might go wherever they liked.

Ripley's party, which travelled by train, foot, elephant, bullock cart, command car, dugout, and truck, was attended by a cook, five servants, and, depending on the terrain, anywhere from forty to sixty-five coolies. For four months, it canvassed the valleys and mountains of Nepal, at one time camping, sixty miles south of Mount Everest, on a ten-thousand-foot ridge, from which it was driven by a fourteen-inch blizzard. During the latter part of its stay, it was joined by Mrs. Sidney Legendre, an American explorer. Neither Ripley nor his companions ever did see an *Ophrysia superciliosa*, but they collected several other exceedingly rare birds, among them an *Acanthoptila*



"Romantic, hell! You didn't pay the light bill."

nepalensis, or spiny babbler (which Ripley himself shot), a bird never before seen alive by any European or American ornithologist and theretofore represented among collectors only by three one-hundred-and-six-year-old skins in the British Museum and one in the American Museum of Natural History, all of them terribly faded. Eight new subspecies of other birds were also taken. These included a *Megalaima zeylanica rana* ("It gives me great pleasure," Ripley later wrote, in a paper entitled "New Birds from Nepal and the Indian Region" and published by the Biological Society of Washington, "to dedicate this new subspecies to the Rana family, the family of the Prime Ministers of Nepal, who have made and shaped the destiny of that Country for over one hundred years"), a *Mulleripicus pulverulentus mohun* ("It gives me great pleasure to name this subspecies in honor of the Prime Minister-Ruler of Nepal who did so much to make our Expedition a success"), and a variety of laughing thrush that Ripley named *Garrulax rufogularis grosvenori*, after Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, president of the National Geographic Society. Grosvenor, informed of this distinction, wrote Ripley that, among birds, the thrushes had long been his and Mrs. Grosvenor's favorite family. Last winter, as editor of the *Geographic*, Grosvenor ran an article Ripley wrote about his trip. Among its illustrations was a color plate of the bird named after the magazine's chief, which a caption modestly described, without its Latin tag, as a "rufous-chinned laughing thrush."



Two-thirds of the expenses of the second Nepal expedition were underwritten by the Geographic Society; the remaining costs, like the specimens taken, were divided between Yale and the Smithsonian. Ripley, according to one of his associates on the trip, was a prudent, industrious, and economical leader. This associate later wrote to a friend:

> After three and a half months in the jungles and hinterlands of Nepal, we began to respect him for his New England frugality. We think that it must be from New England. During meals, Dr. Ripley would always sit at the head of the table. From this throne, like the headmaster in a boarding school, or as is done to small children, Ripley would mete out each expedition member's ration. A day in the field developed ravenous appetites. We soon lost all pride about finishing our portion first, in order to scrape out the serving dishes.
>
> A rare treat after meals during the cold nights in the mountains was a little warming liquid refreshment. Some of this had been generously provided by Mrs. Sidney Legendre . . . Dr. Ripley was also the self-appointed austerity bartender. The cork was replaced and the bottle put away after each man had received about a quarter of an inch of whiskey in the bottom of his glass.
>
> In the field, Dr. Ripley was an untiring worker. Fired by the desire to add to the bird collection, he would often stalk out of his tent at dawn and return with a bag of specimens before breakfast. He used every spare minute to classify and identify birds. We never ceased to be impressed by his encyclopedic mind and retentive memory. He was never stinting with his knowledge, and in this respect all of us profited by our association with him. It was something like a private college seminar.

Returning from Nepal in the spring of 1949, Ripley spent the better part of the next year classifying the combined take of his two Nepal expeditions—nearly two thousand birds, representing three hundred and fifty varieties. He has recently submitted the results of his research to the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society*. Working the problem out ornithologically, he has established that the main faunal break in Nepal is along the isohyetal line. Around the time he came to this decision, last May, a commercial treaty was signed between India and Nepal. A number of Ripley's friends, aware of the flavor of his negotiations with the Maharajah, have congratulated him on this, but he is inclined to dismiss it as a fortunate non sequitur to his friendship with Nehru.

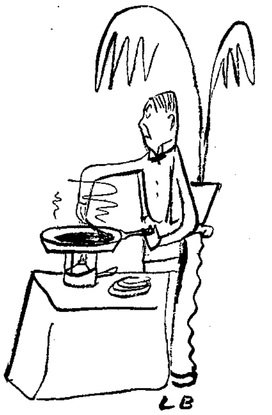
THE fact that Ripley feels a singular affinity for birds and the Far East and possesses the wherewithal to indulge his enthusiasm for both so fully may be ascribed in part to family background and in part to exceptionally acute powers of vision, with which he is endowed by nature. Born September 20, 1913, in a house his family owned at 48 West Fifty-second Street, he is the youngest of the four children of Louis A. Ripley, a former stockbroker, whose maternal grandfather was Sidney Dillon, one of the principal contractors for, twice president of, and, later, first chairman of the board of the Union Pacific Railroad. Mr. Dillon bought two thousand acres in Litchfield in the eighteen-seventies. Louis Ripley eventually inherited a considerable share of this property and around 1906 decorated it with a large half-timbered Tudor mansion. Dillon Ripley—he never uses the Sidney—divided his early years between this house, the Manhattan one, and the Fay School, in Southboro, Massachusetts. His parents were divorced when he was three—the senior Ripley, who now lives in Atlantic City, turned the Litchfield mansion over to Mrs. Ripley—and he, as well as the other children, was brought up by his mother, the daughter of a Scotsman named Rose, who had settled in Canada. The Rose family was active in the affairs of India during the nineteenth century. Young Dillon's attention was also attracted to the Far East by the circumstance that a Connecticut neighbor of his family's was William Rockhill, a diplomat and explorer who had spent much of his life in China and Tibet. Rockhill died when Ripley was an infant, but his widow kept a large number of Oriental guns and swords he had collected, and as a child Ripley used to call on her and, with her permission, polish up the weapons. When he wasn't polishing weapons, he was out spying on birds, and Mrs. Ripley soon noted, with astonishment, that her youngest child was apparently able to see not only birds that were in front of him but birds that were way off at either side. "By the time Dillon was ten, he could see out of the corners of his eyes, like a dragonfly," she once told a friend.

At twelve, Ripley entered St. Paul's School, where he speedily familiarized himself with the birds endemic to Concord, New Hampshire. The following year, his mother took all four children to India, where for several months they were the guests in Nagpur, the capital of the Central Provinces, of John L. Mott, then a Y.M.C.A. official and now director of International House, on Riverside Drive. "We saw the last vestige of imperial India," Ripley recalls. "It was still the Kipling era—tennis at six in the morning, back to bed at eight, breakfast at eleven, tea in the afternoon, dinner at nine. I remember dining at the Governor's and sitting in gilded chairs in the anteroom while we waited for him and his wife to come in. When they *did* come in, two flunkies blew silver trumpets, and everyone got up and curtsied or bowed."

Ripley enjoys pomp and ceremony, and his interest in taxonomy has carried over to the field of genealogy, especially his own. He believes that he felt particularly at home in India as a boy—and still does—because his mother's family had played such a prominent role there. He takes satisfaction in the fact that the first British Commander-in-Chief in India after India became a Crown possession, in 1858, was a collateral ancestor, Sir Hugh Rose, later Lord Strathnairn, and he likes to tell people that the Roses, some of whom he has visited in Scotland, are famed for "dowsing," or locating water by divining rod. "When my sister Julie built a house in Litchfield, in 1934, and needed a water supply," he has related, "Mother found it, thirty feet down, with a witch-hazel wand." In 1947, in New Delhi, Ripley and Merrell lunched with the late Field Marshal Earl Wavell, then Viceroy of India. Ripley mentioned the fact that his mother had been a Rose. "Ah," said the Viceroy, "my battalion chief before the First World War was The Rose, the chief of the clan. Great dowser. Capital dowsers, the Roses." Ripley himself is no good at dowsing.

Upon returning, in 1927, to St. Paul's, with a well-travelled air, Ripley founded the Offal-Eating Club, a short-lived outfit whose members retrieved, cooked, and ate rabbits and pheasants that had been run over by automobiles. His interest in birds continued. Three or four years later, fired by reading the duck-raising memoirs of Lord Grey of Fallodon, he made a pond on his family's place at Litchfield by diverting the course of a brook, and stocked it with mallards, teal, wood ducks, and redheads, which he bought from a dealer. "It wasn't many weeks," he subsequently wrote in *Natural History*, the Museum of Natural History's magazine, "before the birds were untying my shoelaces and tugging at my trousers for more [grain], so quickly did they realize that here they were perfectly safe and at home. The next spring some of my birds bred, and young birds were raised who soon became as tame as their parents. Four years after the pond had been built there were as many as seventy-five wild ducks flying into it at one time." Ripley also stocked the pond with a few eiders—ordinarily salt-water fowl—which he imported by hand from Maine while they were still in their eggs. He persuaded some Rhode Island hens to hatch them, and fed them liver and worms, and they, too, flourished, and untied his shoelaces and tugged at his trousers in a highly gratifying way.

At Yale, Ripley, who looks a good deal like Noel Coward as well as like a pelican, was active in dramatics. On weekends in New York, he visited the Museum of Natural History, where Dr. Ernst Mayr and the late Dr. Frank M. Chapman, two of the Museum's top bird curators, permitted him to examine skins. He regarded ornithology as a hobby, and briefly considered becoming a professional actor, but during his senior year at New Haven decided, after a talk with his brother Louis, to become a lawyer. "Louis told me we ought to have a lawyer in the family," he has said, "but I really hated the idea, and in the summer of 1936, after graduating from college, I resolved to abandon all thoughts of a prosperous and worthy future and devote myself to birds, the subject I was overpoweringly interested in." Ripley registered at Columbia for several courses in zoology, a subject he hadn't taken at Yale, but after a few weeks he was tempted away from his academic work by an invitation from a couple of friends to accompany them on their fifty-nine-foot schooner to the South Seas. The owners of this vessel, Frederick E. Crockett, a photographer, and his wife, an anthropologist, had been asked by the Academy of Natural Sciences, of Philadelphia, to collect birds for it; they suggested that Ripley take charge of the ornithological end of the trip. Along with a Bryn Mawr classmate of Mrs. Crockett's, a navigator, an engineer, and a cook, Ripley and the Crocketts sailed from Philadelphia in December, 1936.



During the next year and a half, Ripley covered thirty thousand miles by water and, in New Guinea, Tahiti, Samoa, the Fijis, and the Solomons, shot and skinned twelve hundred birds, and secured, either by capture or by purchase from dealers, nearly a hundred live birds, among them birds of paradise. Before the end of the trip, Crockett sold the schooner, so Ripley brought his haul back by freighter. Assisted by his mother, who had joined him in New Guinea, he spent most of the voyage, which lasted forty-nine days, cleaning the forty-two cages in which the live birds were quartered and feeding the occupants from supplies consisting of two thousand bananas, a hundred and fifty papaya melons, two crates of lettuce, eight hundred pounds of assorted grain, two hundred pounds of meat, two hundred pounds of fish, several quarts of ants' eggs, six bottles of cod-liver oil, and one five-gallon tin of almonds. Only five of the birds died. Ripley gave some of the survivors to the Bronx and Philadelphia Zoos, and sold the rest to Frank Buck and a number of dealers, at a profit of fifteen hundred dollars. His rarer skins included those of a pair of Biak owls, *Otus beccarii*, of which there was only one previous specimen (a male taken in 1875 in Biak by an Italian ornithologist and deposited in the Natural History Museum in Genoa), and a variety of Samoan starling of which the Philadelphia Academy had only a single specimen (a broken-billed, bedraggled one collected a hundred years earlier by Titian R. Peale, the naturalist and painter). Ripley and his schooner-mates braved malaria, nettles, offers of poisoned papaya, and cannibals on their trip; their spirits were sustained not only by the interesting birds they found but by the fact that on a number of islands in the Pacific they were entertained at parties given in the belief that the expedition's ornithologist, who was always made the guest of honor, was Robert L. ("Believe It or Not") Ripley, a belief that Ripley never bothered to deny before the canapés had been passed several times.

Ripley's second overseas bird hunt took place in 1939, when the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences commissioned him and one of its staff men to join an expedition for the collection of birds, mammals, and plants in Sumatra that George Vanderbilt, a classmate of Ripley's at St. Paul's, had been conducting for the Academy since 1936. In the six months that Ripley spent with this expedition, he ran into a trying nomenclatural quandary, because of two ornithological house rules—one that a newly discovered bird isn't officially christened until its name has been recorded in a scientific publication and the other that it is considered poor form to name a bird for its discoverer unless he is a non-ornithologist. The difficult situation arose when, shortly after shooting what he assumed was a new subspecies of finch on a mountain near Atjeh, in northern Sumatra, Ripley visited the Raffles Museum and Library, in Singa-

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pore, and saw with horror the very same subspecies in a collection that the museum had recently received from a Dutch mountain patrol in Sumatra. "My God, I've just collected this!" he said to the director of the Raffles, F. N. Chasen. "Oh dear!" exclaimed Chasen. "I'm just about to describe it." Ripley generously supplied him with some notes on the bird's habits—information of a sort that the Dutch patrol was presumably not in a position to furnish ("It will not allow a close approach but flies readily and strongly, uttering at the same time a short, tinkling song resembling *Zosterops a. atricapilla*, but somewhat louder," the notes read, in part)—whereupon Chasen declared his intention of naming the novelty *Serinus estherae ripleyi*. Confronted with the choice of having the bird named after him or letting the Philadelphia Academy get credit for its discovery, thereby making it *ripleyi*less, Ripley did not hesitate. He at once air-mailed the skin of his bird to Rodolphe de Schauensee, curator of birds of the Academy, advising him of the circumstances. De Schauensee gave the finch top priority. He named it *Serinus estherae vanderbilti*, and rushed this listing into the next issue of *Notulae Naturae*, an occasional publication of his Academy, beating by three weeks Chasen's description of *his* finch as *Serinus estherae ripleyi*, published in *Treubia*, the journal of the Buitenzorg, Java, Zoological and Botanical Garden. "The Ripley finch went into synonymy," Ripley says. "Rather annoying."

AFTER spending the early part of 1940 in Philadelphia helping de Schauensee sort and classify the thousand-odd birds the Vanderbilt expedition had collected, Ripley took stock of his position. He found that he was an ornithologist with several years of field and research experience centering on birds of the Far East but without the academic standing that would qualify him for regular museum work or teaching. He decided to remedy this by taking a Ph.D. in zoology at Harvard. He selected as his thesis "The Bird Fauna of the West Sumatra Islands," and set about converting himself into a doctor. Early in 1942, before the conversion was completed, he joined the Smithsonian as an associate curator of birds. When he moved on to the O.S.S., later that year, he was still putting the last touches on his thesis, which he finished, to the extent that world conditions would permit, a few months afterward. "Certain final questions of identification remain unsettled," he

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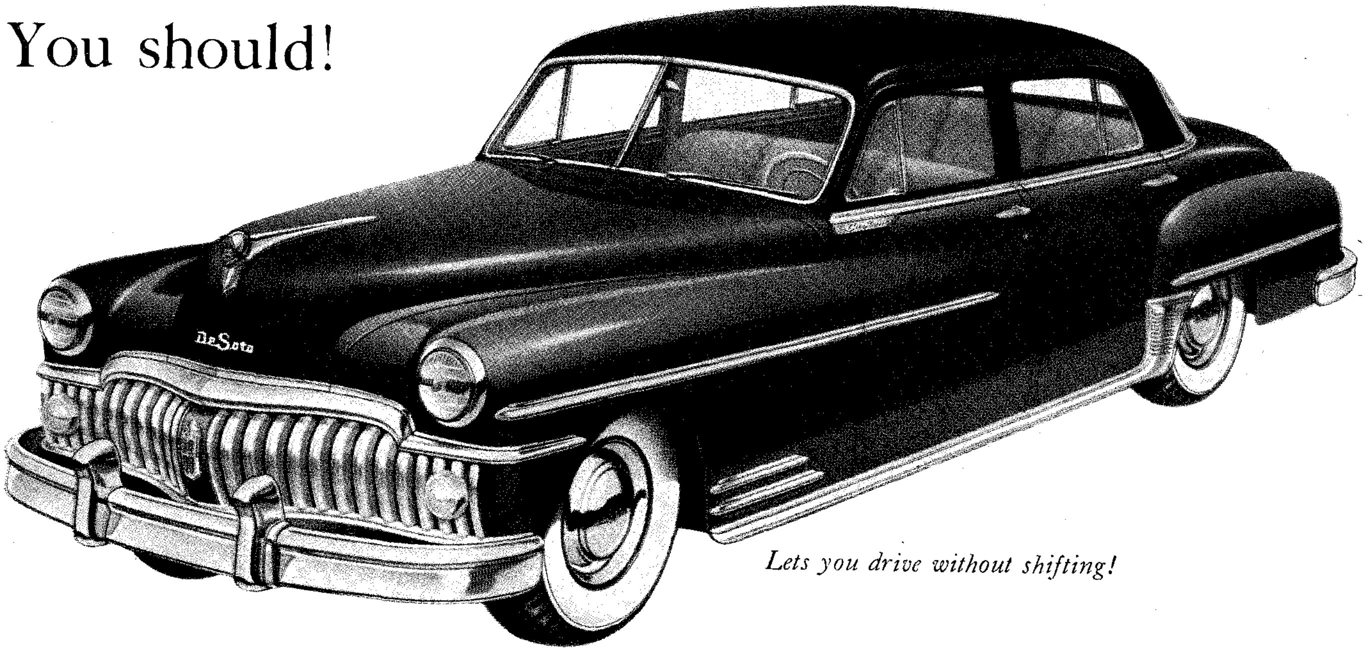

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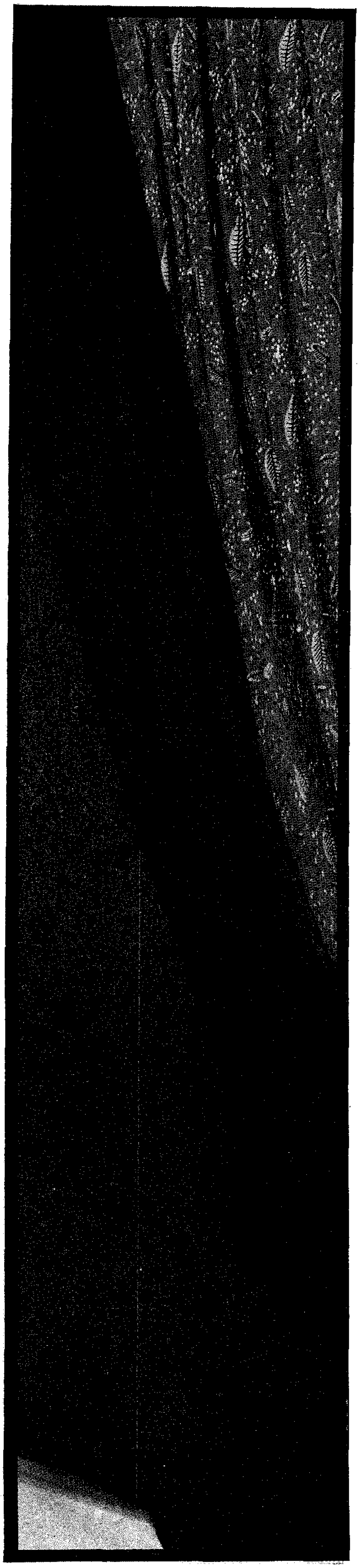

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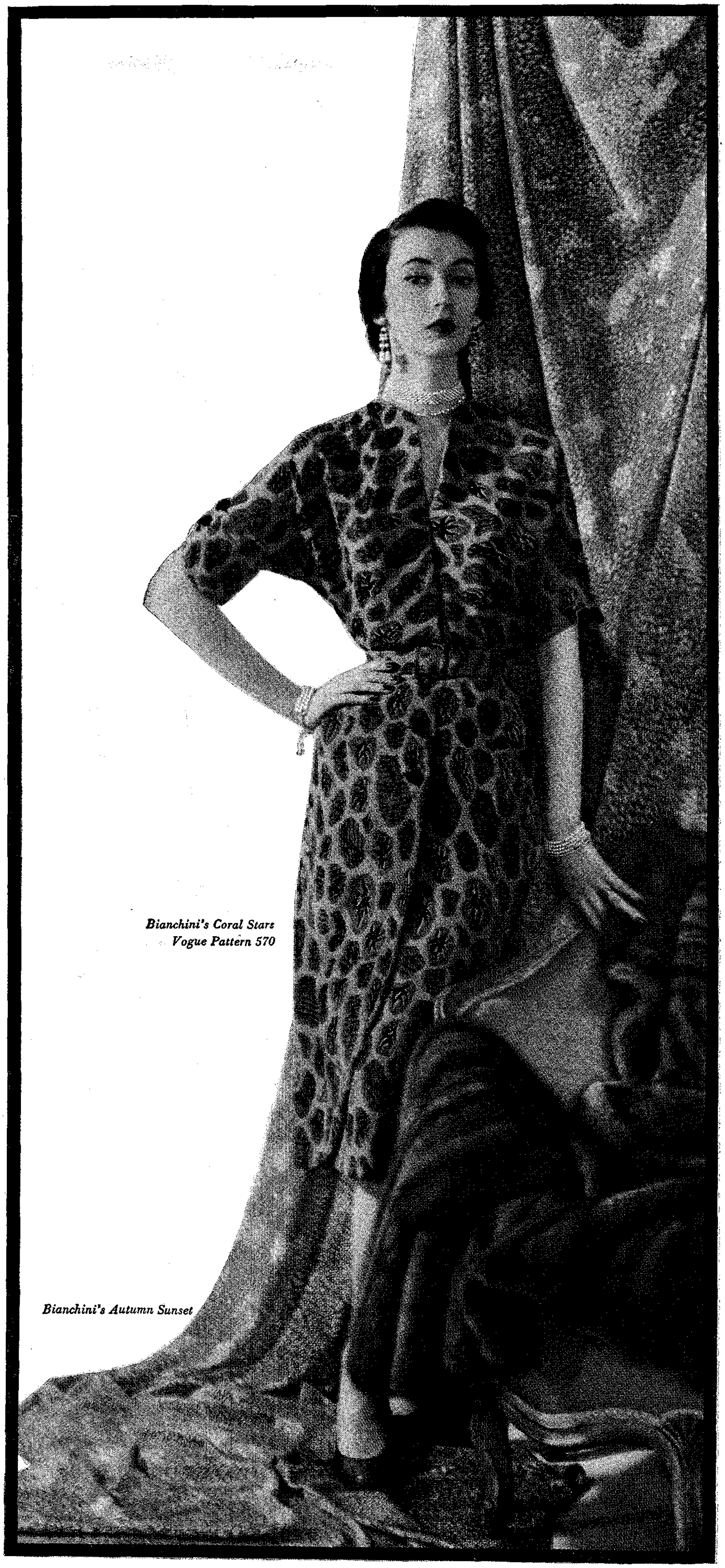

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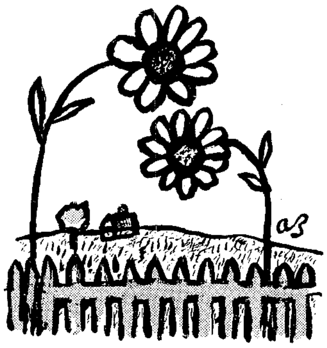
wrote in an appendix to this essay in November, 1944. "For this unfortunately there is no solution until such time as free communication, field study, and research in general return to their proper places in this now sadly maladjusted world. That this will happen in good time is the earnest hope and calm conviction of all those of us who now labor in alien and exciting fields."

The alien and exciting fields in which Ripley was laboring had been rendered accessible to him by Wilmarth S. Lewis, the celebrated connoisseur of Horace Walpole and Yale trustee, a ground-floor member of the O.S.S. and an old friend of Ripley's, who tapped him for the Donovan organization. Ripley attended a series of hush-hush espionage schools near Washington and soon had to do with Intelligence plans for the penetration of the Dutch East Indies, then held by the Japanese. Following the successful recruiting of a few Indonesian espionage agents in this country, and an unsuccessful attempt to recruit others in Egypt, he visited several British Intelligence schools in India; served as a representative of Donovan in New Delhi, working on plans to integrate the O.S.S. into the Mountbatten setup (General MacArthur refused to have anything to do with the O.S.S., so in the Far East this agency had to work with the British); and then, in the fall of 1943, went to Ceylon, where he assumed his duties as Intelligence chief. There, between forays for barbets and scops owls ("Americans hunting owls!" Ripley once shouted at an Indian sentry who, bayonet fixed, challenged him and Corey Ford, an Air Force major temporarily on duty with the O.S.S., as their bird-hunting jeep drove through the woods near Trincomalee, a British naval base), he received news by secret wireless from his agents in the Dutch East Indies and from the Siamese underground, and sent back to Washington political reports that General Donovan has since characterized as first-rate. "Dillon knew how to get on in that part of the world," he says.



The end of the war gave Ripley an opportunity to extend the field of his official activities and to wear, in line of duty, his hot-weather dinner coat, which he had taken to the war zone as part of his equipment. On August 19, 1945, five days after the Emperor of Japan had ordered his troops to cease fire but ten days before the Japanese surrender in southern Burma, Ripley and Commander Edmond L. Taylor, chief of the O.S.S. mission in Bangkok, flew from Rangoon to Bangkok, where they were billeted at the Palace of the Roses, a state building controlled by the Siamese, who were generally, though covertly, sympathetic toward the Allies. While hiding there, Ripley obtained from Siamese Army officers reports of joint staff meetings of the Siamese and Japanese, which he relayed by secret wireless to Ceylon, and visited Allied prisoners of war and arranged for their evacuation to India. One night, the Regent of Siam, who headed his country's underground, gave a clandestine ball, at which Ripley and Taylor were the guests of honor, in an unoccupied palace taken over for the occasion. The affair was marked by the presence of a twenty-piece orchestra and leading local society ladies; a succession of soufflés, curries, and mousses; and the spectacle of Ripley, in black tie, energetically executing a *ramwong*, a Siamese dance that Taylor has described as "snaking around, waving your hands as well as your feet, not actually holding your partner." Ripley returned to Rangoon September 1st in a plane that also took out some twenty prisoners of war. The Siamese government has since awarded him the Order of the White Elephant for his aid to the Siamese underground during the war. He believes that his social life in Siam has more or less spoiled him for dances at the New Haven Lawn Club, which he occasionally attends and at which snaking around is frowned upon.

YALE's only authority on the *ramwong* is Associate Curator of Zoology at the Peabody Museum and Assistant Professor of Zoology as a result of a talk he had with Wilmarth Lewis in 1946, a few months after leaving the O.S.S. Ripley pointed out to Lewis that ornithology was not represented at the university on a graduate level, and that although the Peabody Museum had a bird collection, it didn't have a full-time ornithologist. Lewis has no use for birds—"I hate birds, because they hate me," he once said—but he felt that the presence on the the Peabody's staff of Ripley, a man who gets around, might give a beneficial

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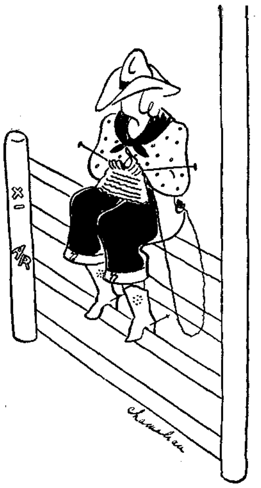
fillip to the museum, most of whose curators don't get around. He talked Ripley up in influential Yale Corporation and faculty circles, and Ripley got the job, and got it under the arrangement that allows him long leaves of absence for collecting. "The Peabody Museum desperately needed someone who spoke the same language as Yale graduates who are interested in the birds and the bees," Lewis has said. "Dillon is exceptionally housebroken, and there was a little discussion about his appointment—you know, a good, solid dinosaur man doesn't generally rub elbows any too comfortably with those who move about in the great world—but it's worked out well. Dillon could have been an elegant potterer, but no—he went through the mill."

Since going through the mill and establishing his headquarters at New Haven, Ripley, in addition to leading expeditions to India and Nepal, has visited various islands in the Pacific with the object of furthering the work of the Pacific War Memorial, a privately financed outfit, of which he is executive-committee chairman, that is sponsoring a program for floral and faunal conservation on islands where Americans fought; stopped off in Japan, where he recruited General MacArthur as a co-director of the Memorial; spent three weeks in Assam, at the invitation of the Indian government, studying the great Indian rhinoceros (rickety, because it is extensively poached upon by Chinese from Tibet for its horns, which, ground up, are reputed to be an aphrodisiac); and, this summer, ranged around the world, lecturing before the Royal Geographical Society in London, serving as an American delegate to the Tenth International Ornithological Congress, at Uppsala, Sweden, and collecting birds in India for the Peabody Museum. Ripley is grateful to Lewis for having helped make his present agreeable, peripatetic routine possible and for having contributed out of his own pocket to the 1946-47 Yale-Smithsonian expedition to India. Ripley collected a new subspecies of babbler on this jaunt, named it *Actinodura egertoni lewisi*, or Lewis's bar-winged babbler, and presented a stuffed specimen of it to Lewis, who gave it a place on the mantelpiece in his Walpole library at Farmington, Connecticut, where he occasionally contemplates it with mixed feelings.

LAST year, during a breather between expeditions, Ripley married Mrs. Livingston Eddy, née Mary Livingston, a taxonomically impeccable divorcée who in her childhood acquired a tolerance for birds at her parents' places on Long Island and in Georgia. The Ripleys live in a roomy house in New Haven, surrounded by Gurkha knives, teakwood-topped rhinoceros legs, tiger skins, Singhalese dancing masks, New Guinea helmets made out of orchid stems, Sumatran witches' staffs, and a large ornithological library. They have a springer spaniel, a miniature pinscher, and a Nepalese terrier, a creature the size of a large Pekinese and somewhat resembling an English sheep dog, that a Nepalese friend of Ripley's sent him last spring. The only other one in America belongs to Mrs. Legendre. Ripley's is a female and Mrs. Legendre's a male; negotiations are under way for a union. During the college term, in his resident years, Ripley, often accompanied by the springer spaniel, spends most of his working time at the Peabody Museum, whose ornithological holdings he has enlarged by adding, among other things, the large bird collections of Orlando Weber, Jr., a wealthy young man, and of the Marquess Masauji Hachisuka, a leading Japanese ornithologist. Prominent in Ripley's office at the museum are bound volumes of *The Auk*, *Ibis*, *Spolia Zeylanica*, *Notulae Naturae*, *Treubia*, and the *Journal of the Bombay Natural History Society*, and a drawing of *Ophrysia superciliosa*, at which he sometimes peers enviously. He leaves his office every now and then to preside over a course called Ecological Principles, attended by a handful of graduate students, in a college classroom a few hundred yards away. In this, he reviews the contemporary interpretation of Darwin's theory of evolution, using ornithological examples, and also airs a few theories of his own. "I try to emphasize to students how they should tie their ties," he says. "I urge them to liven up their activities, and to write and talk interestingly about birds."



When Ripley is in this country, he usually spends weekends and summers at Litchfield, taking care of his waterfowl. Since the war, he has supplanted his pond with his bird preserve, on which he has created a two-acre lake. There he has approximately eighty ducks, of twenty-four species, as well as a few unusual geese. They are cared for by a neighbor, a young man who hopes to become a bird dealer, but Ripley takes over whenever he is in residence. Last spring, he and Mrs. Ripley drove a friend, an English professor at Yale who didn't know much about birds but was willing to learn, up to Litchfield for the weekend. Ripley stopped off at a local grocer's, picked up a box of waste vegetables, drove to the gate of his bird sanctuary, unlocked it, walked to the lake, and began throwing pieces of lettuce and cabbage into it. Birds came swimming up confidently; among them he pointed out ducks imported from India, Siam, Australia, Formosa, the Bahamas, and the Philippines, and geese from Alaska, the Aleutians, Siberia, Tibet, and Abyssinia. "That's Mathilda," he said, pointing to an emperor goose. "Spedan Lewis, the English department-store-chain owner, gave her to me. I'm trying to breed her, but you know birds often identify themselves with the person who feeds them in infancy—in this case, Lewis's waterfowl man, who's a bachelor. Seriously, breeding's a problem. Lots of wild ducks use this place for courting and nesting, and one of my hybrids acquired a wild-mallard wife, so *his* wife, or the hybrid who *should* be his wife, is flirting with everyone. Very bad!" Then he pointed to a tumultuous aquatic triangle of ducks, all three of the same species, and said, "He's trying to tread her, and the other male's trying to break it up. That kind of excitement can be good. It produces stimulating breeding conditions. That canvasback over there doesn't look well. See how bent down her tail is. She's off her feed. May have internal worms. Possibly botulism."

"Isn't your mother expecting us for tea?" said Mrs. Ripley.

"In a minute," replied her husband. He picked up a tin partly filled with sawdust from a nearby bird shelter, put it in a flat-bottomed boat, jumped in himself, and, kneeling, paddled out to a small island, from which he presently returned with several eggs resting in the sawdust. "Going to put them under a broody Bantam," he said, heading in the direction of a chicken coop. "Rats might get them on the island."

After a while, all hands adjourned to the house, half a mile off, where the senior Mrs. Ripley, who lives there most

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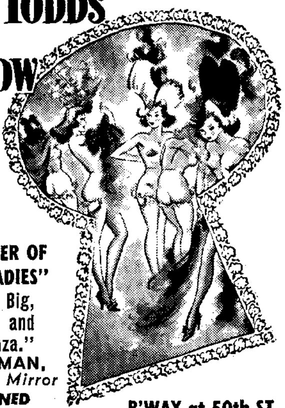
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of the year, greeted them cordially. Her son picked a feather off the floor. "What in the world is a Paraguayan tinamou doing here?" he asked. His mother glanced at the feather guiltily. "It must be from one of my Paris hats," she said. Ripley looked off into space. "The Paris *plumassiers* used to be a great source for bird collectors," he mused. "The late Lord Rothschild often canvassed them for specimens for his museum at Tring." He turned to his faculty colleague. "You know," he said, "the New Zealand huia, *Heterolocha acutirostris*, became extinct not long after 1897 because so many were killed that year to supply tail feathers for headdresses worn at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Astonishing bird! The male had a short, wedge-shaped beak, with which he hacked grubs out of tree trunks to feed the female, who had a long, sickle-shaped beak. It's the only example of the bill of one sex of a species having a function the bill of the other sex does not have. The question is: Did the female leave some grubs for the male?" None of those present seemed to know the answer to this, and the four sat down to tea.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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[*From "Hard Facts," by Howard Spring*]

With a pipe clenched in his teeth Theo was valiantly knocking out "There's no Place Like Home" on the piano ... Elsie Dillworth stood at his side, playing the violin. —*Page 206.*

As Theo drew near to the inn, he heard through the crystal of the night air the music of a violin. He had never heard Elsie play. —*Page 207.*

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SPECTACULAR STAGE PRESENTATION

THE THEATRE

LOTS OF ACTORS, NOT MUCH PLAY

IN "The Live Wire," at the Playhouse, Garson Kanin has turned up with several amusing characters, among them a theatrical agent who has all the terrible and brassy good-fellowship that fiction has taught us to associate with his villainous trade, an acquisitive Rockette who devotes a good deal of her time to making cryptic telephone calls to a friend of hers in the line, and a young man who seems to be a remarkably unappetizing specimen, even as actors go. Every now and then, Mr. Kanin also manages to produce the kind of dialogue and the special type of situation that made his "Born Yesterday" such a delight, but for some reason or other the total result is shapeless, dull, and perhaps more than a little silly.

It is never easy to arrive at the causes of the failure of a writer who has clearly demonstrated his aptitude before. Part of Mr. Kanin's difficulty in this case, I guess, is that he really hasn't a great deal to say. The plot of his play, such as it is, has to do with a group of young actors living on a coöperative basis in a Quonset hut somewhere around New York. Their dilemma is that one of their number, for reasons never precisely stated but presumably lying buried somewhere in the theatrical temperament, is determined to destroy this idyllic community life, and is, in fact, about to do so when his picture suddenly appears on the cover of *Life* and the resulting publicity happily removes him from their midst. I assume that Mr. Kanin had some irony in mind to the effect that there is nothing like worldly success, or at least the semblance of it, for disposing of undesirable people, but it strikes me as a debatable theory at best, and the development of it at the Playhouse never gets much beyond a synopsis for a very short story. The rest of the evening is devoted to quips, mainly of an anatomical nature, and while some of them are funny enough, it might be said that this form of humor, unless somehow organically related to the structure of a play, has approximately the same monotony and deadening impact as a succession of anecdotes in a Pullman smoker.

The rest of the trouble with "The Live Wire," in my opinion, can be summed up very briefly. Acting is undoubtedly an interesting profession, but a stage almost exclusively populated with young men impersonating actors may well be just a little too much; a play that focusses for most of its length on a notably dull and objectionable young man hardly fulfills any sensible definition of either comedy or drama; and it might even be that audiences are getting a bit tired of works containing whimsical representations of photographers from *Life* or its affiliated publications. This last, of course, is only a shot in the dark.

The members of the cast employed for "The Live Wire" are almost exactly as good as the play is bad. There are a lot of them, and Scott McKay, Sheila Bond, Pat Harrington, Jack Gilford, and Murvyn Vye especially survive in my memory. As the sinister agent, Mr. Vye seems to me to be giving about the funniest performance around town.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Lately the used car expert, Pete Carr, loaned a friend a pair of shears. That is, he was a friend, until. After a period long enough to produce forgetfulness, the loanee got another pal to return Pete's shears and according to rumor was able to sell the shears back to Pete got suspicious and found an old mark on his tool. Then with a little fast work, he got his two bucks back again.

This is a fair sample of what goes on in Portsmouth, during and between working hours.—*Newport (R.I.) County Sentinel.*

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Treasure

WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS have come along, from England, with a full-length, rip-roaring, absolutely first-class "Treasure Island." Just about everything in this film is practically perfect. For one thing, I am happy to report that there isn't an animated mouse anywhere on the premises; all the speaking parts but one are played by human beings. The exception is an admirable live parrot—the property of Long John Silver—who chimes in from time to time, articulately squawking, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" For another thing, Byron Haskin, the director, and Lawrence Edward Watkin, who wrote the screenplay, have somehow managed to retain all the wonderful faraway, adventurous quality of Stevenson's great story. Each familiar scene—Blind Pew passing the black spot to Billy Bones at the Admiral Benbow Inn, young Jim Hawkins in the apple barrel aboard the square-rigger Hispaniola, addled old Ben Gunn racing up and down the beach, the battle for the stockade, the discovery of the treasure, and so on—has been mounted in Technicolor with such meticulous and imaginative care that I had the feeling throughout that I was watching a handsome illustrated edition of the book come to life. The cast is altogether exceptional, with the top honors going to Robert Newton, as Long John, and Bobby Driscoll, as Jim Hawkins. Mr. Newton's Long John struck me as something of a masterpiece—domineering, sly, incredibly malevolent, but with a tiny, unmistakable flicker of humanity beneath the wickedness. Long John is pretty unforgettable, hobbling about on his crutch and plotting his evil course, an eye always cocked for trouble and the tip of his tongue insolently sticking out of one corner of his mouth. Master Driscoll is everything Jim Hawkins was meant to be: sturdy, discreet, self-reliant beyond his years, brave beyond the call of duty, a remarkable little chap thrust into a remarkable sequence of events. The pirates, to a man, are venomous and awful. Basil Sidney, as Captain Smollett, ably represents the finest traditions of the British merchant service, and Walter Fitzgerald, as Squire Trelawney, is properly bumbling, in a high-minded sort of way. If I have any quarrel with the picture, it is that occasional scenes—notably the one in which a pirate chases Jim into the rigging—might frighten young moviegoers of Jim's age, but a certain amount of gore is unavoidable in the relating of "Treasure Island," and anyway I doubt whether children who see these scenes will be permanently blighted.

NEXT
RDAY
ANTIC
de Pauw

"NO WAY OUT" has so many compelling things to say about the plight of a Negro doctor in an unnamed county hospital that I regretted the tendency of the authors, Joseph L. Mankiewicz and Lesser Samuels, to smother the vigor and truth of their message with heightened melodrama and excessive emotion. The story is a deadly serious one. Two wretched white men, brothers, are wounded and captured in a holdup and are taken to the prison ward of the hospital, where they are attended by a young Negro doctor, the only member of his race on the staff. One of the brothers dies during a spinal test. The other, a hateful creature who has watched the test from a bed alongside, loudly insists that the doctor has murdered his brother. There is room enough in this situation for an absorbing drama, since the Negro doctor not only must fight bigotry from the white corner but suspicion and hostility from Negro handymen at the hospital. The authors have, however, enlarged their story to include a race riot and a blood-and-thunder ending, both of which seem inconsistent with their lofty purpose. Nonetheless, I think you will want to see "No Way Out," if only for the extremely strong performances of Sidney Poitier, as the young doctor; Richard Widmark, as the poisonous race-hater; and Stephen McNally, as the hospital's chief resident, and a staunch supporter of the Negro doctor.

I DON'T pretend to understand why, but Fred Astaire never seems to grow older. In "Three Little Words," a pleasing musical that dabbles painlessly in the lives of the songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby, he is as fast and nimble on his feet as he was a generation ago. Mr. Astaire, as Mr.

Kalmar, has Vera-Ellen as both his wife and his dancing partner, and I daresay that he has never had a more charming associate. Red Skelton does splendidly as Mr. Ruby, and Keenan Wynn, portraying a theatrical agent, contributes a brief, delightful drunken scene that is much funnier than anything you are liable to encounter in the average bar. The picture brings back many an old Kalmer-Ruby tune, like "So Long, Oolong (How Long You Gonna Be Gone?)," and high time, too.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

INFATUATION WITH CREAM DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Purple Plain," by H. E. Bates*]

. . . dusted over with a dry creamy bloom like powdered cement . . . —*Page 9.*

. . . her thin, dust-creamed, rosy arm. —*Page 12.*

. . . the dense cream fog of dust . . . —*Page 22.*

. . . covered with the same small creamy-white blossoms . . . —*Page 26.*

. . . the cream of her arms and narrow shoulders shown through it softly. —*Page 30.*

. . . the very slightest pressing out of the pale cream cheekbones. —*Page 30.*

. . . looking at the pale cream shoulders of the girl. —*Page 31.*

. . . the heavy fragrance of the little creamy flowers . . . —*Page 33.*

. . . enough breeze came in the open sides of the vehicle to blow her blouse flatly against her body, that looked all mellow-cream now in the reflected light. —*Page 41.*

. . . the incredible pale creaminess of skin . . . —*Page 82.*

. . . he ran his fingers along her cream-cool smooth arms that were loose across her breasts. —*Page 136.*

. . . tea that poured from pots like cream-brown toffee. —*Page 146.*

. . . the pure cream naked arms of the girl and the stretch of her naked thigh . . . —*Page 148.*

Mr. Prang, with a flourish of podgy-coppery-cream fingers, rang the bell. —*Page 151.*

. . . as she bent there, leaning forward, Forrester could see the creaminess of her breasts revealed by the loose pale green blouse falling away. In another moment they were hidden from him by the necklet of cream and crimson and gold . . . —*Page 152.*

He drove over to where his aircraft, creamed over with dust, stood parked at the far end of the line. —*Page 167.*

. . . a golden-bronze figurehead against the cream-gray fusilage. —*Page 168.*

. . . the shade of palms, banana, and tamarind trees, fat, creamy, trouserless bellies quivering with joy. —*Page 209.*

As Harris stopped the jeep all the boys clambered about it like cream-yellow laughing monkeys. —*Page 305.*

The mother came out of the house too and stood on the steps of the veranda like a dark cream idol . . . —*Page 306.*

the campus myth

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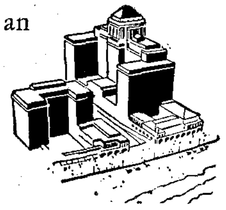

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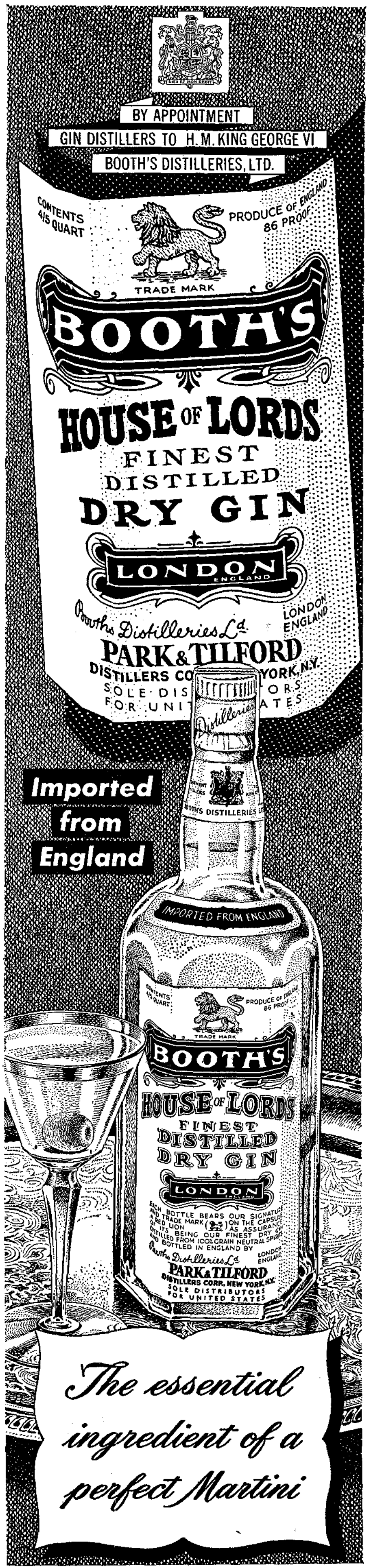

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KOBAYASHI

According to newspaper dispatches, the North Koreans have been dropping a series of propaganda leaflets over the American lines by plane. One of these leaflets was in the form of an open letter from three captured American officers and three enlisted men, urging their comrades to surrender to the "People's Army." It began, "Dear friends of America. We all prisoners are very happy and free than you who are not yet captured," and went on for seven more paragraphs with approximately the same incidence of grammatical error. Another such open letter started off, "Immediately oppose our intervention in the internal affairs of Korea!" and contained the arresting sentence "I have quite regulated our lives from the dark fear of death." Obviously, the Korean Communists have fallen short of quite regulating their propaganda, and unless they can line up a coöperative American, their inadequacy in this department will continue.

In the war with Japan, one of my duties as an Intelligence officer (with a limited knowledge of the Japanese language and culture) was to persuade enemy soldiers to surrender, so I know in a general way what the North Koreans are up against. The Japanese were so vigorously opposed to the idea of surrendering that some of them still haven't given themselves up. Every now and then, I read of the Navy's dropping Tokyo newspapers on some Pacific isle in an attempt to convince the diehards that the war is over. It was tougher in my day, when the war *wasn't* over, but I was in a better position—at least for a while—than the Korean Communists are now. I had a coöperative Japanese.

I was stationed at a base in the Marianas that had been captured months before. My section conducted loudspeaker campaigns against enemy troops hiding out in the mountains on our island and on others nearby. We also helped with the preparation of leaflets and radio broadcasts that were directed against Japan's home islands. A few of the Nisei in the section were highly proficient in Japanese, but they all thought as Americans, and we needed somebody who understood the Japanese mentality and how to appeal to it. We eventually found him in the person of Second Lieutenant Kobayashi. He was about thirty, broad, and short, even for a Japanese, and he had learned English in school. He had a worried look when he was brought in by a patrol that had been making a routine sweep, but it was not the usual anxious look of the new prisoner. He seemed, instead, to be a perpetual worrier.

Kobayashi had been living in a cave, subsisting on snails and writing poetry on American V-mail stationery he had salvaged from an Army refuse dump. I read some of his poems later and found them very hard going. They were in the seventeen- and thirty-one-syllable Japanese literary forms that have as their subject some static situation in nature. Kobayashi told me that after he had watched the number of American ships in the harbor increase steadily month by month, the supply dumps on the beaches grow, the giant bombers fill the whole sky, he suddenly knew, as well as he had ever known anything, that the Americans were going to win the war. And so he had come out of his cave and surrendered.

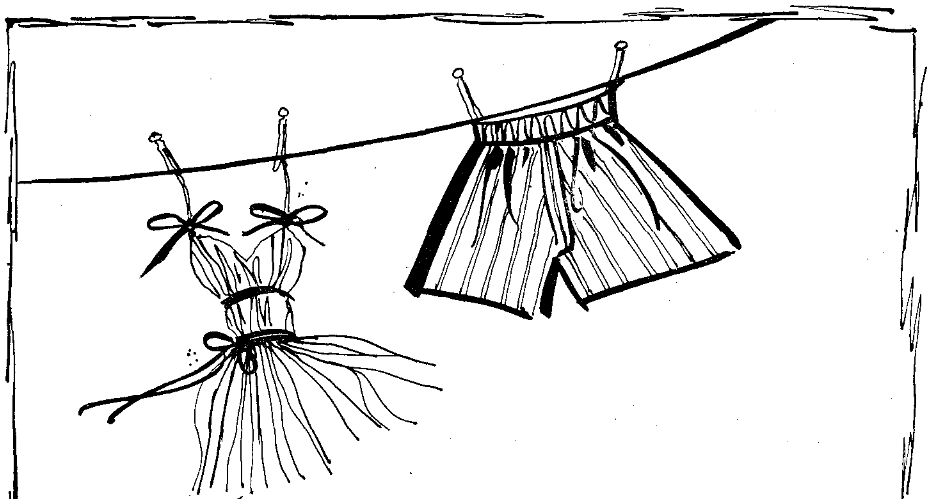
In the husky voice that indicates sincerity among his countrymen, he said that since Japan was going to lose the war, it was best that she lose it as quickly as possible, so that the suffering of his country would be minimized and it could turn to the task of rebuilding. If there was anything he could do to help shorten the war, he would like to be put to work at it immediately. He had always been an advocate of a more democratic Japan, and perhaps a national defeat would bring about an opportunity for people who thought as he did.

We took him into the hills with us for our next loudspeaker broadcast, and he delivered an eloquent appeal for surrender. He did not mention democracy. Instead, he skillfully made it seem that if anybody was going to lose face by the surrender of the Japanese in those hills, it was the Americans, who were obliged by the International Red Cross to provide for their prisoners. He could testify that his food, clothing, and shelter were superior. The Americans were proud of what they had given him. The more Japanese the Americans had to take care of, however, the greater the strain on their resources. Kobayashi appealed to his comrades to come and help strain our resources. His response wasn't bad. Soon we had him broadcasting almost every day.

Keeping Kobayashi at the prisoners' compound was too much of an administrative problem, and after a few days he was moved to a tent near our office. The other occupants of the tent, some Signal Corps men, promised to keep an eye on him. We put him in Army fatigues with a big black "PW" on the back of the jacket, and he went around with his face straight ahead, his eyes downcast. We set up a makeshift desk for him in a corner of our office. Between broadcasts, he wrote propaganda leaflets. He was a demon worker. We practically had to pull him from his desk when the office closed at night. He was ready to broadcast at any time and would tramp up and down hills, speaking for hours.

Kobayashi wrote English passably, and I never saw him at a loss for an ideograph. Our conversations were always about business until one day when, after we had returned from a particularly hot and dusty session in the hills, I asked him into my tent for a can of beer. He accepted it with a short bow and sat stiffly on a foot locker, holding the can in both hands. He told me that he was the son of an "important official," unmarried, and a graduate of Waseda University. I asked him how he liked American beer, and he said it was delicious but not quite as good as Sapporo beer. Sapporo is the Milwaukee of Japan.

AFTER observing several of Kobayashi's broadcasts, I stopped accompanying his party into the hills, in order to attend to other business of the section. His work continued to be extremely valuable for many weeks; it is hard to say exactly when he began to change. I realized that something was wrong only after I became aware of a difference in the attitude toward Kobayashi of the G.I.s and sailors who came into the office. One of my jobs was to clear military souvenirs for shipment to the States. Troops from all over the island and sailors from passing ships were continually turning up with everything from swords to Japanese love letters. At first, such callers ignored Kobayashi, sitting stiff and alien and hard at work in his corner. One morning, three men in succession went up to his desk and asked, "Is this where the souvenirs are checked?" I took a good look at him; he no longer seemed out of



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place in the room. He was sitting hunched over, with one elbow on the desk and his chin resting in his hand, chewing a wad of gum. I picked up the weekly report of the broadcasting expeditions and saw that the yield of prisoners from Kobayashi's appeals had dwindled alarmingly.

During the next two or three days, I kept a close watch on him. Occasionally he braced his feet against the front of his rickety desk and tilted his chair back. He was ready to leave when the rest of us were, and sometimes he would knock off work early to read one of the Armed Services miniature magazines. I found out he was sitting in on late poker sessions with his Signal Corps tentmates.

I decided to observe one of Kobayashi's broadcasts, and selected a day when a new area was to be tried, a valley in which large numbers of Japanese had made their presence felt. The loudspeakers were set up on a high ledge, and the microphone was handed to Kobayashi. It was immediately apparent that he wasn't the Kobayashi of some weeks earlier. The formal pattern of Japanese speechmaking had been replaced by the slick, easy, intimate manner of the American disc jockey. He spoke mellifluously, instead of in the hoarse voice that indicates Japanese sincerity. The content of the broadcast was worse than the delivery. It had to do with free speech, which, Kobayashi explained, was guaranteed under the Constitution of the United States. Any Japanese who surrendered was exercising his right of free speech and would be placed under the protection of the Constitution. There was a great deal more, and it revealed very clearly that Kobayashi had seen too many American movies, listened too attentively to the Armed Forces radio, read too many American magazines, and associated too closely with those Signal Corps boys. If the Japanese in the hills comprehended any of his talk, they probably went deeper into hiding.

When we returned to the base, I again asked Kobayashi into my tent for a beer. This time, he accepted the can without bowing, sat down on my cot, and said casually, in English, "What's up, Lieutenant?"

I told him I was disappointed in him, that his work was slipping.

"To say the truth, Lieutenant, I have noticed the same thing," he said. "I am not as interested in Japan any more. To say the truth, I don't care about going back there. What I would

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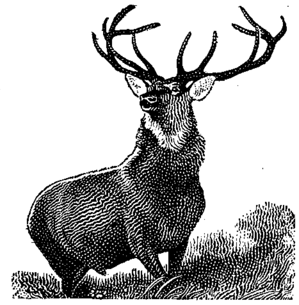

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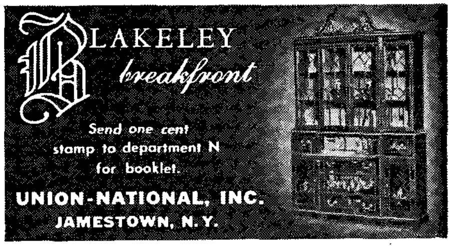

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like to do after the war is open a small fruit stand in Los Angeles or San Francisco. There's pretty good money in that. I am trained as a lawyer, but I haven't much interest in the law at this time."

I said that it would be impossible for him to go to America.

"Aren't all the prisoners sent there?" he asked. "I would like to arrange to stay on in America."

I told him why I thought that would be impossible.

"How about Hawaii?" he asked.

Again I told him no.

He was silent for a moment, staring at his beer. Then he drank it down and said, "That's good beer."

I said I was going to send him back to the prison compound.

He nodded slowly, in agreement. "It's a rough war, eh, Lieutenant?" he said.

—Gordon Cotler

•

SUMMONS

There is something almost unbearable
About walking down a quiet, shaded
 street
At the distant end of which are thunder-
 clouds,
So that the air is very still and sound
 carries well—

There is something terribly impelling
About walking along such a street,
Before a low-roofed house
Behind a well-cut lawn,

Something inexpressibly significant
About walking into quiet thunder
On such a street, past such a house,
And hearing a telephone ring there
 unanswered.

—S. P. Andersen

•

A Challenge

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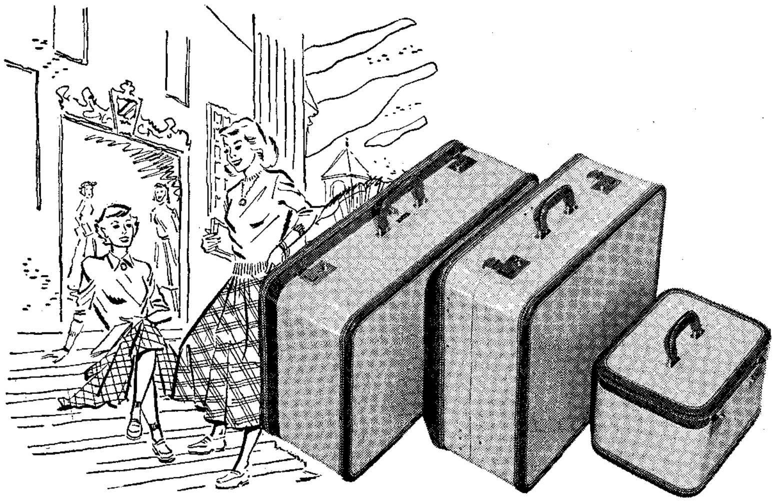

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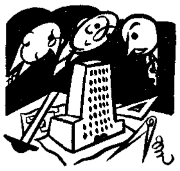
THE SKY LINE

Not for Internal Use

THE Museum of Modern Art has followed up last year's exhibition of a full-size modern house designed by Marcel Breuer with one designed by Gregory Ain (an accomplished Los Angeles architect once associated with Neutra) in collaboration with Joseph Johnson and Alfred Day. The most hopeful thing about this new exhibition is that the *Woman's Home Companion* is also sponsoring it, for though the *Ladies' Home Journal* fifty years ago gave an intelligent reception to the fresh, non-traditional work of that period, it is only recently that the women's magazines and the home-and-garden magazines have attempted to throw off their later obsession with imitative historic styles. Frank Lloyd Wright was in the heyday of his Prairie years between 1900 and 1910, and on the Pacific Coast, during that decade, Bernard Maybeck and Irving Gill and the Brothers Greene were working in an equally robust and creative manner, but after 1915, unfortunately, the aping of historic forms took hold again. And though the dwelling house was the first fortress to be captured by modern architecture—H. H. Richardson's shingled cottages, which date back to the eighties, were prime American examples—it later became, within our own generation, the last stronghold of reaction.

Breuer's Museum house, a two-story one, was oriented to the south to provide maximum winter sunlight, and this had the unhappy effect of making its great living-room windows give on the blank wall of St. Thomas's. The new house, which is only one story, is oriented west (it is designed, however, to be oriented south), to provide a view of the Museum garden, so the glass walls of the living room and the adjacent bedroom, both of which in Mr. Ain's plan are on the south side, make more visual sense on the site. Whereas last year's house was definitely meant for the country, Mr. Ain's is meant to serve as a model unit for a suburban development, a unit to be built on a lot approximately sixty by a hundred and twenty feet. Its ground plan was conceived—and, on the whole, well conceived—for a repeating pattern in group housing. The architect has used the garage, which juts out as a wing from one corner, to give a certain amount of privacy by screening off one of the adjoining properties on what is intended to be the north or street front, and his plans call for shrubbery flanking the southern exposure, also to serve as screening. The exterior of the house, with its scored brown plywood walls and its gray trim, its flat gray roofs of different heights—that of the garage is lower than that of the house—and with wide overhangs, is pleasantly sober and chaste. Though it lacks the dashing lines of Mr. Breuer's design, it would naturally compose better as part of a row.



BUT the best way to find out how good a house is is to pay a visit and stay long enough to eat and wash and sleep. From the hypothetical street front, one enters this house by walking up a path through a garden or by tooling up a driveway into the garage, which opens into the kitchen. This latter approach is convenient for the shopping housewife, but it is based on the innocent conviction that no homing husband will ever bring guests on a rainy day. If he does, they will probably come trooping in through the kitchen whether the housewife likes it or not. A covered walk to the front door would avoid this situation. When one enters through this door, one finds on the right a large coat closet, and if one needs to wash up, one has direct access to a bathroom and a washroom, at the end of a short passage, also on the right—an admirable plan, for this passage provides additional closet space and, one later discovers, serves as a sound baffle between the children's and the parents' quarters.

If one arrives unexpectedly through the front door at mealtime, however, the family will be caught with their forks in midair, for it turns out that one has entered the small space that serves as a dining room as well as entrance hall. The lack of any partition here, to provide a modicum of privacy, is deplorable. In cold weather, moreover, opening the front door would send a chill wind whistling down the necks of whatever diners had their backs to it. The functions of entering and eating should be divorced in the most casual of households. The dining space, hardly larger than a dinette, isn't big enough to seat even a dinner party of eight or ten. There is plenty of room here—the

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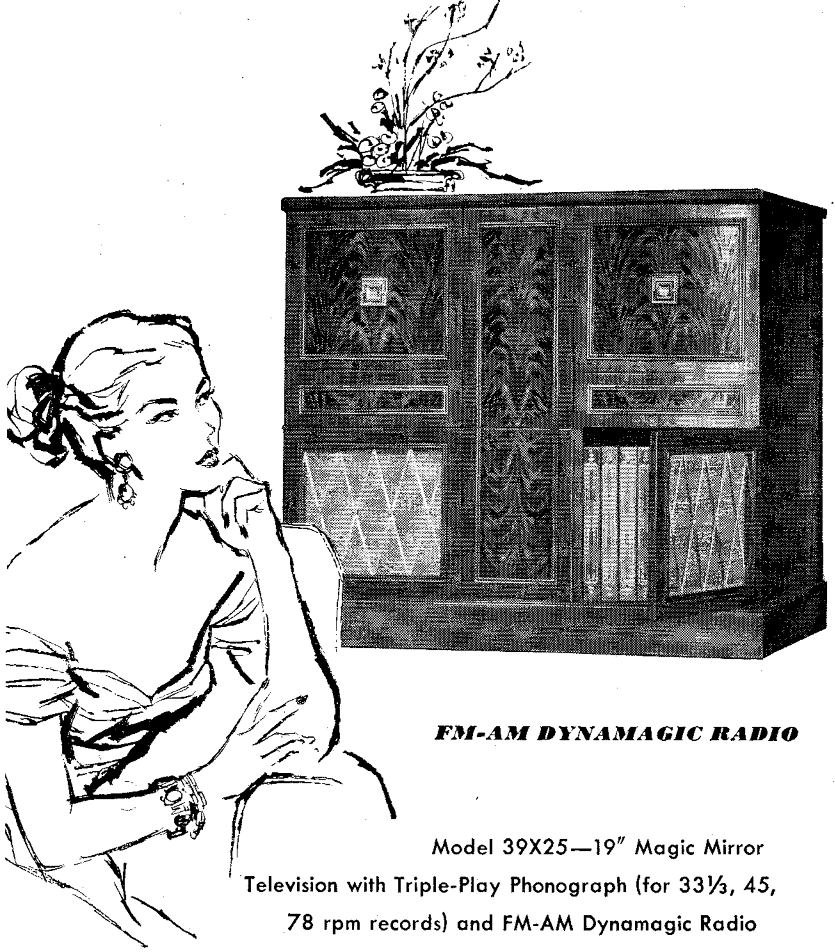

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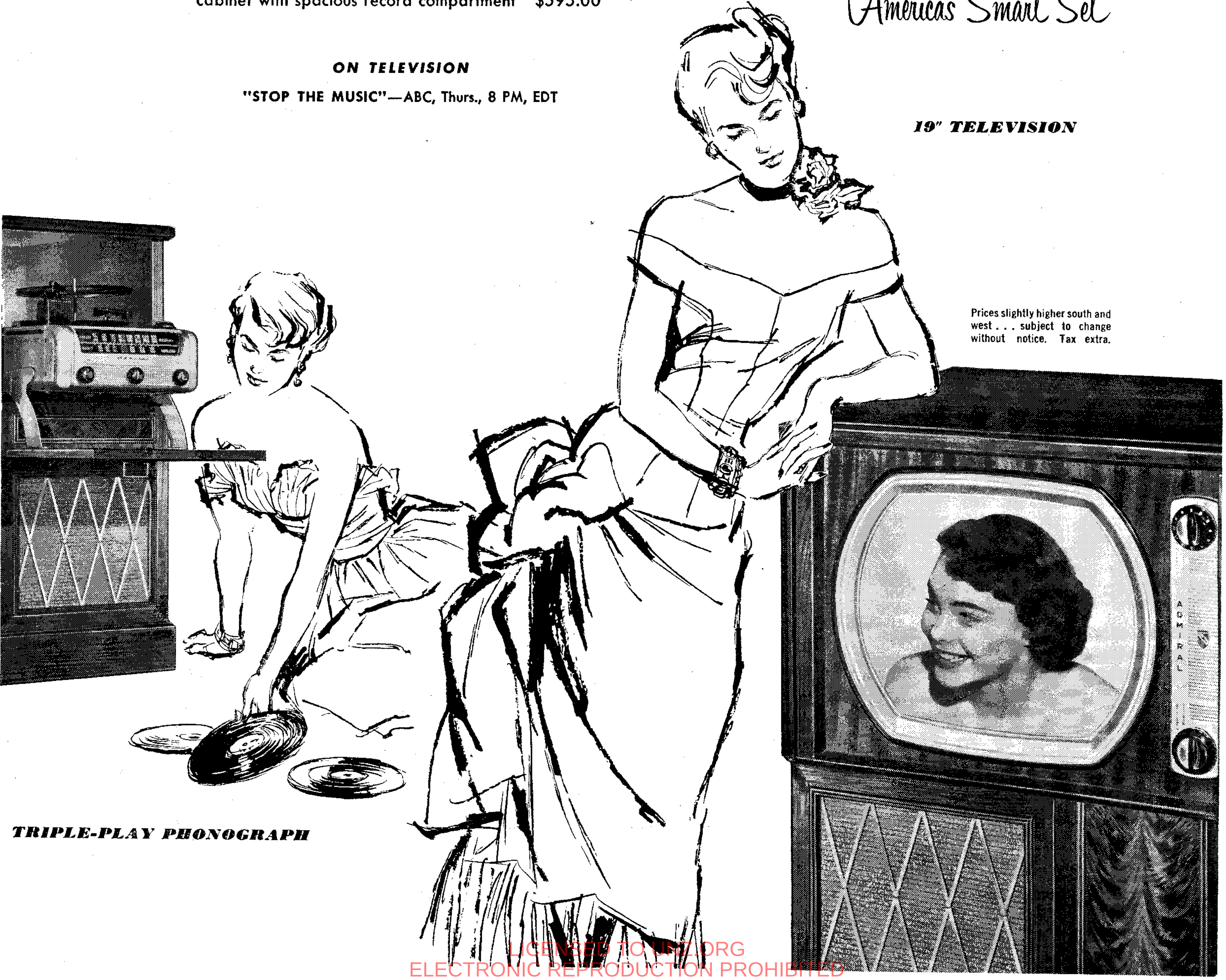

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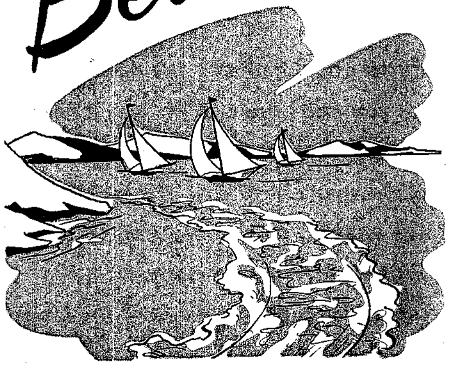

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house is twenty-seven feet deep at this point—but the architect has chosen to chop it in two with a large combination storage cabinet and bookcase, the chief piece of built-in furniture. It is a formidable, bulky object, shoulder high, a yard wide, and a dozen feet long. This serves in lieu of a wall between the dining space and the living room. But it also serves to deny the diners elbow room, adequate ventilation, and a real view. Only the street is visible, through the north windows, and if the architect's suggestion of frosted glass on the street side of the dining table is followed, that view will vanish. Thus half the charm of the house's "openness" is destroyed by this singular arrangement.

Let us hastily circle the cabinet-bookcase and enter the living room. The view of the rear garden through the glass outer wall gives a fine sense of space, but the only ventilation is provided by one side door and one modest practical window. There are times when, even given a nine-foot ceiling, a room as shut in as this one will be uncomfortable; too many architects treat the glass wall as a purely visual contribution to the modern house, forgetting that it should let in fresh air as well as sunlight. The old-fashioned French door did a better job of meeting functional requirements and giving access to the outdoors than the immobile glass wall that has become a cliché of modern architecture, and while Mr. Ain was reintroducing in this house the sliding wooden doors of the eighties (between the living room and the master bedroom, and between the two rooms set aside for children), he might well have added sliding glass doors in the outside walls. The wall to the left of the glass front of the living room is done in brown Roman brick laid in vertical columns flanking a raised fireplace. The whole effect would be charming but for two features: the massive cabinet, at a point where sliding doors could have been used to close this room off from the dining space, and the sliding doors where the cabinet should be—between this room and the master bedroom. If the cabinet had been put there and built up to the ceiling to separate the two rooms with a solid wall, many extra cubic feet of storage space would be added and the bedroom would be soundproofed against noises in the living room. Not only that, but the dining space would be three feet wider.

Mr. Ain's arrangement is not as peculiar as the upstairs master bedroom in Mr. Breuer's house, for that one was separated from the living room only by a treacherous flight of stairs and a curtain in place of a wall, but it does lead one to ask what new use architects have discovered for a bedroom that requires it to be united so closely to a living room. There are moments when separation is advisable for even the most loving couples—when there is illness, or when the wife wants to sulk in silence or read a book in bed and the husband wants to listen to the radio or the phonograph or engage in a private conversation with a friend. These situations are here ignored in favor of those modern booby traps, "openness" and "flexibility"—qualities that have in turn been ignored in the design of the living and the dining quarters.

THE rest of the house, happily, has been more adroitly planned. One side is devoted to a neat dressing room (opening on the master bedroom) with ample closet space, a well-fitted bathroom, a washroom, and one of the two rooms for the children, which are to be used as a bedroom and a playroom at one stage of the youngsters' lives and as two bedrooms at a later stage. In a pinch, there would be space for four children. These rooms can be thrown into one by pushing back the sliding door between them. Aesthetically, the children's quarters are the most satisfactory, perhaps because the oak plywood panelling goes better with the cold light gray of the floor covering used all through the house than do the brown walnut and the deeper brown of the Roman bricks in the living room. Mr. Ain has commendably reverted to the notion of a bathroom of reasonable size, ignoring the parsimonious proportions of most of the new apartment-house bathrooms. But I must take exception to one important detail. Why are the windows set so high in the wall that they can be opened only with the aid of a pole? Again, even in a bathroom with a nine-foot ceiling, this ventilation can hardly be sufficient. I have no idea why windows that start at shoulder height shouldn't be provided in a bathroom, not only for proper ventilation but to afford a peek at the sky and the trees. The nicest bathroom I ever knew had a view of a rose garden; I got more pleasure out of that rose garden while brushing my teeth than I got out of it at any other time of day. There is usually no reason to design a bathroom as if it were in the hold of a ship. That sort of folly belongs properly to the Old Master, Le Corbusier himself, and the fantasy village, set aboveground on stilts, he designed for the city of Marseille is the place for it.

The kitchen of Mr. Ain's house is in many ways as admirable as the children's quarters. The row of utensils by the stove, the rack of glass spice jars and compartments are handsome as well as convenient, and though I myself, when I serve as cook, prefer to have most of the dry groceries not in their original packages behind solid doors but in airtight glass containers on open shelves—better for the food and easier to handle—I realize that it is hard for even a good architect to buck the current fashion for concealing everything behind that salvation of the lazy and disorderly, the opaque door.

ALL in all, though, one wonders what service the Museum thought it was performing when it lent its prestige to a model with so many demerits. Fifteen years ago, one might have welcomed such a house, and one might with good reason have been less severe on its errors, solecisms, and clichés. But hundreds of houses at least as good as this have since been built all over the country, even in the South, where until recently only Cape Cod competed with Williamsburg.

Here is a house without an adequate entrance or a well-placed and commodious dining space; a house with a bulky, fixed partition precisely where it does the most damage and a sliding door in the spot where it is least useful; a house with poor ventilation for the living room and the bathrooms, and neither through nor cross ventilation for the bedrooms. Already it is fashionable to say that functionalism is dead, but the truth is that many modern architects need heavier doses of functionalist logic. Sliding partitions in the wrong place are not functional; glass walls that give visual openness without unfiltered sunlight or the fragrance of vegetation outside are not functional; ill-ventilated bedrooms lacking in privacy and soundproofing are not functional. The beautiful, as Emerson said, rests on the foundations of the necessary, and the modern house that does not do justice to both requirements is hardly worth placing on exhibition.

—LEWIS MUMFORD

•

Catherine Banks, niece of the bride, was flower girl, wearing a floor-length gown of pink organdy, and blue flowers in her hair. She carried a basket filled with Peterson, brother of the bride.—*Westport* (*Conn.*) *Town Crier*.

You remember Shrimp Peterson.

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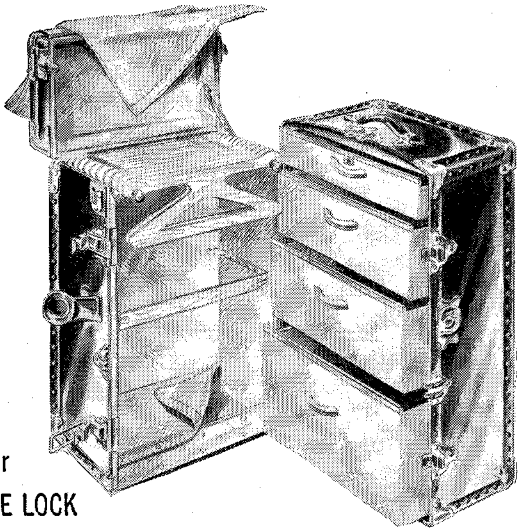

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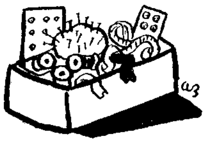
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



THE fashion for "separates"—skirts, tops, jackets, and other paraphernalia to be combined at will—has about reached full tide in the new college-shop collections. This is as it should be; college girls were doing this sort of thing long before the term "separates" came to have its special meaning.

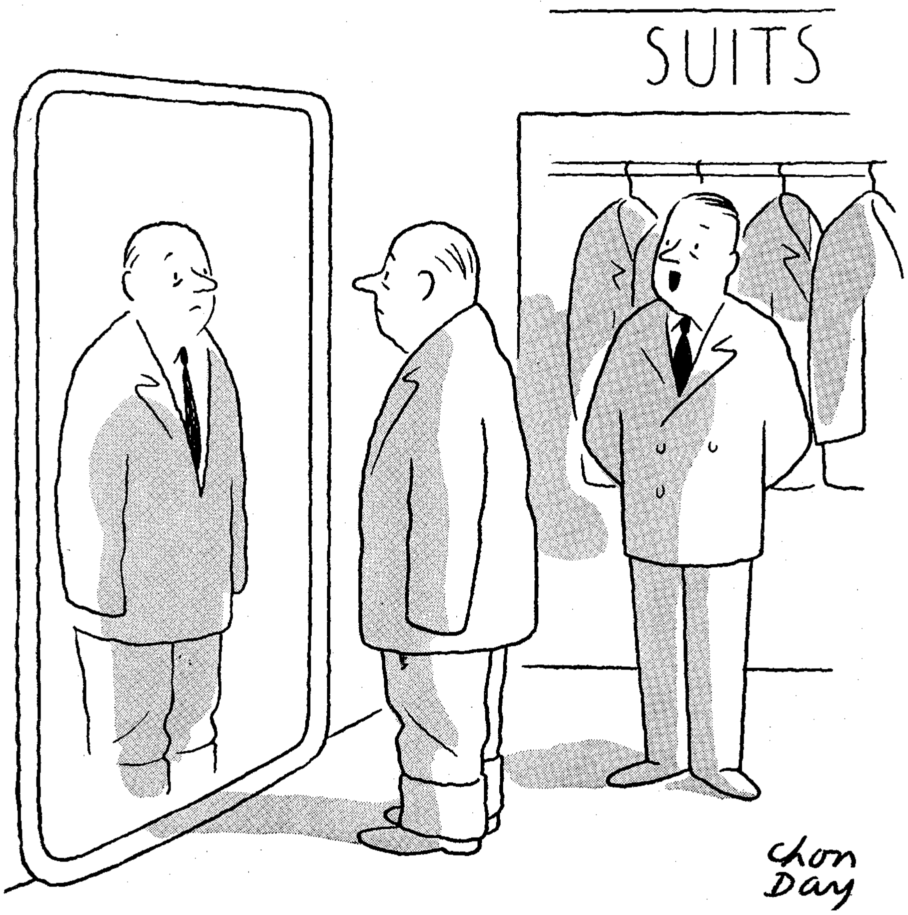
Lord & Taylor, to begin somewhere in the welter of separates, have a collection of tartans that are beyond reproach. The female kilts and trews into which they have been made are handsome and well cut, and we can only hope that those who can will wear them well and that those who can't will leave them alone. Kilts of the traditional length are nice alternatives to shorts, and there's a street-length version that will very likely be called a skirt by innocents. It looks like one, too. The trews, which are, of course, tapering trousers, can be worn in place of slacks, and the matching vests could be the making of many a conventional daytime outfit. There are jackets, too, notably a fine, long fitted one in the Dress Stewart tartan (white ground). This would be stunning with a straight black velveteen skirt or slim black slacks. Prices in this group range from $11.95 to $32.95.

Not all Lord & Taylor's separates are tartans. Fitted jackets of tweed flecked with gray, rust, and black have double collars. The top collar, which is detachable, is of black velveteen. More severe classic jackets of the same tweed, and cut fairly long, are meant for the country as well as the campus. All these are $29.95. Fitted jackets of gold or rust wool, with vestee points, are $22.95. There are two tweed skirts—a straight one with a leather belt, and a wide, gored, and beltless one—to go with these jackets; $17.95. A long-sleeved challis shirt printed in gold and black, with small jet oval buttons, will go well with *any* jacket or skirt. It's $16.95. For after five, there's a set of a sleeveless, low-necked bodice of black velveteen and a skintight bosom-length black ribbed sweater of wool jersey, with short, cuffed sleeves; $22.95. Perfect with a full skirt and a fitted jacket.

THE College and Career Shop, at Saks Fifth Avenue, likes suits of dark-gray flannel. One has a jacket, short, fitted, and single-breasted, that is edged with braid and has jet buttons; its skirt has a pleat down the center of the back, which means that you can advance upon the world looking fashionably sleek without having to worry about a saggy rear. It's $29.95. Take off the jacket and there is a black velveteen camisole ($6.95) underneath, which makes the owner ready for a fraternity open house, dinner dancing, or the theatre. For thoroughly dressy nights, there's an outfit of forest-green velveteen. The bodice, which is $10.95, has brash, brilliant rhinestone shoulder straps; the skirt, which is street length and gathered, is $17.95. Next, something really new—medium-heel pumps, at $14.95, and flat-heeled, closed-toe sandals, at $8.95, of dark-gray flannel, no less.

There are other eyeopeners—water-repellent greatcoats of red, green, beige, or gray cotton corduroy, with brown mouton collars and quilted linings of rayon; $49.95. Double-breasted reversible navy, brown, or beige coats of Teddy-bear cloth and tweed, with raglan shoulders and a justifiable look of warmth and dependability, ought to be comfortable no matter how bitter the weather; $69.95. For the same money, there are long, single-breasted reversible cardigan coats in tweed and alpaca, a surefire idea for football games and other outdoor pleasures that require standing still or sitting still.

BEST provides plaid-wool separates in "stained-glass window" colors—deep, warm rusts and hazy blues. There are waist-length box jackets ($25), matching skirts that fasten part way down one side ($22.95), and Pied Piper slacks ($19.95) with huge flap pockets and tapered legs anchored by elastic under the arches. There is other gaiety, too, such as tapered pedal pushers of "windowpane" wool—two shades of gray with a rose overplaid—that should literally turn heads on any campus; also $19.95. A magnificent cape-stole, equally successful over a sweater or an evening dress, is $17.95 and is done in the red-and-green Princess Margaret



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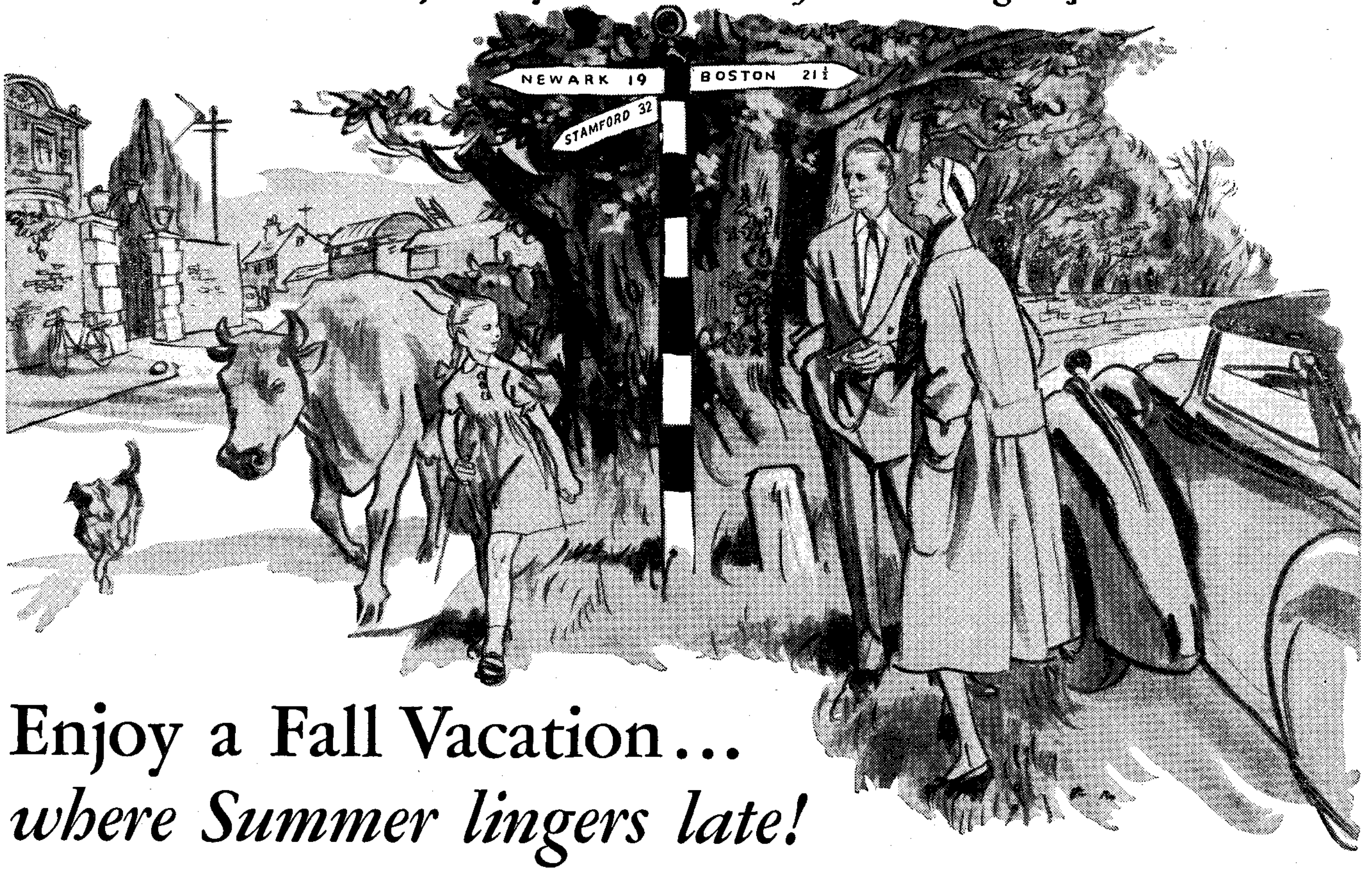

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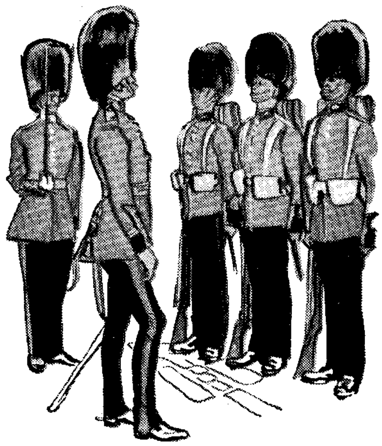

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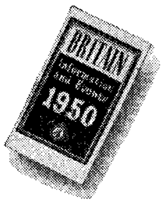

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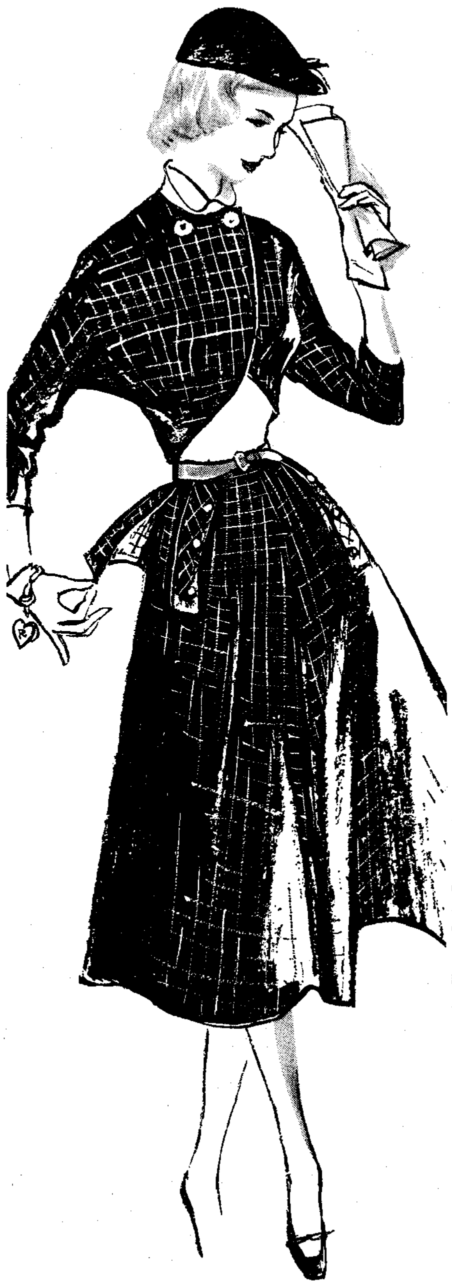

Smooth team-mates in wool

22.95

Just one wonderful plaid: black, cris-crossed with red and white. It's Lettie Doyle's college entrant with a white jersey-top dress and bolero-front, peplum-back jacket. 9-15.

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Madison at 79th, New York 21

Rose tartan. With a black rayon velvet collar, it is $2 more.

Bonwit Teller are full of the new short sweaters, which may turn out to be an antidote for the sloppy-Joe campus attire. There are sleeveless red or gray wool waist-length slip-ons with pineapple-stitch yokes, and there are matching pineapple-stitch boleros. They're sold in sets at $29.95. Other short sweaters, in gray, dark brown, or stripes, have plunging necklines that can be worn bold and open or fastened with a large gold-metal safety pin. Sweater and pin come to $12.95. Classic Pringle pullovers and cardigans in soft natural, white, or colored lamb's wool are $7.95 and $10.95. Being classic, they are a trifle below waist length.

Bonwit Teller think that their sports shirts and their short sweaters should be worn double-decker fashion. The cuffs of a plaid wool-and-cotton shirt ($14.95) can be rolled up to reveal the long, tight sleeves of a turtleneck sweater ($12.95) underneath, an effect that is *dégagé* to the point of looking as if your winter underwear were showing. Luxurious shirts of Italian silk in multicolored stripes have turnover collars, pleated bosoms, and long sleeves; $14.95. In solid blue or gray, with white mandarin collars and French cuffs, they're $16.95. Either way, they're suitable for both small and post-graduate fry.

There seem to be millions of skirts at Bonwit. The shop's favorites are a wrap-around of plaid wool, buttoned halfway down one side, at $17.95, and a fairly full plaid job that has a tasselled sash, at $39.95.

Fur has been flying at Altman. It's just imitation fur, though, used to make separates. A sleek imitation mole (or is it imitation broadtail?) is the basis of some single-breasted box jackets, at $25. They have rayon faille collars and belts and are meant to be worn with a trouser-pleated gabardine skirt and a sleeveless ribbed wool turtleneck sweater. Jacket, sweater, and skirt appear in moss green, orange, or brown, and you can switch colors around to suit your whim, or whimsey. More fake fur is used in a reversible box jacket that on one side is tweed with an oatmeal-and-blue overcheck and is terracotta "fur" on the other; $29.95. The matching tweed skirt, which is straight, is $11.95.

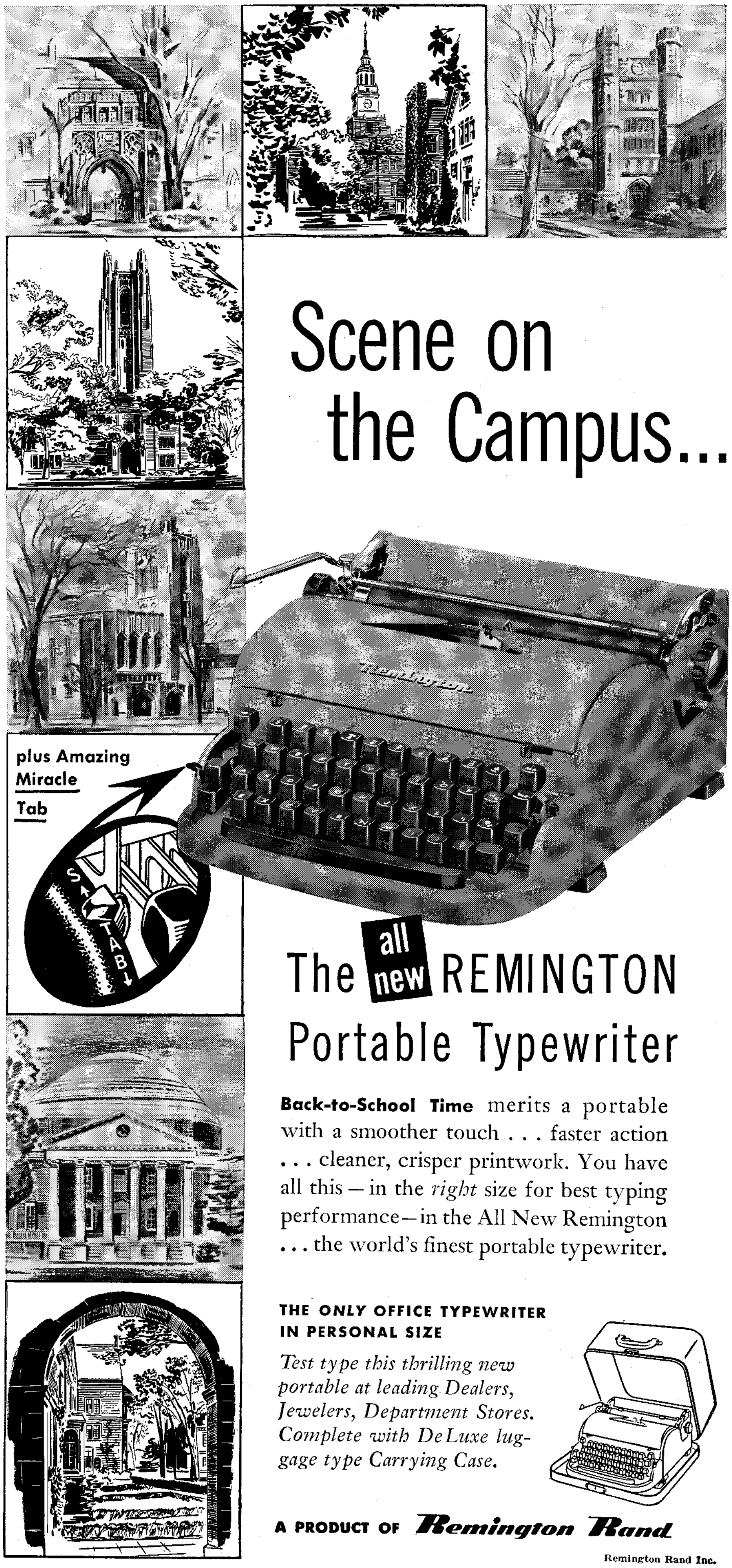
Altman also has a dazzling collection of wool jersey dresses. One is of two shades of gray. Its bodice, in the lighter shade, is fastened with square rhinestone buttons; the skirt, which is gathered, has four tucks all the way around above the hemline, and a gunmetal leather belt. Another, of tangerine jersey, has wool ribbing starting at both shoulders, descending to a low V on the chest, and continuing, cardigan fashion, down the front. A third is of raspberry-red jersey, with raspberry pearl buttons and a graceful knife-pleated skirt. Most of these are the sort of thing that can be worn at least nineteen hours out of the twenty-four. Prices are $25 and $29.95.

Bergdorf Goodman prefer separates in navy velveteen or navy-and-fuchsia plaid wool. A velveteen suit with a soutache-trimmed jacket and straight skirt is $55, and a full velveteen skirt with unpressed pleats all around is $23. Among the other interchangeables are sleeveless velveteen pullovers edged with navy wool ribbing, and a velveteen camisole dress with wide shoulder straps and a full skirt. Bergdorf's coachman's capes are wonderful over the camisole dress. They are reversible—a combination of the velveteen and the wool—and so are some long-sleeved cardigans of the same materials. Prices start at $16.

Willowy seniors, present and past, might look over Bergdorf's long wool dinner skirts. One of dark-gray flannel has black eyelet embroidery at the knees, creating an effect flirtatious yet dignified, if that is possible; another, in black checked with green or red, has a criss-crossing of black braid and tiny tassels placed low on the skirt; and a third, a spectacular business in black-and-white plaid, has oversize flap pockets fringed with black wool. The cost, $23 and $25. White velveteen evening shirts have long cuffed sleeves and rhinestone buttons; $19.

Macy is extremely happy about its copy of Schiaparelli's duster dress, in plaid wool or in black or colored cotton corduroy, and outlined with wool knit ribbing. The duster looks like a coat when it's worn loose and like a dress when worn with its leather belt; $21.49, and a buy. Vests, straight skirts, and Bermuda shorts in plaid cotton corduroy cost from $7.47 apiece. At the same price, there are cotton corduroy dirndl skirts printed with great, bright blocks of color and checked in black to produce a patchwork look. A windbreaker, at $16.87, in gold chinchilla cloth is matched with a remarkable green-and-gold-flecked tweed skirt (the tweed looks hand-loomed but isn't), at $10.29. To wear with this outfit, there are gold or green wool sweaters, with fringe at the neckline instead of collars, or green or gold wool boleros, edged with the fringe; $5.98 apiece. Jumper sheaths of gray flannel ($16.87) or plaid wool ($18.74) have suspender straps that look very startling at night with your bare skin underneath and a couple of diamond clips to add a festive air, and very demure in the classroom with a sweater or a blouse underneath, schoolgirl fashion.

PECK & PECK are in love with a light-colored tweed suit that has a distinctive brick-red overcheck. There's a rather long fitted jacket, piped with rust suède, and a straight, simple skirt. The total is $59.95. To accompany it, P. & P. have, at $89.95, a rust suède overcoat, three-quarter length, with a yoke across the back and a nice swing to it. A reversible shoulder pouch in suède and tweed costs almost as much as the coat, if a kind godmother wants to send someone off to college in superfine style. For everyday service, there are white oilskin slickers with black cotton corduroy turnover collars, at $12.95, and matching sou'westers, at $2.95. A wool jersey dress has a pointed yoke, a pleated skirt, and—mark this—a collar and cuffs of soft bookbinder's leather. It's $35 and comes in black with light blue, gold or green with brown, and navy with pink. The dark-gray flannel slacks here are faced with plaid wool that shows when the cuffs are turned up; $14.95. Slip-on gloves have plaid wool backs and green, red, or yellow capeskin palms; $6.95. Braemar sweaters are still here, as luscious and lovely as ever. Shortish gray, lime, or beige cashmere cardigans in a lacy stitch (it won't remind anyone of a bed jacket, though) are $22.95. Short-sleeved pullovers and long-sleeved cardigans in a marvellous-looking fragile cobweb cashmere that they say hasn't been around for a good many years are $14.95 and $19.95. White, light blue, yellow, or hunting pink, and please note that they're extra special and not meant for hacking around a campus. Peck &



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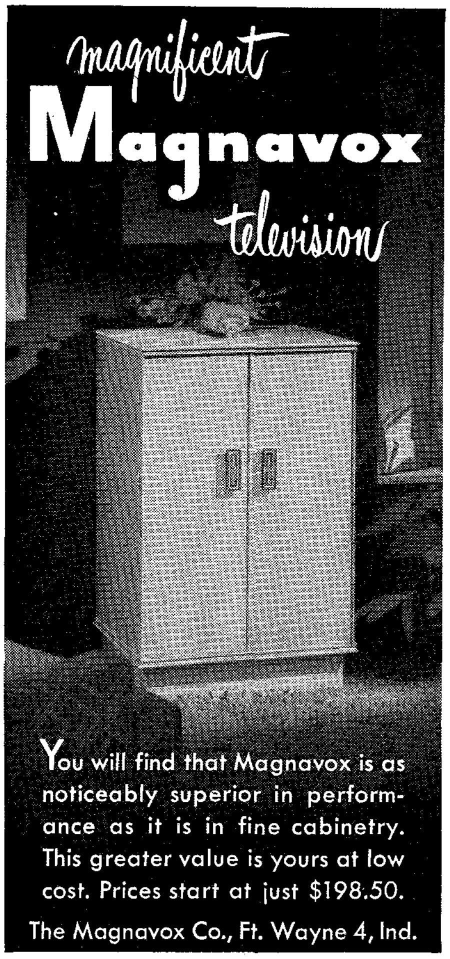

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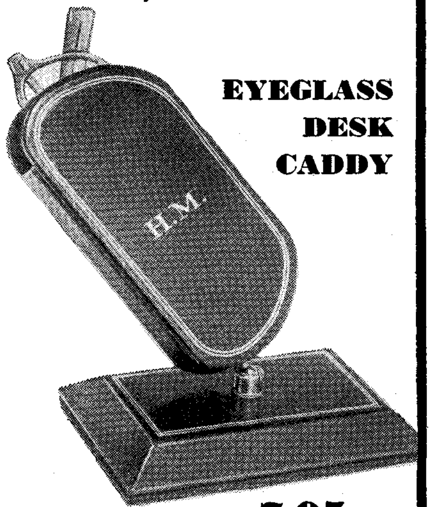

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Peck's notion for big evenings, from cocktails at five to breakfast at six, is a day-length black rayon taffeta skirt with an extra overskirt that is simply two wide panels to be tied around the waist fore and aft, or port and starboard; $19.95.

THE siege of Brooks Brothers still goes on. Now the Boys' Department is under fire, because of a handsome double-breasted camel's-hair polo coat. It seems that girls adore it. There are buttonholes on both sides, so that it can be worn male or female. The cost is $100, and it's an excellent starting point for any college wardrobe. On Brooks' first floor are its English wool tartans and Tattersall flannels, in lengths of one and a half yards, fifty-four inches wide, at $15 a throw. There's enough in one piece to make even a pleated skirt.

BLOOMINGDALE'S "date" and evening clothes in junior sizes (9-15) are varied and splendid. A dressy two-piece gold, silver, and pastel rayon lamé dress, whose tailored top tucks in, has a Peter Pan collar and scalloped armholes; the skirt is street length and gathered. The outfit is $23.90. A three-piece set—a slim rayon velvet skirt, a short, fitted, feminine black rayon velvet jacket that's an adaptation of a man's dinner jacket, and a white rayon bengaline gilet with a wing collar and a black grosgrain necktie—is $35. And for undeniable flash, there's a reversible shoulder cape in black velveteen and black-and-silver-striped rayon faille, at $10.95; a black velveteen bodice, strapless and very bare, at $8.95; a black-and-silver-striped separate peplum, at $5.95; and, in the same material, a skirt, narrow as can be, with an upcurving waistband, at $10.95.

DE PINNA has a collection of junior dresses (7 to 15) that manage to combine smartness with youth and prettiness. A simple, sleeveless velveteen dress, with a wide oval neckline and a widish skirt, is done in gold, lavender, red, or black. A mere slip of a strapless princesse sheath, in gold or lavender velveteen, has a tiny waist-length jacket. Both dress and jacket are piped with black cord. A coffee taffeta, street length and buttoned all the way down the front, has a halter top, tied in a huge pussycat bow under the chin, and a brief bolero of black Lyon velvet. For very formal moments, there's a posh evening dress of black Lyon velvet, with a slender bodice, a four-tiered skirt, and a great air of romance. The most grown-up thing in the collection is an ankle-length black rayon taffeta with a wide band of imitation Chantilly zooming up from the strapless décolletage. With it comes a slim waist-length jacket that is beautifully folded back around a low horseshoe neckline. Prices go from $35 to $55.

THE Young Sophisticates Shop, at Jay Thorpe, is specializing in elaborate dresses for proms and Christmas parties. A smasher of a dress has a minute black rayon velvet bodice and a billowing skirt made of layers of rayon tulle, black over aqua over pink. A thundering big velvet bow at the center back insures that the wearer will not be overlooked even when her back is turned. A dress of black, white, or colored rayon net with a great gathered skirt has a trailing, filmy scarf attached at one shoulder, to be caught up into a stole if you like. A ballerina-length cocktail dress has a skirt of black or olive velveteen with sharply jutting side pockets. Its naked taffeta bodice is striped in iridescent green and two shades of rose, and the tiny bolero, which can be used to cover up the bare areas, at least during the early part of the evening, is velveteen. Everything in this group comes in junior sizes 9 to 15 and costs $49.95.

—G. J.

• •

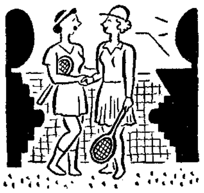
ELEGY FOR A WEEKEND HOUSEPARTY

The roses perish in particles not kin
To any color or to any scent,
Shed death upon the struck piano,
Litter chairs, and scarify the rug.
All that survive are texture and design,
Quite swept and tidied for the next event
Of simple daylight lolling through the house
Where recent wit and frolic are no more
Than the spectres vanished from this room,
Disbanded like the roses in their bloom.

—KATINKA LOESER

ON THE COURTS

O Captain! My Captain!



THESE are the weeks that try the souls of the non-playing captains of the United States and Australian Davis Cup teams—Alrick Man, Jr., and Harry Hopman, respectively. Judging by the performances of their charges during the rain-beset National Doubles Championships at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Massachusetts, last week, the Davis Cup challenge round, starting Friday of this week at Forest Hills, should be a very close affair. Also, one of the two singles berths on each team was still pretty much open as late as Monday morning. Man is counting on Ted Schroeder to win two singles matches at Forest Hills and is hoping, with a not wholly disguised wistfulness, that Gardnar Mulloy and Billy Talbert, our once-perennial doubles champions, can check the Australian horde of John Bromwich and Frank Sedgman. But at this writing it still hasn't been decided whether Tom Brown, the California sensation of 1946, who was named to the team after Budge Patty, the current Wimbledon champion, sprained his ankle at Newport ten days ago, will be given the other singles assignment. Brown has been playing comparatively little and not too well lately, and there was considerable surprise when Man chose him over Herbert Flam and Arthur Larsen, fellow-Californians who have been enjoying fine seasons. There would be rather less surprise, I think, if Man were to decide at the last minute to replace Brown with either Talbert or Mulloy. After all, they are ranked as our two best amateurs after Schroeder. Man's explanation for choosing Brown was that he is a money player, but even the best money players have to apply themselves to their games more assiduously than Brown, a lawyer recently admitted to the bar, has been able to do the last couple of years.

Hopman's problems have been relatively cheerful ones. Barring accidents, Sedgman, the Australian singles champion, will play two singles matches, and he and Bromwich will handle the doubles. About all Hopman has to do, really, is decide which one of the three other members of the team—Kenneth McGregor, Mervyn Rose, and George Worthington—is nearest his peak form. But whatever choice Hopman makes, I doubt whether he will lose much sleep afterward.

THE play at Longwood attracted the largest crowds any National Doubles had attracted since 1939—the last year Australia won the Davis Cup, incidentally. Unfortunately, heavy rains set in Saturday afternoon and continued through Sunday, forcing postponement of one semifinal and, of course, the final until early this week. Probably the most impressive display last week was the advance of Talbert and Mulloy to the final without the loss of a set, but the show that excited and pleased the spectators the most was put on by the Australian team's only technically nonplaying captain, who is forty-four years old, and Seymour Greenberg, of Chicago. They had never played together before and weren't expected to get farther than the second round, in which they were supposed to be routed by Richard Savitt and Sidney Schwartz, the fourth-seeded domestic team. Instead, Hopman and Greenberg did the routing, in straight sets. Next they beat Earl Cochell, of California, and Aake Eliason, of Sweden, to reach the quarter-finals, where they met the second-seeded foreign team, composed of Hopman's subalterns Rose and Worthington. Here Hopman, with some assistance from Greenberg, gave his wards, whose combined ages are three years less than his, a fine lesson in the tactics and strategy of doubles play. Time and again he forced them into positions from which all they could do was return the ball for him to smash where he chose, and while he kept them running about like crazed rabbits, he never took an unnecessary step. This match went to seventy-one games, and Hopman, naturally, was somewhat tired; he and Greenberg lost their semifinal to Talbert and Mulloy in straight sets. I don't believe this loss will alter the impressions of those who saw Hopman in the quarter-finals, though. As one awed spectator remarked, without, I am sure, intending any criticism of Greenberg, "My two-year-old son could have teamed with Hopman and looked good out there today."

—P. W. W., JR.

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WASHINGTON, D.C., July 27.—Thirty-six years ago, on July 28, 1914, Austria declared war on Siberia . . .—*John O'Donnell in the News.*

Or something.

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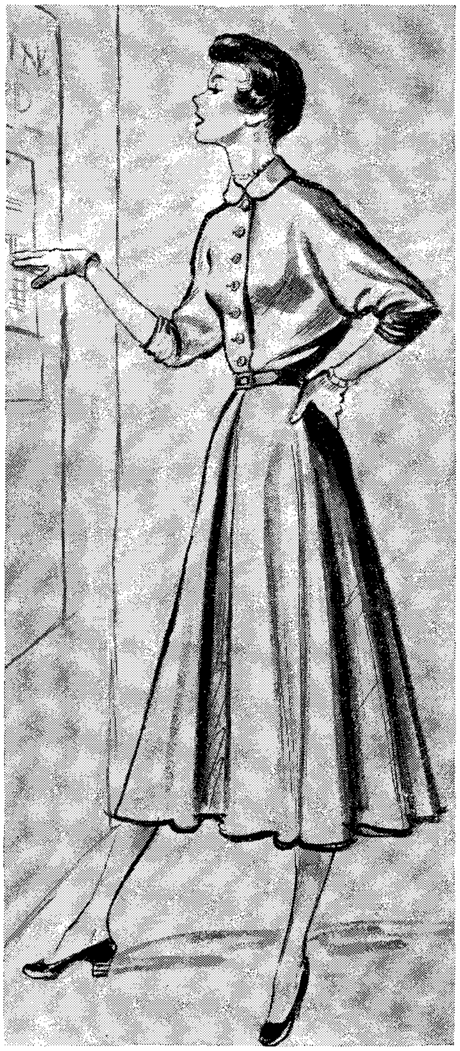

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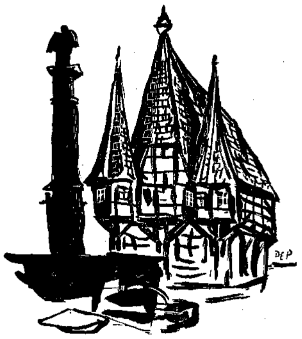
LETTER FROM THE SCHWARZWALD

AUGUST 14

TO anyone who has known Germany before, the Germans today can be quite a shock. Right now, they are acting not like themselves, as Europe was forced to know them during and between the two World Wars, but just about like everybody else in Western Europe, or—too late, of course—like normal human beings, with mixed worries and successes and without any special tribal aims, interpretations, credos, pretensions, or metaphysics. In brief, they are acting in a way that would have been abnormal, and probably treasonable, under Hitler or the Kaiser. The Germans Europe knew only too well for the last two generations were specially constructed, were Germans whose every act and thought was directed (first to a chorus of "*Hoch!*"*s*, then to a chorus of "*Heil!*"*s*) toward the enhancement of the *Vaterland*. Today, the Germans are leaderless, and for five years Germany has been a four-compartment, four-language nation—zoned into American, French, British, and Russian Germanys. Maybe this is what has effected in the Germans the psychological change that at least three out of four of the former Allies once naïvely hoped would benefit us all.



This summer, especially, the Schwarzwald district has had more success than worry. The Schwarzwald is in Baden, which in turn is in the lower half of the dumbbell-shaped French Zone; the Saar is in the top part. The Schwarzwald takes its name from what still magnificently covers part of it—the ancient Black Forest, for centuries the richest, tallest, most redolent, most spectacular, most sombre stand of timber in Western Europe. Below the lofty forests, the lesser Schwarzwald hills modestly carry on its perpendicular pattern with miles of vineyards in neat uphill rows. In the valleys between, there are small yellow wheat fields. The Schwarzwald has been bossed by the French ever since Germany was partitioned. In January of last year, the French occupation chief, General Pierre Koenig, ruled that most business operations in Baden were to be turned back to the Germans, thus freeing commerce from French priorities and certain other controls. What this release indicated was that in four years of peace the French had got what they came for—a modicum of material recompense and a symbolic revenge, both precious to them. Only the French, in contrast to the two other Western Allies, have been able suavely to state that their occupation has paid out—in contrast, especially, to the American occupation, which has been as costly to the United States taxpayer as it would have been to send all our boys over to be educated at Heidelberg or Munich. After the Nazi occupation of France, which lasted five years, and after five years of the Allied occupation of Germany, no realistic French officials here (or in Paris, either) pretend that occupation is anything but calamitous to the business of the occupied and ruinous to the morale of the occupier. Following the French release of Baden business affairs, prosperity has sprung up in the Schwarzwald district like the *Pfifferling* mushrooms in its Black Forest glades.

Naturally, what the French were principally after, and what the Baden citizens again have the use of, was the Black Forest timber. This was God's gift and is one of the few things here that anyone, French or German, particularly wants. Ever since the time of Bismarck, who early took trees seriously, these forest tracts have belonged in large part not to individuals but to communities. Though the Germans are confirmed dendrophiles and the Nazi pagan program gave the inspiring Black Forest a semi-sacred value, it was Hitler himself, preparing for war, who for three years regularly cut twenty per cent more than the forest's annual conservation-policy maximum of 1,800,000 cubic metres of wood from its 420,000 hectares of timber. He also annually cut a hundred per cent more than the conservation-policy maximum of the East Prussian forests, which, the anti-Communist Baden foresters now say, with heavy humor, used to keep the dangerous wind from the Russian steppes out of Berlin—"*und nun schau es mal an* [and look at it now]." French experts claim that the Führer cut many millions of cubic metres of French wood during the war. In exchange for this, the French demanded four million cubic metres from the Black Forest in four years and by the summer of 1948 had got it, cutting it, when necessary, along the roadsides. That is bad forestry, but

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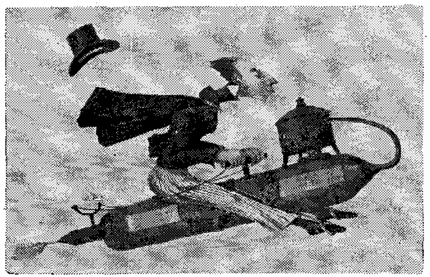

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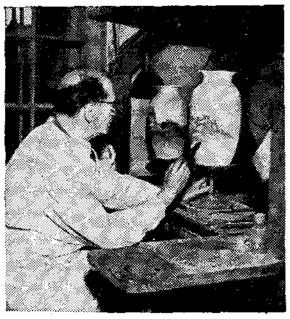
the Germans who were obliged to cut it lacked the wagons requisite for deep-woods work. Part of France's success with her occupation policy is her ability to say, "You did it to me first." Though the German mind has always lacked the Gallic comprehension of logic, even the Hegelian, anti-Semitic Teutons could understand this application of the Mosaic law of an eye for an eye. During the first three years of wood-chopping, the French also took the Schwarzwald's milk, cheese, butter, and meat, on the same principle. They ignored the Baden wines, which are as undistinguished as they are copious.

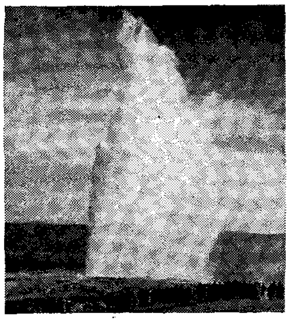
The Black Forest woodworkers' association, the Holzverarbeitende Industrie, now has its headquarters in a repaired, pompous former private house in the city of Freiburg. The Holzverarbeitende represents two hundred firms that, among them, are willing to manufacture from wood anything that will sell. Less wood is going into cloth than did in the first years after the war. If German cloth is to be labelled as wool, it must now be one-third wool, which shows how standards here have risen. The Germans have lost one of their best postwar jokes: "We don't have moths in our clothes, we have woodworms." Woodworking firms are making a candid twelve-per-cent profit, though two-fifths of their prewar national market has been cut off by the closing of the Russian Zone. The association, which earlier in the occupation obtained for its members varnish, nails, paint, and the like from France, on which they got their postwar start (though the French carted off most of their fancier wood-cutting machines), now defends them from both French and German government officials and acts as a clearing house for technical, legal, and other problems.

IT is the wartime ruining of Germany as a whole that is providing the Schwarzwald with its market and prosperity. What was not destroyed by bombings deteriorated through lack of repairs and has had to be fixed up or replaced. In this region, lavender or pink paint brightens the outsides of old village inns, blending with the inevitable petunias in the flower boxes. The interiors of many of the inns are brand-new. Near Freiburg, an innkeeper whose specialties are *truite au bleu* and *Kirschwasser* completely renovated his *Weinstube* in seventeen days flat, with fine Black Forest pine panels, benches, tables, and other furnishings, and is doing a roaring business with the local



DENMARK—Artist at work on world-famous Danish porcelain. Copenhagen visitors enjoy seeing this beautiful china being made.

GREAT BRITAIN—Coachman, resplendent in uniform, at annual Lord Mayor's Show, London, famed annual event of pageantry.



ICELAND—The Great Geyser, the most famous of all hot springs. This unbroken column of hot water rises 160-180 feet.

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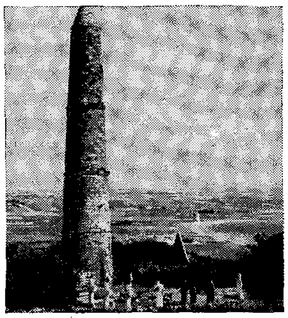
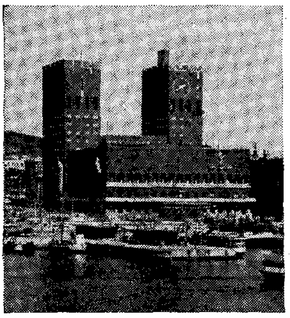
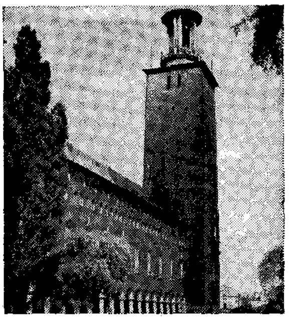


IRELAND—7th century Round Tower in Co. Waterford. Many fine specimens of these watch towers can still be seen today.



NORWAY—New City Hall seen from the harbor of Oslo, Capital of Norway, which celebrates its 900th anniversary this year.



SWEDEN—Stockholm City Hall, symbol of modern Sweden, and its renowned middle-road social and economic progress.

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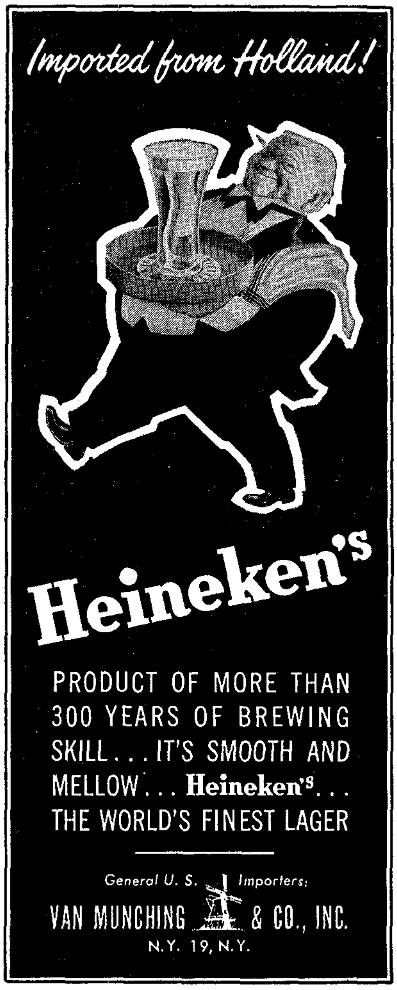
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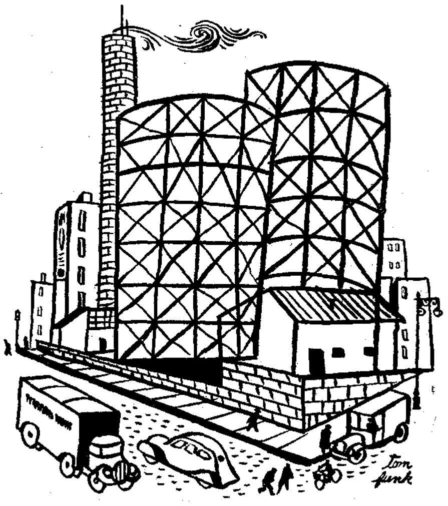
German gentry and tradesmen, who are spending money as well as making it. Only those who saw the German cities after the war, smashed like teacups, can realize that everything, down to teacups, had to be replaced and can know to what an extent the Germans have mended and rebuilt. The newness of everything adds a gleam to the Germans' air of prosperity in the French Zone—new buses, new circus vans, even new wagons for gypsy caravans, new bikes for the *Kinder*, new toys, new frying pans, new electric shops filled with new electric percolators, new sports clothes for men, new summer dresses for women. At a recent Schwarzwald village funeral, all the women wore new deep mourning that would have made the French bereaved, in their rusty weeds, weep with jealousy. The German chimney sweep, still traditionally sooty-faced, wearing his black top hat and carrying his long brushes over his shoulder, now travels between chimneys on his new motorcycle.

The French Army never engaged in any black-market activity here, the soldiers having had nothing to sell. Cigarettes were never confused with currency, as they were in the American Zone. The real beginning of the Germans' renaissance in Baden, as elsewhere, was, of course, the revaluation of the Deutsche Mark, now called the DM, in June of 1948. The French franc is officially pegged at eighty-three to one DM. In two years, the DM has hardened on German energy and performance. All food was off ration by last December. In its prosperity, German living is perhaps a fraction dearer than French, but Germany is at least a year ahead of France in rebuilding. Of course, one must remember that it was only the cities of Germany that were destroyed; the countryside was scarcely touched. Here, as everywhere else in Germany, the countryside is like a pretty picture.

THERE has been a secondary business revival in the spa resorts. Their mildly curative waters were also God's gift, and were appreciated as long ago as the time of the Roman conquest. The Germans have big investments in hotels at Badenweiler, Freudenstadt, Bühlerhöhe, St. Blasien, and other towns. Since the end of the war, the hotels have been successively occupied and dilapidated by French troops and by German refugees from Poland, Czechoslovakia, the Russian Zone, and, especially, Schleswig-Holstein (overcrowded with refugees from the Russian Zone), all of whom the local Germans disdain; by tubercular French children and other civilians, sent here for a change of air; and, finally, by French soldiers wounded in the Indo-China war. The most popular and stylish resort place this season is Badenweiler, a fairly picturesque little South Baden hill town. Its large, luxurious Römerbad Hotel has been outfitted with everything from water taps, beds, and draperies to garden chairs. In the chairs sit the crowds of guests, mostly of the type who "wash their hands only twice a day," as the snob Germans say, meaning that they are unused to such accommodations. In the nearby Kurpark, they loll about during their convalescence or their holiday, beside bandstands and the outdoor swimming pools, putting big servings of whipped cream on their afternoon coffee ice cream. There are taxes on everything: There is a fifty-five-per-cent profits tax on German business to cover French occupation costs; in restaurants and hotels there are taxes on service, on wine, on inexplicables which, with breakfast, overnight double the cost of one's room; there is even a ten-per-cent tax on ice cream.

ALONG the perimeter of the bourgeois and agrarian prosperity is a Badenweiler fringe composed of refugee aristocrats from East Prussia and Pomerania who have lost all they ever had to the Russians and hence speak authoritatively about what a Russian invasion of Western Europe would be like. Some of them have settled in Badenweiler because it is only a few miles from the Swiss frontier, and they fear war. These are mostly the female aristocrats. Their husbands—if they are still alive—declare, being veterans of the Russian campaign and good Junkers, that the wives had better stop their silly female *Quatsch*, since in the next war, if it



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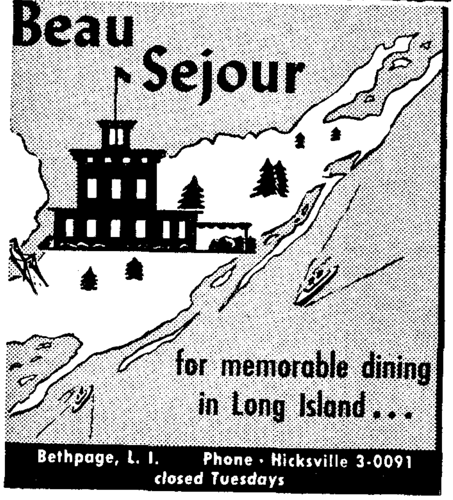
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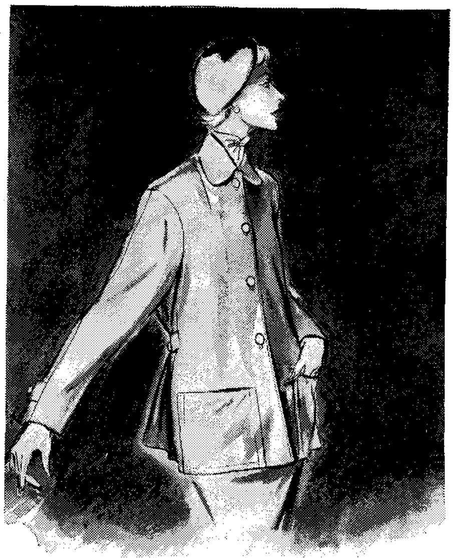
comes, there will be no neutrality, not even for comfortable Switzerland. The aristocratic refugee ladies' stories are usually terrifying and are related politely to foreigners in perfect French or English. The skeleton of one such, told by a blond, well-brought-up lady of forty, is as follows: Her father, who was from Hanover, had inherited, after the First World War, the three-million-gold-mark family fortune, represented by the family country mansion and its rich farms. In 1939, the Nazis claimed the estate, for use as a munitions depot. The compensatory payment was low, but with it the father was able to buy a vast East Prussian estate, with a fine classic white country house, built in the eighteenth century by Frederick the Great as one of several for his Junker intelligentsia. The father also bought a nearby model grain and potato farm, with excellent buildings and three thousand hectares of good land. The farm and buildings were taken by the Nazis in 1940, for use as a training camp for troops who later went to Russia. When the Russians were approaching, en route to Berlin, the family was not permitted to escape. S.S. soldiers had orders to shoot all fleeing estate-owners as un-Prussian traitors. The Russians half ruined the house. Then they took away two of her second cousins, boys, as carpenter apprentices. Some old aunts were sent to labor camps in Russia. Her seventy-year-old grandmother hanged herself. That narrator was not herself a witness to these events. Before the war, she had married and settled in Switzerland. By mid-war, she was widowed. Being sensible, she had not spent all of a sum of money she had received from her father as a wedding present. With what remained, she left Switzerland just after the war and bought an eight-room house on the outskirts of Badenweiler, which was cheaper to live *in* than Switzerland. Then she married a German businessman who in the war had been turned into a tank officer. Six rooms of her new house were instantly requisitioned by French occupation authorities for a French officer and his family. The husband and wife still live in the two other rooms. Her house today is worth about seven thousand dollars. It is the poor and perhaps final descendant of a Hanoverian fortune of three million gold marks and a series of fine family dwellings.

WITH world affairs as they are now, what the Germans do, are, or think seems immaterial. Eleven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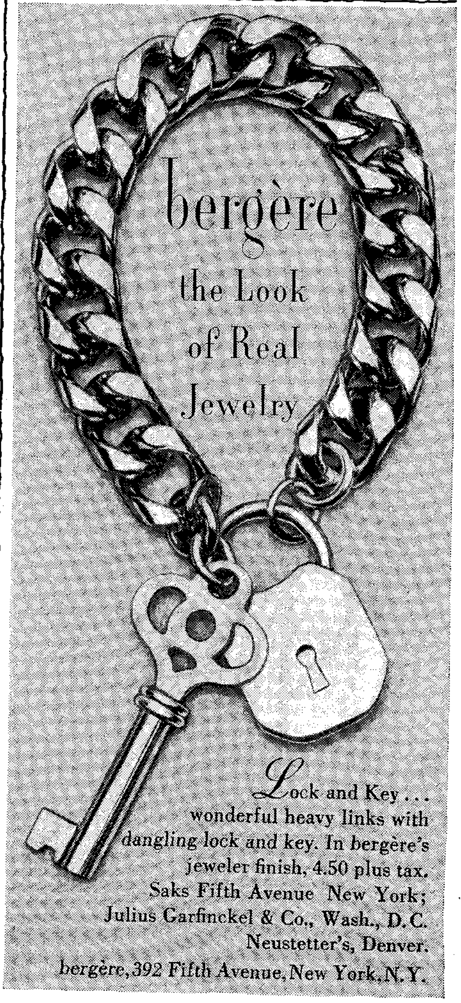
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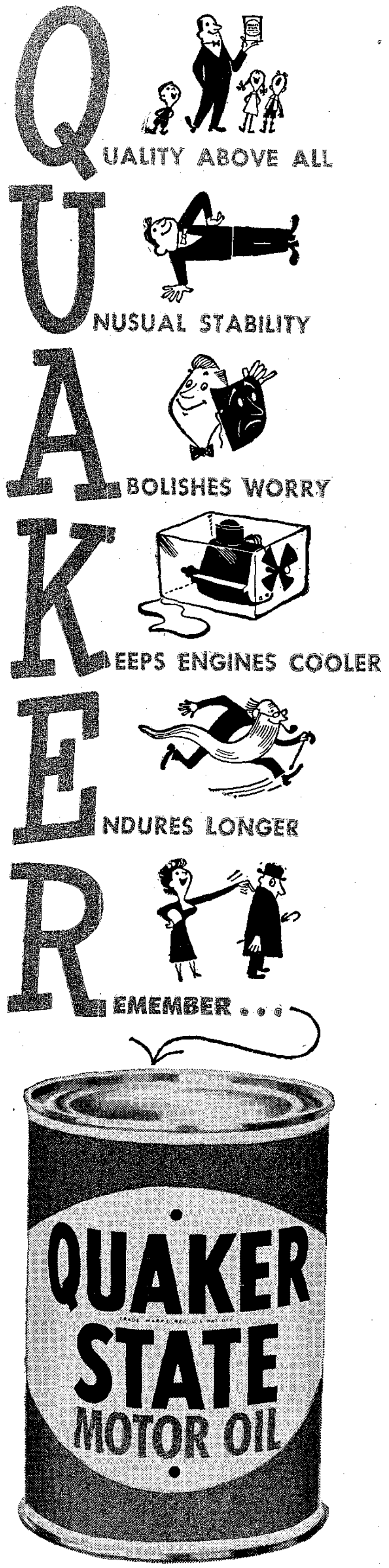

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years ago this summer—an equally hot, fertile summer, with equally good wheat crops, for possible Army bread—they had all our hearts in our throats with fear of a world war, but their having launched that war does not make them reliable prophets about whether another one is coming. For what it is worth, the Germans feel that they are in a no man's land in a bogus peace. Probably out of a leftover sense of their former mighty importance, they think that Stalin must be too intelligent to start a European war now, when the west half of Germany is practically a non-Communist vacuum. They think that if there is to be another world war, it will be as different from their second one as their second one was from their first one. It is beginning to dawn on the Germans that by first conniving with and then attacking the Russians, they fatally led them—and then the Americans, too—into Europe, the glass house of Western civilization. —GENÊT

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "The Happy Generation," by Ferenc Körmendi, translated by Claud W. Sykes*]

I sprang forward and grasped at her, clutched her by the arm. At that moment her foot slipped on the rocky edge and she fell on to her knees while, bracing myself, I pulled her towards me. Now there was firm ground under her again. She was safe, but I still tugged at her arm; my heart was thumping violently and my head was on fire with rage. "You fool!" I shouted, "you little fool! What the hell are you doing?" She was still kneeling. Her face was as white as snow. Her body trembled. Suddenly I felt an intense pity for her. Or—no, I cannot tell what happened then, but I pulled her up to me with a rough jerk. She was as light as gossamer as she fell into my arms and whispered, "Oh, boy!"

•

BUSY WORKERS

The Busy Workers 4-H club girls held their meeting July 11 at the home of Jean and Carolyn Cashman.

The afternoon was spent in judging aprons and also giving reasons in sewing. In cooking cookies and sandwiches were judged. Part of the afternoon was also spent in working on the record books.

As we were interested in our work little Mary Elizabeth Cashman wandered away from home late Tuesday afternoon. Her mother noticed she was gone and after searching and not finding her, the neighbors were called in and as Harold Falk was on his way up he found her and the collie dog near his drive way.

Cup cakes were then served by the hostess.—*Council Grove (Kan.) Republican.*

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO,
AUGUST 13, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

MORRIS GILBERT'S description, in *The New Yorker* a few weeks ago, of the terrace on East Ninety-fourth Street, opposite the building in which he lives, struck the well-known responsive chord in me, for here in Santa Fe my wife and I live in a house with French windows looking out on the equivalent of a terrace, and we are of necessity the constant observers of a Sante Fe version of the kind of life Mr. Gilbert observes.

Our terrace extends from the front of our property to the street—a distance of twenty-two feet, beginning nine feet from our windows—and it is sixty feet long. It is a bare strip of hard dirt with a cement curb. This area belongs to the city, and is of almost the same social importance to our *barrio* as Pablo's Bar, fifty yards down on our side of the street, and the bridge, just before you come to Pablo's, which carries the street over a little arroyo.

The bridge serves the purposes of a park bench. It has a total capacity of twenty adult males, ten to a side. Perched on the railings there, they form a human corridor through which anyone crossing the arroyo must pass. They examine all the girls who go by, and keep tab on whose wife is pregnant at the moment.

The terrace is used as a parking place, as a garage for the repair of ancient automobiles, and as a practice ground for the neighborhood ball team. It is the arena for by far the best dogfights we have. In season, venders of green chile, watermelons, peaches, corn, and apricots park their trucks there while they go from house to house peddling their wares. Since the street is paved, anyone going by on horseback rides along the terrace.

The ball team is more of a social than an athletic institution. During the baseball season, it provides the chief activity of the dozen or more unemployed young men of the *barrio*. The team practices by the hour. By one means or another, it has raised enough money to provide all the members with handsome scarlet caps. The games are played elsewhere, on Sundays. As, almost invariably, the whole team gets boiling drunk on Saturday night, it seldom wins a game.

There are three principal social groups to be observed on weekdays: the ball team, the drunks (involving much the same cast), and the dogs. The dogs are extremely varied. At some time in the past, a French bulldog, a Scottish terrier, a collie, and a chow were evidently active in the neighborhood. Out of these have come a sort of divine experiment in the laws of chance. Among the current dogs there is a clear hierarchy, beginning at the bottom with the smallest and noisiest and leading upward to the dean of them all, an animal who seems to be part chow and part cinnamon bear. The dogfights generally start with an attack by a superior upon an inferior, apparently for fun. The participants are likely to multiply rapidly. Then women emerge from their houses with brooms and buckets of water, the men get off the bridge and come to offer suggestions, there is a lot of shouting, and everyone has a splendid time, except for the underdog. He winds up inside his own house, making ferocious noises through the screen door.

The strip of our property adjoining the terrace is eighteen inches higher, and as the ledge is shaded by large trees, this is a handy resting place day and night. The men, even when drunk, are always accommodating about moving aside from our steps and walk to let us past to our doorway. Mostly they get drunk after dark. They sit on the raised ground with a bottle of wine and hold interminable, monotone conversations, or break out a guitar and sing, off key, for hours. It used to be their custom to end the evening by smashing their bottles against the wall of our house, but Pablo, the owner of the bar, has pretty well talked them out of that. He pointed out to them that only once in the two years we have been there had we sent for the police, while the former occupants of our house had the cops up all the time, and that they ought to be appreciative. So now, mostly, they just leave the bottles for me to pick up the next day.

There are two men who make a regular practice of getting drunk in the morning. One of these, Carlos Somosa (out of consideration for my neighbors I am not using real names), is a solitary. He turns up at Pablo's Bar as soon as it opens, drinks until he is talking to himself, and starts home when Pablo tells him to. He reaches about the middle of the terrace, swaying, when it occurs to him that he has been thrown out

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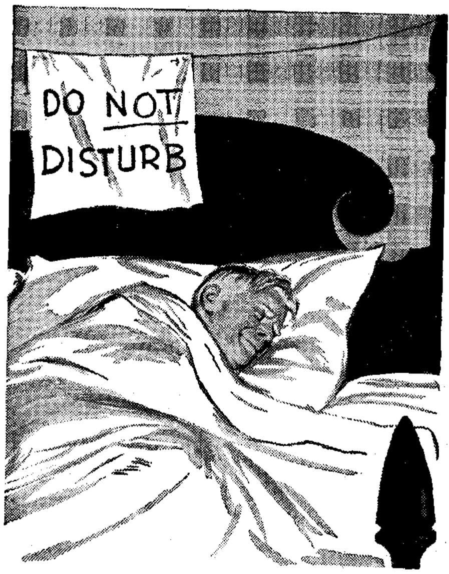

What is so right about this picture?

Is it that Dad's finally retired . . . the old alarm clock gagged for good?

Is it because now Mom won't have to watch him leave for the office any more, looking just a little bit tired?

Or is it because now Dad and Mom will be starting an especially happy time of life *together?*

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again, and he gets angry. He stands for some time, having a violent argument with his own shadow, with gestures; then he continues on his way home, still fighting, and we don't see anything more of him for the rest of the day.

The other, Emilio Urrutia, gets off to a slower start and is more sociable. He brings his bottle out into the sunshine, as most of these people prefer to do, and teases the lads on the bridge or on the terrace. They rough him up in a good-natured, mechanical way, never knocking off his glasses, and occasionally they accept a drink from his bottle. It may be said that, as a general thing, a bottle, even if only a half pint of California muscatel, is considered public property, and everyone gets to take a pull at it. About noon, Emilio collapses and a committee carries him home.

THE Spanish people attach enormous importance to neighborliness. One of the highest compliments they can pay a person is to say that he is a good neighbor (*un buen vecino*), and they have a proverb to the effect that without good neighbors life is not worth living. Our relations with them are extremely pleasant. At first, the members of the ball team pestered us with various ingenious reasons for borrowing money, from a dime to a dollar, and at first we were easy marks, but when we told them we were through with that, they accepted our position as perfectly reasonable. We can always get someone to lend a hand at moving a heavy object. When I set out to pour a new concrete step, after a drunk ran a truck over the old step one night and broke it down, two men immediately came over from the bridge, told me I did not know the first thing about concrete, and poured the step for me.

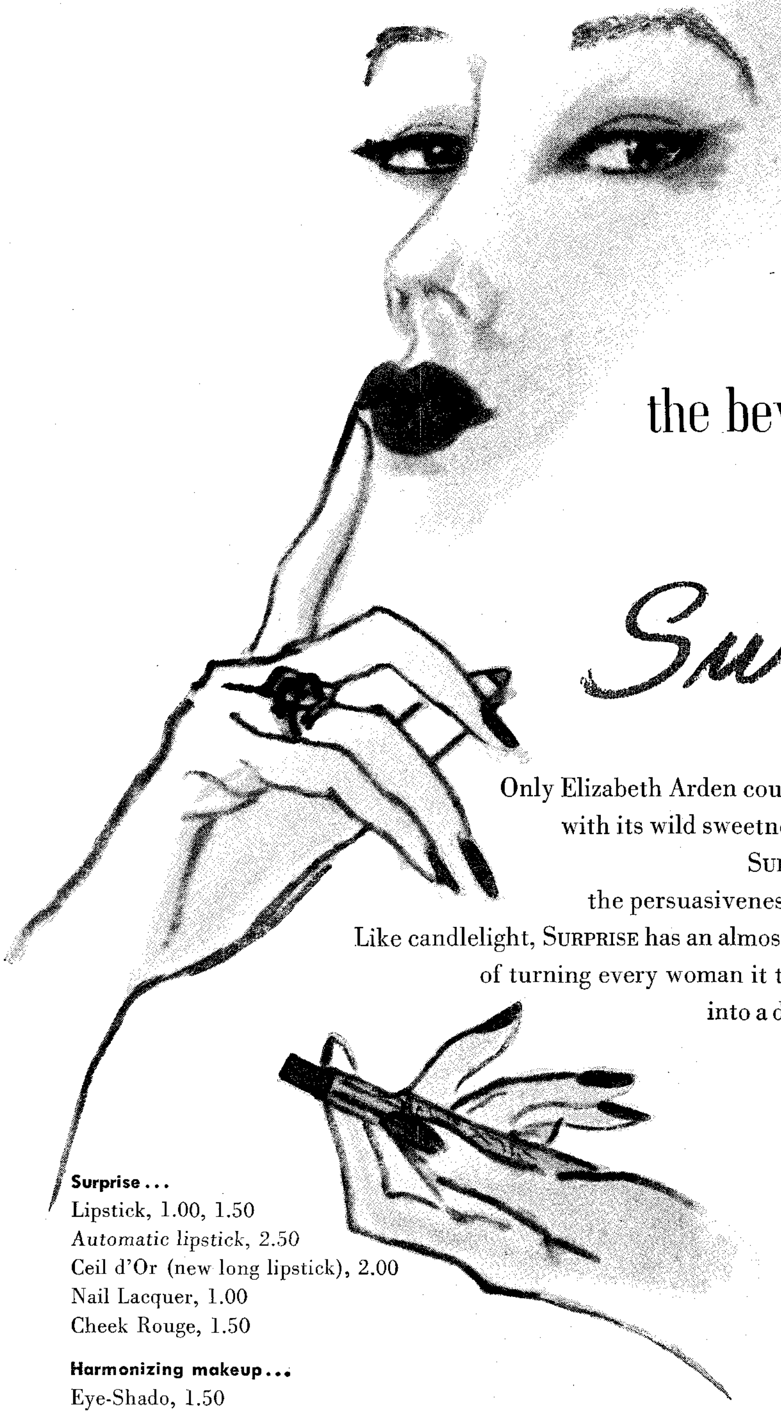
There are, of course, plenty of men round about who hold jobs. We don't see much of them except on Sundays. In New Mexico, the bars are closed on Sundays. Generally this means that the idlers stay sober, since they are improvident. The workingmen and the elders lay up a bottle, and after Mass they gather on the terrace in their Sunday clothes and get pleasantly mellow. Then they go home to eat a big dinner and spend the afternoon sleeping.

The non-workers have many latent skills. Last year, a bunch of them built a new wing on Mrs. Montoya's house, across the street from us. This was purely a matter of helping out a neighbor. They are masons, plasterers, workers in adobe, and carpenters. For several months, they worked at making one passenger car out of the remains of two, and did a fairly good job; another time, they converted a sedan into a light truck. All such work is done in slow motion. The job may be neglected for several days; then the impulse to get on with it arises, and the men may be industrious, in their fashion, for as long as a week. Social life continues uninterrupted, the center shifting from the bridge to the spot where the work is being done. If someone procures a bottle, it is passed around among them all. This often results in their dropping work for the day.

As has been indicated earlier, we did once send for the police. Even our brushes with crime, if one can call it crime, have had a neighborly quality. The first of these occurred when Joe Hernández took an overcoat from the car of a friend who was visiting us. We were having a party indoors, the lads of the *barrio* were having one outside, and Joe, as I found out later, was good and drunk. Hardly had he made off with the coat when Mrs. Montoya ran to tell us about it. She was followed almost immediately by several of the young men. They would not say who had taken the coat, but they assured us that they would see that it was returned. They then went on to explain that taking overcoats was a little failing of this person's when he was in wine, and that he meant no harm by it.

The evening of the following day, I gave out the information that if the coat came back, I would do nothing about it. Two days later, sober and dressed in his Sunday best, Joe called on us. He was understandably nervous when he came into the house, but after he saw that we were not angry, that we were not going to scold, and that we had the Spanish conception of good manners, he relaxed. He turned out to be a very pleasant fellow. Having told us that he had the coat, and having explained how drunk he had been and how sorry he was, he went back to his house and returned with the coat. It struck me as an unusual procedure. Had I been in his place, I should have sent it around by a small boy. Since then, Joe has been especially friendly toward us.

The incident of the coat led to our second bit of trouble. Bob Recinos was one of the young men who came running to tell us about the removal of the coat. On the strength of that, he called upon us a couple of days later. He was then at the tail end of a week of steady drinking, a rare phenomenon, since very seldom do any of our neighbors have money enough to stay drunk. We



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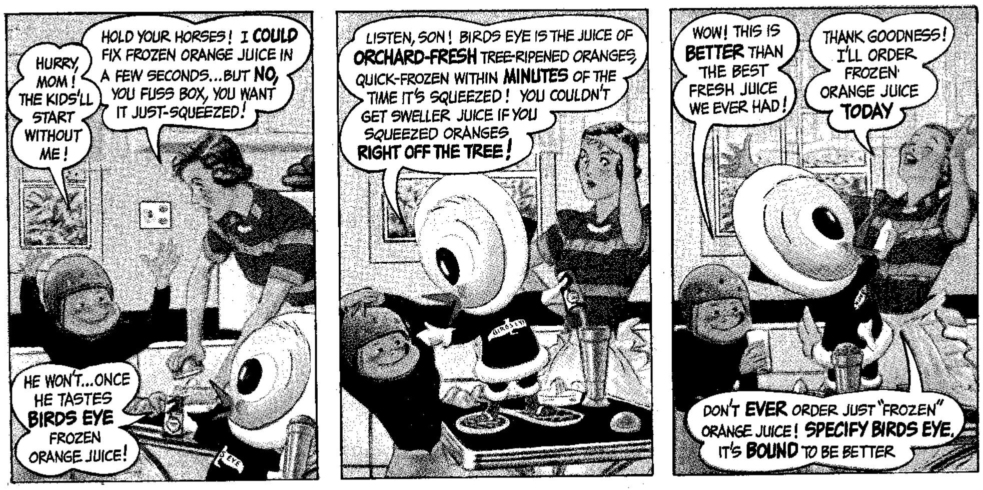
HURRY, MOM! THE KIDS'LL START WITHOUT ME!
HOLD YOUR HORSES! I COULD FIX FROZEN ORANGE JUICE IN A FEW SECONDS...BUT NO, YOU FUSS BOX, YOU WANT IT JUST-SQUEEZED!
HE WON'T...ONCE HE TASTES BIRDS EYE FROZEN ORANGE JUICE!
LISTEN, SON! BIRDS EYE IS THE JUICE OF ORCHARD-FRESH TREE-RIPENED ORANGES, QUICK-FROZEN WITHIN MINUTES OF THE TIME IT'S SQUEEZED! YOU COULDN'T GET SWELLER JUICE IF YOU SQUEEZED ORANGES RIGHT OFF THE TREE!
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BIRDS EYE – BOUND TO BE BETTER!

Accepted — Council on Foods and Nutrition — American Medical Association didn't realize his condition until he was in the house. He was drunk to the verge of insanity. He meant well, I'm sure, but his behavior became intolerable. We could not get him out of the house; for once, there was no one outside on the terrace to help us; so, in desperation, we called the cops. He went with them amiably enough, after the manner of a man who is used to being picked up. The affair drew him a couple of weeks in the cooler.

Bob's father is something of a patriarch, and his mother has a rough tongue. We were afraid that our having the young man arrested might lead to unpleasantness with his parents, and trouble from him the next time he got drunk; that it might even make the Spanish people as a whole turn against us. No such thing; nobody minded at all, and Bob has, if anything, gone out of his way to be polite to us ever since, as a means of showing that he is sorry for his bad behavior.

TODAY is Sunday. In the morning, we watched the women and girls, and some of the men, on their way to and from church. Then came the usual parade of small children running to the grocery store for things their mothers had forgotten. Then the ball team warmed up for the afternoon game while half a dozen older men did away with two half pints of California Tokay. Two little girls, aged four and six, on a late errand, turned aside to peek in our window. This afternoon, things are quiet. There are two men on the bridge, and one small dog, of no social status at all, asleep on the terrace. The old top dog is asleep in his reserved space in the gutter under the elm tree across the street. Pablo's nephew was exercising his horse on the terrace a while ago, and just now two girls came by riding bareback. Probably nothing much will happen the rest of the day. It looks as if it were going to rain, and that means we can't expect even a dogfight until tomorrow.

Yours sincerely,
OLIVER LA FARGE

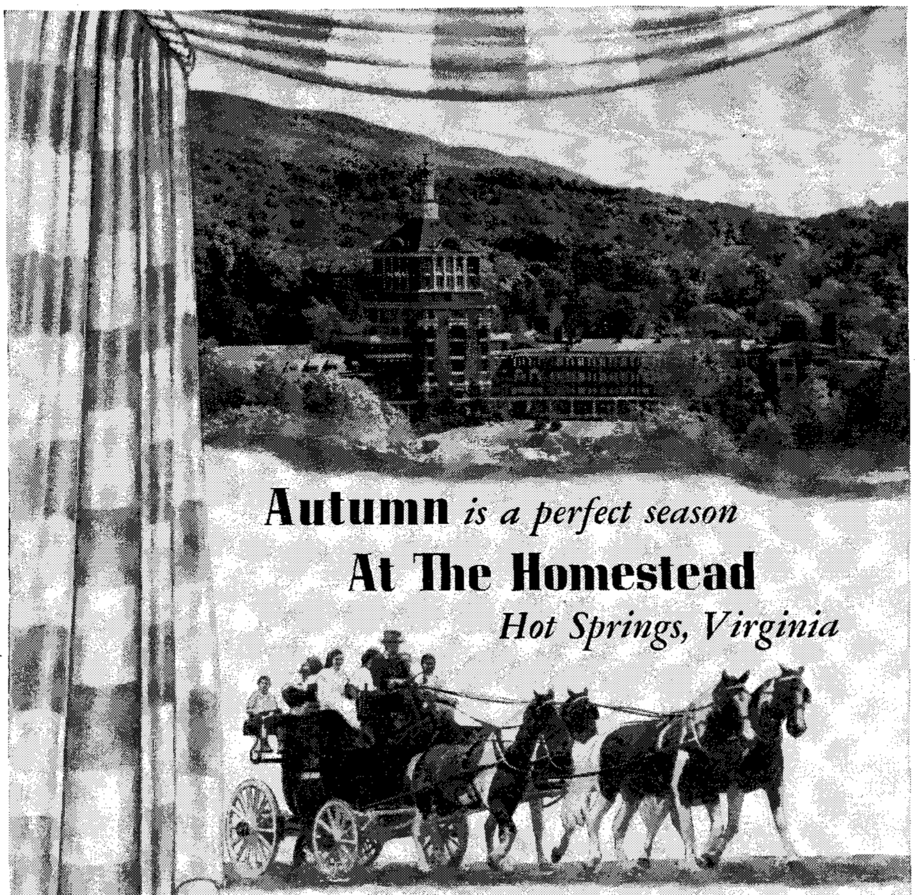
●

DES MOINES.—A white boy reversed historic form and shot an Indian with a bow and arrow Saturday night.

Sheriff's deputies said the Indian, Edgar Poweshick, of Altoona, Iowa, was wounded three times. The marksman was Richard Millais, 14, an archery enthusiast.

Officers found Poweshick crouching in some bushes. Justice of the Peace Harry P. Stone fined him $12.50 on a charge of intoxication.—*Washington Star.*

If he doesn't like it, let him go back where he came from.



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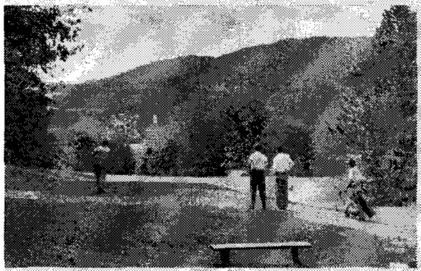

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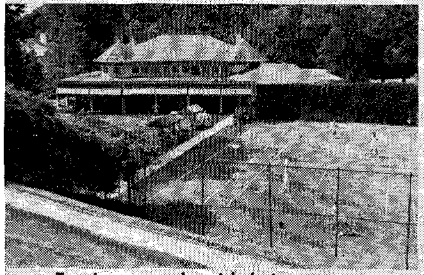

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LETTER FROM LONDON

AUGUST 16

WITH the Houses of Parliament under dust sheets, like all the other houses closed for the summer vacation, and with London given over to the tourists with their maps and cameras, this feels like a relaxed holiday city, oddly removed from the current angry utterances at Lake Success and Strasbourg. The newspapers print the serious news against a light background of August trimmings about Channel swimmers and the like. Even the *Times* recently unbent to the seasonal mood and devoted its lead editorial to the habits of the octopus, recalling an invasion by the species in 1900, when "quite large crabs were driven on to the beaches in Plymouth Sound" by "marauding bands" of the suckered aggressors. Around Clarence House, Princess Elizabeth's home, crowds of holidaymakers waited patiently night and day, occasionally appealing for information about the expected child to the harassed policemen, whom they regarded as obstetrical experts. Finally the news came. The sight of these warm, devoted throngs, apparently drawing mysterious sustenance from standing on that particular strip of sidewalk, was fascinating but puzzling to some of the visitors. Altogether, the mood of the moment seems averagely lethargic.

The news that Parliament is to return on September 12th, more than a month earlier than originally fixed, in order to debate the question of defense was a relief to those who feel that time is slipping from underneath their feet, in the old, frightening pattern, while the statesmen talk away and it is comfortably concluded that democracy in the last pinch always muddles through. Both the Opposition parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals—have said that this date is still too far off and that Parliament ought to be recalled next week. Maybe this would give the necessary jolt to public complacency and produce results for the Prime Minister's appeal for civil-defense volunteers. The Government manual on atomic warfare sold out immediately, as though it were a shiver-provoking thriller to tuck in the holiday suitcase, but it is not yet known whether people were also provoked to go along to their local civil-defense headquarters and sign up for training. The figures on the strength of the various civilian forces are checked quarterly; September's census will show whether July's wave of alarm has washed in any sizable number of recruits. (The civil-defense heads, incidentally, show signs of summer nodding. A journalist who wished to visit the government center in Yorkshire for atomic-warfare and civil-defense training was told solemnly that it had closed down for August—so everybody please remember not to start anything before September.)

To judge by the calm way people are talking and acting, much of the alarm has now worn off. There has been no rush to buy foodstuffs or clothes, as many of the shops had anticipated, though some garages report a brisk sale of storage drums to customers who feel that they will face the future with greater equanimity if they have a couple of spare gallons of gas in the kitty. There are few signs that people have more than the foggiest notion of what that future may include after the regearing of civilian life made inevitable by the new stiff budget for defense gets under way. It's true that in the recent Gallup poll published by the *News Chronicle*, which asked the public what major problem they felt the Government ought to get busy on right away, "foreign policy and avoiding war," which had polled only eight per cent when the same question was asked in March, topped the list with twenty-five per cent. Housing, wages, and the cost of living also scored high in the poll, however, and the last two items have already been listed as the principal agenda for next month's Trades Union Congress, which will have to deal with sharp demands from labor, now that the armed forces' rates of pay are to be persuasively raised.

THE Communists have just shrilled that their big peace offensive here will take place over the weekend of September 9th, as a sendoff for Parliament when it returns (as scheduled at present) to discuss its plans for making war and cutting down the living standards of the nation. Ilya Ehrenburg, the Soviet writer, who dropped in here at the end of last month to speak on the Communist "peace platform," has since been one of the corners of an acrimonious triangular correspondence in the pages of the Manchester *Guardian*, the two other corners being R. H. S. Crossman, the Labour M.P., and Ivor Montagu, the British film producer and adviser to the London Soviet Film Agency, who acted as interpreter at a luncheon party given for Ehrenburg—by whom is unclear. According to Crossman, who gave his version of the luncheon chitchat in the House of Commons, Ehrenburg had used Ribbentrop's line to the effect that neither Britain nor France was in physical or moral shape to wage war, and had said that the only difference between the two countries was that the French knew it. Ehrenburg replied sharply in the *Guardian* that he had said nothing of the kind; that his opinion, as he had given it, was that the British "were not capable of aggression" and that France "was not capable of being a soldier in someone else's war" (meaning America's), and that in any case Mr. Crossman was no gentleman for taking a friendly bit of lunch with a visitor and then telling the House of Commons he had accepted the invitation simply "because it was useful to know one's enemy." "The tenseness of the world situation requires that every honest man should do everything possible to promote mutual understanding and to allay dissension," wrote Mr. Ehrenburg austerely. Mr. Montagu, who claimed that he remembered everything particularly well because he had interpreted for both parties, ruled that Ehrenburg had said something like what Mr. Crossman charged but, on reading Crossman's reference to Ribbentrop, had corrected and elaborated his statement in the letter he wrote to the *Guardian.* Crossman then wrote in to say that his object had been to try to insure that Ehrenburg would go home and report to Moscow "the one vital fact"—that the British indeed detested the idea of war but would stand no propaganda move by the Russians to eliminate what they call "the Fascist aggressors" in Yugoslavia, Western Germany, or wherever. The possibility of Mr. Ehrenburg's reporting that seems about as likely as the success of a forlorn bit of correspondence just sent off by some honest men trying to promote mutual understanding—a telegram dispatched by a hundred thousand Durham miners to Stalin, telling him that he isn't acting right in Korea and asking him in the name of the solidarity of the working classes to call the boys off.

LONDONERS and foreign tourists have been attending the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon in force this year, supplemented, of course, by the local supporters who manage to fight their way into their home-town theatre. The Festival is such a roaring success that it is to roar on into Octo-

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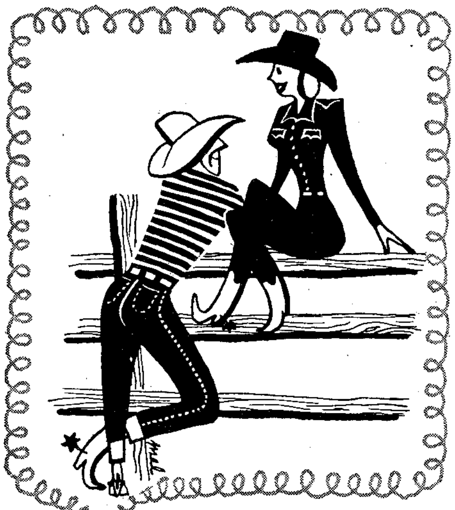

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ber—a handsome payoff for the policy of its young director, Anthony Quayle, who believes in stiffening the repertory tradition with West End stars and exciting productions. His big drawing cards are John Gielgud and Peggy Ashcroft, both of them new to Stratford. Gielgud plays a fine Cassius in "Julius Caesar" and a witty Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing," but his King Lear is the high spot of the Stratford season—and, for that matter, would be of any season. Other actors have conveyed Lear's grandeur in madness and decay, but Gielgud convinces one of his grandeur in sanity and reigning omnipotence, too—a rarer and more difficult feat. This superb performance has been given a very ingenious but simple stage setting by Leslie Hurry, which, however, has disappointed the old Stratford regulars who are proud of their theatre's modern scene-shifting equipment and would prefer to have chunks of Lear's castle and slabs of recognizable blasted heath dumped before them at intervals in the old, stately way.

In London, two of the best new films have war themes—"The Wooden Horse," a first-rate, faithful transcript of the best-selling escape story about British prisoners of war, and "Odette," in which Anna Neagle, a star who is immensely popular here in pretty, lightweight roles, valiantly interprets far-from-pretty, real-life emotions in a prison camp and under Gestapo torture. The picture is based on the war career of Odette Churchill, a British special agent, who came to the film's première to see Miss Neagle's version of her.

Among the art shows, the exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, on Dover Street, of symbolic realism in American painting, selected by Lincoln Kirstein, met with a middling reception from the London critics, who found most of the painting thin and the spiritual content flat. The show was opened by Sir Osbert Sitwell. The gayest small canvas was certainly Daniel Mulowney's "The Sitwells," which depicts Sir Osbert, barefooted, wearing a yellow skirt and grass epaulets, and Edith Sitwell, elegantly wrapped in a cabbage leaf, on either side of a third figure, presumably Sacheverell Sitwell, who is disguised mainly as an oak tree with a good deal of wildlife going on in it. According to a gallery official, a borzoi-like dog in the composition, who wears an orange cape, symbolizes the Sitwells' father, the talented and unusual Sir George.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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THE RACE TRACK

Rain

NOTHING, I'm sure, is less fun than a rainy afternoon at the races. The grandstand and the betting ring are cluttered with people taking cover, the atmosphere—at this time of year, anyway—is hot and sticky, and the changing track conditions muddle the form of horses and one's judgment to such an extent that winners are hard to find, even by divination. However that may be, I must say that at Saratoga last weekend in the rain there were finishes as exciting as any I've seen at the meeting. Of course, the withdrawal of Capot, Cochise, and Three Rings from the Saratoga Handicap reduced the academic interest in that number, but it was probably all for the best, because none of them runs well in the mud. Bill Knapp, who trains Three Rings, was pretty sore, and you couldn't blame him; it was the eighth time this year he had had to scratch Three Rings from an important race.

The absentees and the footing notwithstanding, the Saratoga Handicap was anything but dull. Better Self, a 10–1 chance, and Greek Ship, the favorite, fought for the lead throughout the mile and a quarter, Better Self winning eventually by about a length. Arise was third. It was the first time Better Self had won since he picked off the Gallant Fox Handicap in the same way at Jamaica in April. I expect Better Self would be one of our topnotchers if he had better feet. As it is, he runs well only on muddy tracks, which are easy on his corns.

It was quite an afternoon for the King Ranch, for, in addition to Better Self's success, Curandero, one of the stable's second string, won the Whirlaway Stakes at Washington Park in Chicago, dashing off the mile in 1:34⅖, if you please. There is a Better Self in Australia, too, by the way. On a trip here a few years ago, Wallace Short, who has one of the leading stables down there, saw the King Ranch racer and liked him, so he recently named one of his more promising two-year-olds after him. Too bad the bookmakers hereabouts (if there *are* any bookmakers hereabouts) don't take bets on the Australian races; he'd be worth a modest flutter.

THERE is not much doubt that the Brookmeade Stable's Atalanta is the best two-year-old filly at Saratoga. Early in the meeting, she won the Schuylerville Stakes, and the other afternoon she gave weight to a big field in the historic Spinaway and won that, too. A lot of good ones have tried, but only five other fillies have brought off this double in the past thirty years. Atalanta was tabbed as a likely prospect for top honors after her first start at Jamaica, in April. Then, inexplicably, she ran a couple of disappointing races. Trainers have a saying that a horse will come back to his or her best form if you wait long enough. Sometimes you get rather bored waiting, but Atalanta came through beautifully, paying $46.10 in the Schuylerville and $9.10 in the Spinaway.

BATTLE MORN disposed of his opposition so easily in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes at Saratoga last Saturday that a lot of watchers now give him a high rating among the two-year-old colts. Although he has bloodlines, looks, and a powerful way of galloping to recommend him, I shall reserve judgment until at least after the Hopeful this weekend. Knowitall, who set such a breakneck pace for the first half of the Grand Union and then finished fourth, was supposed to be pounds better than his stablemate Battlefield. He isn't.

HILL PRINCE, this department's favorite three-year-old, will run for the American Derby at Washington Park on Saturday. Even without Middleground to worry about (Middleground is still resting), it won't be an easy race. But he'll go well.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FORTY-EIGHT

Nev Neb Dak Dak Arkan Kan
Caro Caro Pennsylvan
Michi Washi Indi Flor
Missou Missi Massa Geor
Ala Okla Io Tex
New York Jers New Hamp New Mex
Ore Cali Colo Con
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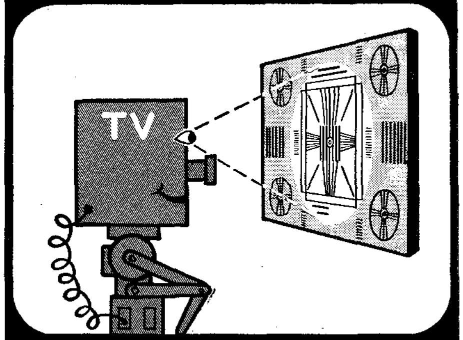

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BOOKS

Briefly Noted

FICTION

NOW THAT SUMMER'S COME, by H. Philip Kemberton (Macmillan). A cheerful, if occasionally stiff, account of a well-to-do summer in Connecticut, with the young ones among the city visitors dancing, courting, and horseback riding, and the parent generation calculating the extent of each other's holdings and wondering with some nostalgia where the last thirty years have gone. In spite of his valiant attempts at irony, Mr. Kemberton is evidently in complete sympathy with the people he writes about, and the story ends in a bright-pink glow of money, true love, and congratulations all around.

THE MARGIN, by J. D. Scott (Knopf). The story of a precarious, highly emotional, and entirely satisfactory love affair between two English people—a pretty civil servant and a moody movie director. Mr. Scott tells about them in a very offhand fashion, and keeps things going excellently, except when he gets too bogged down in the daily mechanics of the British government.

A DARK STRANGER, by Julien Gracq (New Directions). On the face of it, the dark stranger is a handsome, brilliant young man who is fatally devoted to the contemplation of the mysterious in himself. His arrival at a gay beach resort in Brittany causes great interest and, after a while, great uneasiness among the residents, who include a newly married couple, an aloof blond girl, a poetic young man who collects jazz records, and a literary critic. Mr. Gracq describes all this in a grayed-off and unsubstantial manner that is very effective when he writes of landscapes and the weather and totally inadequate when he comes to deal with people.

THE MARRIED LOOK, by Robert Nathan (Knopf). Yet another of Mr. Nathan's molasses-smooth concoctions, the ingredients of which, like those in any reliable family recipe, have been varied slightly in order not to jade the palate. This one concerns a sort of extra-dimensional dalliance between a middle-aged man and a young lady in a sunbonnet who keeps materializing out of the California fog and, presumably, out of her admirer's youth, affording him the opportunity to comment on matrimony, middle age, and space-time concepts. This doesn't add up to a very stirring romance, to be sure, but it will undoubtedly induce in Mr. Nathan's followers the mildly lachrymose condition they seem to enjoy.

MELODY, by Elswyth Thane (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A short, light novel with an addled hero, Adrian Locke, and a thoroughly silly heroine, Alison Safford. Both these people are past fifty, and their romance consists mainly of picking up old threads, but some diversion is caused by a pair of determined husband-hunters—a young actress and a hearty widow, both of them in pursuit of Adrian, who hardly seems to merit the complacent attention accorded him by all hands, including his author.

GENERAL

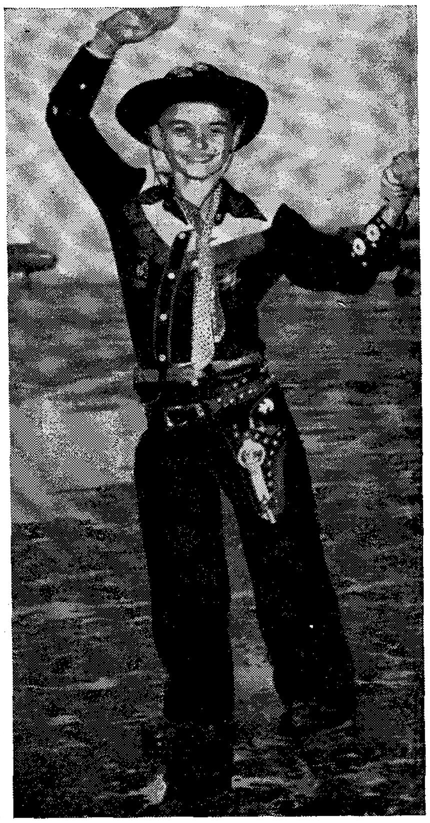
INTERVIEW WITH INDIA, by John Frederick Muehl (John Day). A thoughtful record of a tour of India by bullock cart, caravan, and dhow, and on horseback and foot. The author, a young American who first saw India as a member of the American Field Service during the war, talked and lived with rajahs, moneylenders, fishermen of the Kanara Coast (who seemed to him the happiest and most carefree of India's millions), beggars, village leaders, the Communists of South India, and refugees from Pakistan. Although the general temper of the book, for all its burden of poverty, suffering, and death, is sanguine, the author's conclusions are a long way from optimistic. Without quite saying so, he gives the impression that the present government is so deeply committed to its blunders as to be practically useless, and that there is a strong possibility the Communists will win out in the end.

PUBLIC OPINION IN SOVIET RUSSIA, by Alex Inkeles (Harvard). An analysis of the internal-propaganda techniques in the U.S.S.R., carried as far as a long-distance researcher who has no opportunity to check his material can go. Despite this disadvantage, Mr. Inkeles has been able to assemble a respectable array of facts about the vast and complex machinery used to convince Russian citizens that they are living in the best of all possible worlds. On the basis of these facts, the author makes some shrewd-sounding guesses as to whether the current media of mass persuasion—the press, whispering campaigns, the radio, films, and so on—are quite as satisfactory as they might be to the hierarchy that employs them. Some strong arguments are presented to the effect that after thirty years of doling out cajolery and intimidation the Soviet masters are still not easy in their minds about the people's acceptance of the regime. A very interesting, well-documented book.

LETTERS FROM LLOYD LEWIS (Little, Brown). The late Lloyd Lewis worked for nearly five years on his biography of Ulysses S. Grant, the first—and, by unhappy necessity, the last—volume of which was published a few weeks ago. In these letters to his publishers, the author kept them posted on the progress he was making, told of his successes and failures in tracking down source material, and gossiped informally about the General, who had become a living person to him. Thus the book is really a sort of correlated series of footnotes, most of which, even had Mr. Lewis lived to complete his work, would have been crowded out of the biography. The material is fresh and much of it is surprising. There is a wonderful (and not hostile) account of Grant on a monumental bender during a lull in the siege of Vicksburg; there is irrefutable evidence that the notorious order expelling the Jews from Memphis did not originate with Grant or have his sympathy; and there are many anecdotes about the General that will upset the traditional concepts of the man's personality and character.

THE ANATOMY OF BIBLIOMANIA, by Holbrook Jackson (Farrar, Straus). A new edition of an elaborate and amusing literary conceit that has been out of print for many years. The late Holbrook Jackson, an Englishman and a catholic lover of literature, wrote this six-hundred-and-fifty-page treatise on the disease of bibliophilia entirely in the seventeenth-century style of Robert Burton, the anatomist of melancholy. In it, he roamed over the whole world of the human bookworm, conjured up the ghosts of departed bibliophiles, and studied all aspects of the madness, from "book-eating" to jealousy

"Like a piece of dry wood poked in the earth . . ."



"I feel like singing!"

This Is The Same Boy!

Last January, nine-year-old George Gorgias wrote to his foster parent: "I have no legs, I just sit in a chair, like a piece of dry wood poked in the earth . . . and that poor log which is me can see how inferior it is to the rest of the world." A few weeks ago, George was on his way back home, after treatment here, complete with two artificial legs, and a brand new cowboy outfit! As he waved goodbye, he said: "I feel like singing!"

Little George is one of the "lucky unlucky" ones. In war-torn countries thousands of other children, orphaned, tubercular, maimed, blinded, or disfigured are begging us for help. Funds are needed for rehabilitation, medical supplies, plastic surgery, artificial limbs, glass eyes. Save for exceptional cases, the children can be treated in their own countries—if we have the money!

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The Plan is helping children of fourteen different nationalities, in Greece, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, England, Czechoslovakia and China. By aiding these children you are working for the greatest aim of all—for peace.

The Foster Parents' Plan for War Children does not do mass relief. Each child is treated as an individual with the idea that besides food, clothing, shelter and education, the child will live in a homelike atmosphere and receive the loving care that so rightfully belongs to childhood.

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among bibliomanes. He explored such propositions as that true devotees of literature are never fastidious, that no one ever reads books that are given to him, that books can change character, and that there is a little larceny in the heart of every book collector. (In a list of eminent biblioklepts he cites two Popes and a Queen of France.) Bulging with erudition and obscure lore, the "Anatomy" is not a book to be read at one sitting; it is a cinch, though, that if someone else had written it, Mr. Jackson would have devoured it whole.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP, by Elick Moll (Little, Brown). It was the opinion of Richard Bowen's psychiatrist that his patient was a dangerously aggressive man. There have been few more understated diagnoses in the history of the profession, since Richard, for reasons buried far back in his past, is compelled to strangle one young woman with a scarf, and his feelings toward a couple of others are also homicidal, though ardent. Mr. Moll's story is concerned with little more than a desperate man's attempt to reconstruct the happenings of twenty-four tragic hours in his life, but it is written with a feeling and penetration certainly unusual in this kind of fiction.

SECRETS FOR SALE, by Charles L. Leonard (Doubleday). The body of a government investigator is found under a waterfall on the ornate grounds of Villa America, a guest-house near Washington, just as Paul Kilgerrin, a sardonic private eye, arrives. He has come to check on a leakage of military secrets, and all the people he talks to—the proprietor, the guests, and the help—seem equally open to suspicion. He uncovers a particularly malevolent group of blackmailers, at considerable damage to himself, and incidentally solves the other mystery on the side. Of interest only to readers with an ungovernable passion for standardized spy stories.

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CORRECTION

In last Thursday's issue of the Elizabeth Daily Journal, the Rahway Memorial Hospital incorrectly reported that the former Veronica Greensway became the mother of a girl. Actually, the mother, Mrs. Anthony Tanzi, of 59-A Wavecrest Avenue, Winfield, is the former Wenona Impink. Veronica Greensway is the maiden name of the child's grandmother.
—*Elizabeth (N. J.) Journal.*

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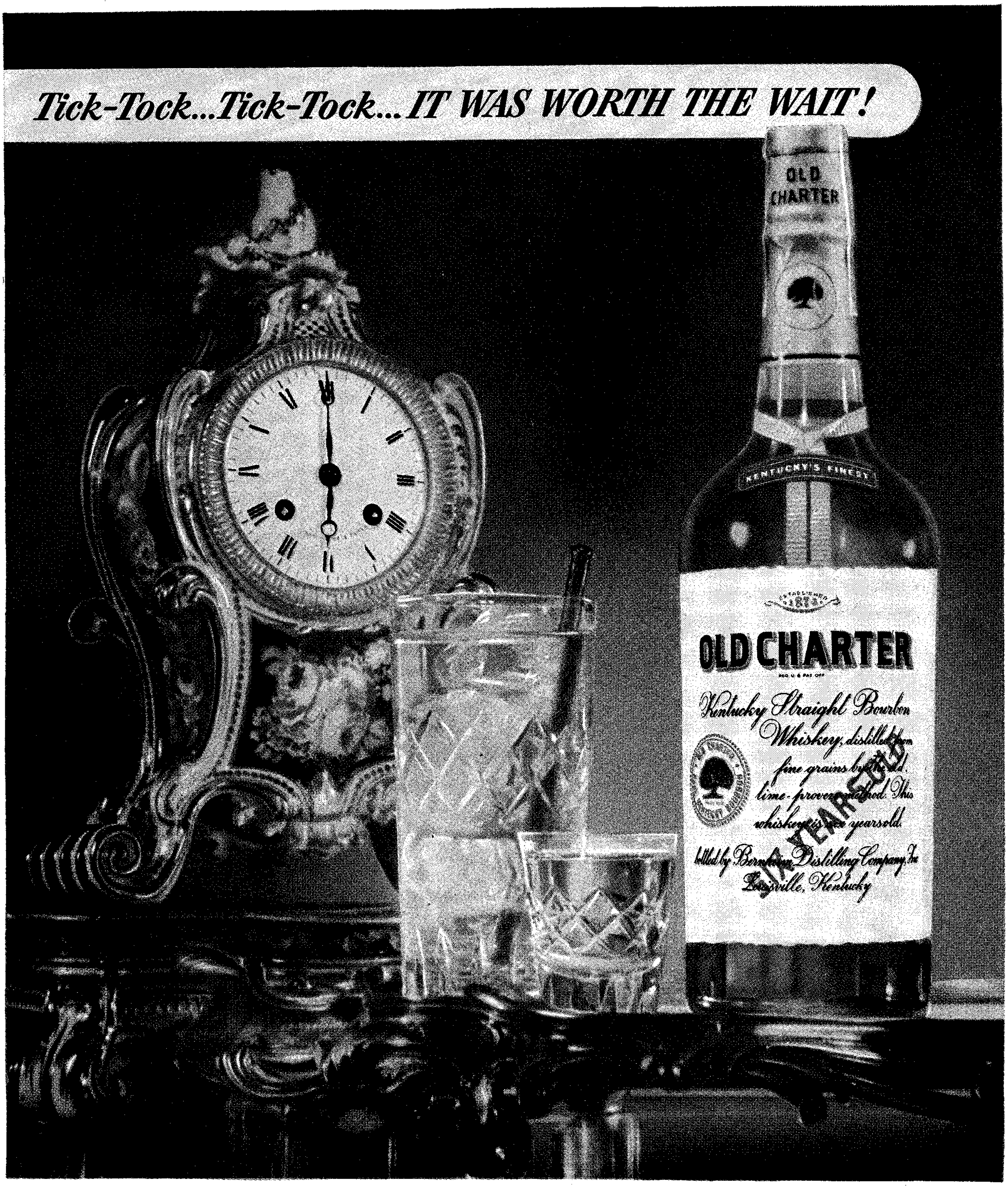
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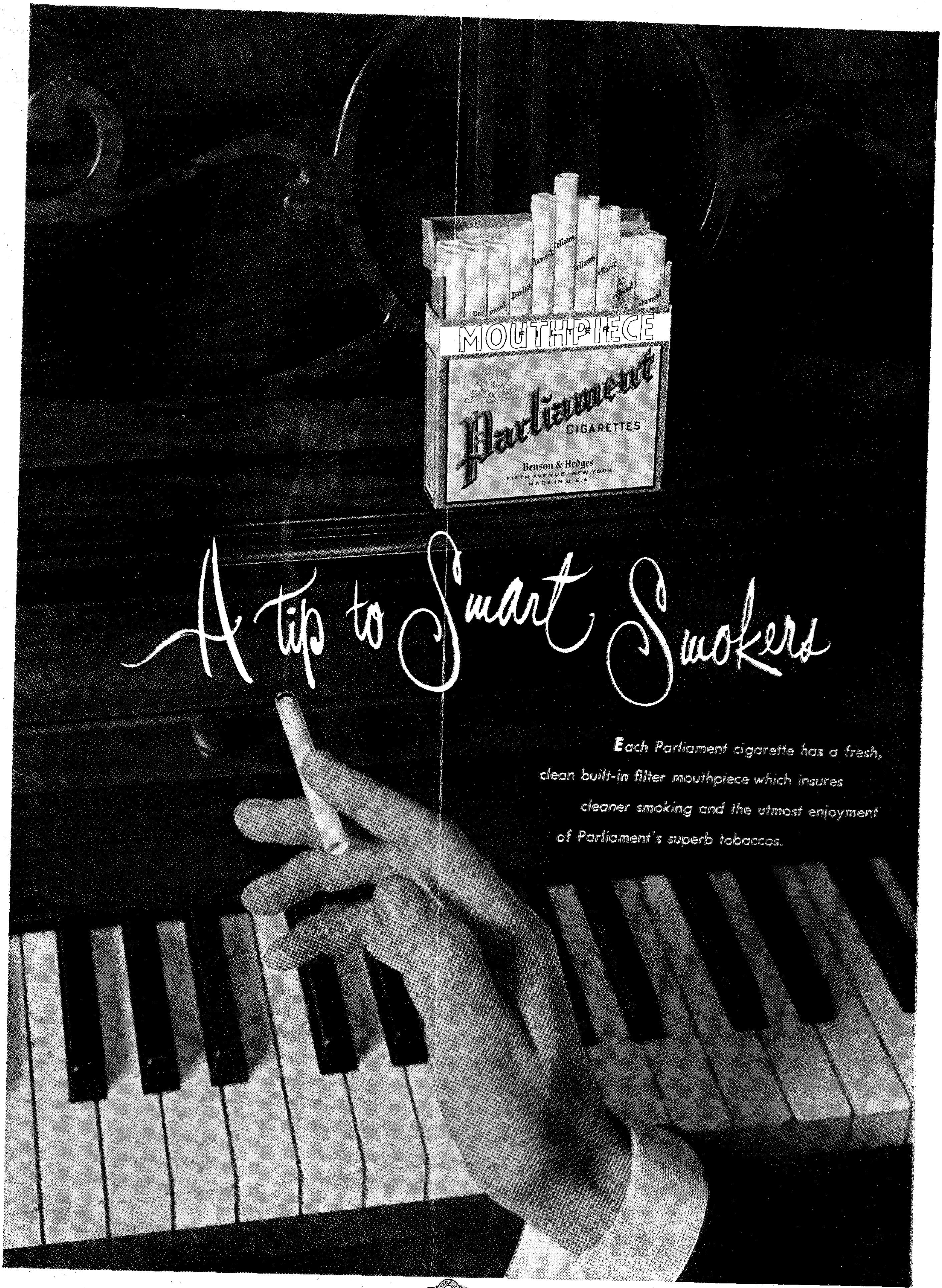
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